THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JULY 29, 1922

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SWELLED HEAD IN BUSINESS

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IT IS impossible to reflect soberly upon the failures, readjustments and changes in corporate management of the last two years without reaching the disagreeable but unavoidable conclusion that very considerable parts of the business structure are recovering from a bad case of the big or swelled head. Such a statement should not be made lightly or without the support of painstaking investigation and the dissection of individual cases. Nor does a certain obviousness about the fact itself reduce in the slightest degree its fundamental importance or the worth of its lesson to future generations of business men.

It is not to be denied that the colossal losses that have fallen upon business enterprise followed close upon the most unusual and extraordinary of world events. Also it is true in a sense that losses, like the rain, have fallen upon the just and the unjust. All manner of men have suffered, young and old, inexperienced and those who had previously come through many hazards. Some have been merely unlucky and others have gone crazy with the heat. To the fever of speculation, inexperience, mistakes of judgment, stupidity, ignorance and downright misfortune—to all these and to still other causes may be traced the disastrous issue.

Old organizations considered to be gilt-edged, and individuals heretofore canny and well trained, have either foundered or come close to the rocks. Actual failure or the wiping out of surpluses and impairment of capital have not been confined to that army of more or less parasitical middlemen which sprang up during the war. One might well expect the elimination of mere speculators, those worth at the start five or ten thousand dollars and who, after purchasing materials found to be in great demand, blossomed out into millionaires. Or even the downfall of a host of youthful and inexperienced industrial navigators who burst overnight into large-scale manufacturers, need cause no surprise.

It is even clearer that mortality is sure to be high among the companies floated on the crest of the wave merely for purposes of stockjobbing, whose promoters expected to make profits out of the sale of stock instead of from the development of the trade itself. Nor would anyone expect the period of strain to leave, untouched, combinations and mergers fated from the start with an overburdened capitalization, the sort of enterprise where each individual owner puts such value as he pleases upon the property which he turns into the combination. If these were the only cases of distress, embarrassment and serious discomfort there would indeed be little cause for wonder. But though the great corporate organizations of national importance have in few, if any, cases gone under, a number have shouldered losses running into the scores of millions, the effect of which "on the stockholders' investment in the shares of your company makes a discussion necessary"—as the annual report of one of the greatest of these concerns naïvely remarks.

Business Now Set to Go Ahead

IF IT were a case of wartime expansion only, if the huge and unprofitable investments and inventory had been made while the armies were engaged in the mighty death struggle, the whole adventure would be easier to explain. But when the war was over factories continued to be built and raw materials purchased as if, to express the idea in the language of the ancients, man were greater than the gods themselves.

Thus far there have been comparatively few disclosures of actual crookedness during the period of inflation. There were a few bankers from whom loans could not be had by even the best of borrowers when money was the cheapest, without heeling the banker himself. There were a few manufacturers who formed subsidiary companies which turned up in possession of the parent company if unsuccessful and in the manufacturer's own pocket if more fortunate.

Such practices can never be wholly eradicated. But considering the vast extent of the drop in prices, profits and surpluses, the amount of misrepresentation, irregularity and downright dishonesty has been small indeed.

In many instances creditors have overlooked the usual relation between the assets and liabilities of debtors, searching for character and ability behind the balance sheet. Renewed faith in human nature is strengthened by the knowledge that a single mistake in judgment, even though it may have wiped out surplus and impaired capital, has meant in many cases anything but the business demise of those who had worked hard, thriftily and in other respects wisely for so many years.

Fairness demands the statement, and fortunately for the country it is true, that the great majority of business enterprises are now in a position to go ahead and do a normal volume of business.

"People have lost more money than I believed it possible to lose, and yet they are alive and going ahead," said the chief credit vice president of one of the largest banks in the country. "The financial statements of several thousand concerns have been examined here since January first. They are of all sizes, but most of them are among the more important factors in their respective trades. If you will keep these thousands of statements in mind you will agree with me, I think, that we are fairly well behind the scenes. These statements prove one thing at least—that the financial and business structure permits the continuance of trade along normal lines and that the whole fabric is in at least as strong a condition as in 1914."

Errors of Judgment

"I FIND myself constantly disposed to overlook this underlying fact, because of a few spectacular cases of distress and of instances where organizations or individuals have been carried away by the orgy of speculation."

But the mere fact that the great majority of business enterprises have somehow weathered the storm is no reason, in the opinion of the writer, for failing to see why they did not weather it better. It is a fine thing when a farmer is willing to plant another crop after the flood has receded, even if his barn and other farm buildings have been destroyed; but it is even better when he builds a barn that cannot be swept away.

It is easy, of course, to point out what was wrong after the event. Hindsight is anything but rare. But it is no easier to indulge in, not one iota more common, than the motley assortment of excuses, the alibis of those who made the mistakes. Of course there are denials, thousands of them, that there was any element of swelled head or even of ignorance and incompetence in the mistakes that have been made. Indeed, many persons will hardly admit that bad judgment was used; or, if forced to the acknowledgment that subsequent events disproved the judgments reached, they fall back upon saying that it was practically impossible to act otherwise.

What they say is extremely interesting. It has great force and carries much conviction. It is not to be laughed at or lightly dismissed. The times were unusual. The current ran exceeding strong. The strain was terrific. Don't let's forget it too soon. It is worth remembering. What happened is told here briefly in the form of a combined quotation from half a dozen different authorities—bankers, credit men, manufacturers.

"It must be remembered that the smash did not come as a result of war orders, but came two years after the close of the war. In 1919 the world seemed to be absolutely bare of goods. There were apparent shortages everywhere. Producers and manufacturers were flooded with orders. Everyone was urged to produce, and governments carried on campaigns to get people to speed up on production. Everyone said that there were no goods anywhere. We scoured South America for hides, Australia for wool and Java for sugar."

"But," I objected, "high prices never have lasted forever, and there must always be a penalty for over-enthusiasm, over-trading and over-building."

"Yes, I know, but the united judgment of the world showed that shortages existed. Now, most business is done on forward orders or commitments. Manufacturers have to buy raw materials far in advance. In many lines goods must be purchased a year or

so before the finished article reaches the consumer. Nearly everyone knew that it couldn't last forever and that prices were absurdly high, but what were they to do? Deliveries were coming in slowly and yet everyone had a big volume of orders to fill. Were they to refuse orders and go out of business? This could only mean losing their position in the trade, and it may be better in the long run for a concern to keep its position in the trade and the goodwill which comes from continued operation with the loss on inventory than to close down without a shrinkage in inventory.

"In many cases men had to pay exorbitant prices for goods in one line to get their regular business. Wholesale grocers had to supply sugar at any cost to keep their trade with the retailer. One of the strongest and oldest firms in the country had trainloads of sugar coming in at the highest price on record. What were they going to do, refuse the business?

"Then came the most remarkable thing in business history, the cancellation of confirmed orders all over the world. The consumer stopped buying, the retailer cancelled back on the jobber, the jobber on the manufacturer, and the manufacturer on the producer of raw materials. It was not a case of swelled head, but of an endeavor to maintain business. Usually a business concern has a chance to work off its inventory on the down grade, but the drop this time was so extreme as to be beyond human experience. Things changed in an awful hurry. I know one board of directors that met on a Friday and decided unanimously to declare the dividend on its preferred stock. The following Friday the board was hastily called together to rescind the action.

"A few concerns were able to turn themselves rapidly, and they came out of the experience with a lot of money. But the majority, especially the refiners or manipulators of raw materials, were caught by the cancellation of orders on the part of those in whom they had confidence. Concerns on a wholly cash basis, like railroads, electric power and telephone companies, came out all right, of course, but where large supplies of raw materials had to be carried, losses were almost inevitable."

Buying at the Top

"THE precipitateness of the drop was furthered by the quick-and-easy communication which the world now enjoys. Things happened faster than ever before, because the world markets were in closer touch with one another. It was all the same breed of cats, whether sugar, rubber, coconut oil or what not. Wherever goods were brought in from a long distance, wherever there were several sources of supply, they piled in so fast that no chance was given for recovery. In one case a commodity was coming in from more than fifty different countries. The diversion of a few carloads broke the market and the flood came with a rush.

"It was all perfectly human. Didn't your wife buy sugar above twenty cents and store it away? All sorts of unusual people had been storing up different kinds of goods, and the concealed supply was beyond what anyone realized.

"Of course a few who sold out in time turned out to have done the right thing. But suppose it had been the other

way and prices had gone on up. They would have been cursed and damned just as much as they are now praised.

"Then, of course, taxes were a contributing factor. For while people were losing money hand over fist they had to pay out big sums in taxes for the previous year, which had been very prosperous. It is very fortunate, however, that the panic came in the summer of 1920 instead of six months later or six months sooner, because people at least had six months of good business out of which to pay the big 1919 taxes."

A young man who during the boom times had bought a well-known candy company and had suffered heavy losses, but who has now come through without losing control, was met on the street recently by a friend. Asked about business he said he was now doing well and in a strong financial condition.

"Now that it is all over with," said the friend, "tell me why you bought sugar at twenty-six cents a pound?"

"Every darn fool knew that that was an absurd price," was the reply, "but we had to make a big contract at that price or shut down the plant. That was the only way I could get enough to keep going. I have lost an awful lot of money and have had a terrible jolt, but I don't see how I could help it."

Now all this is very plausible and very engaging indeed. Also it is true, absolutely true—as far as it goes. But it is very far from being the whole truth, and it doesn't go anything like far enough.

Despite every excuse and every explanation that can be made, the fact remains that there were two groups—those who got stuck too much, and those who didn't. Here and there concerns may have suffered or avoided really serious losses through sheer luck. But there were enough who did escape to show that other elements besides blind fortune were at work.

"Of course losses were unavoidable, and heavy ones, at that," said a bank president who belongs distinctly to what might be called the right or conservative wing. "You must not in your article damn people for getting stuck, but you are entirely right in hammering them for getting stuck too much. Losses were inevitable, but the most obvious and elementary principle of sound business is not to place oneself in a position where the losses will be beyond one's power to meet.

"Almost everyone was sure to get a thump and see their paper values reduced. But if they observed the handwriting on the wall at all, if they were not utterly obsessed and intoxicated, they must have reduced to some extent before the smash came. I admit that it was hard work to steer clear of losses, but with very few exceptions I am convinced that the losses of the good, strong, solid men are fairly small, or at least such as their position in their trade enables them properly to bear.

"A very important point which is rarely mentioned, although it bears closely on your subject, is that many ably managed concerns while wholly unable to prevent inventory losses on large future engagements, nevertheless, contracted so far ahead for money that they have been able to carry their inventory comfortably and have taken their losses chiefly on what they paid for money. In other words, they put the loss into insurance, and while it has cost some of them heavily it has saved them."

Winners and Losers Side by Side

"THERE were days when the chairman of the board and myself were terribly discouraged, I can tell you, at seeing other banks get so much business. The chairman used to say to me, 'We'll get our reward in heaven anyway'; and it took almost more faith than we had, to realize that we really would get it here."

Among others whose opinions were asked was a high official of a great merchandising organization, one of the most important in its trade, which has suffered heavy losses, but well within its power to meet and far less than those of its mushroom competitors.

He replied as follows: "It is true that fear of losing their position in the trade led many people out beyond their depth, but the very sequel certainly shows that they did not need to stock up so much. Right inside this organization you can find two departments side by side, one of which made money in the old conservative way, and the other lost its head and a lot of the owner's money, although operating in just as profitable a field."

"But hasn't the manager of the department which lost some good excuses to offer?" I ventured.

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THE MORNING AFTER

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

A GIRL does expect to be the heroine of her own wedding—at least the central figure; she certainly does not expect to find a rival in a middle-aged maiden aunt. Aunt Helen's idea of middle age was an old-fashioned one—no lip stick or rouge, no perpetual wave or juvenile model contradicted Nature. Small wonder that my sister Gertrude was surprised to find that guests, ushers and at moments even the groom himself drifted away to form part of the circle about Aunt Helen.

In my boyhood she had lived in our house. She was my father's sister; and the Fenellons, who think a lot of themselves—from the point of view of family—believe in sticking together. She had read me stories from mythology, and I had pictured the goddess Diana in her image. She read me fairy tales, and she was always the rescued princess with the golden locks. She read me my first novels, and she was Lucy Bertram and Rowena and Ethel Newcome. I can shut my eyes and see her now—her fine profile, her slender throat, her elegant clothes photographing themselves on my mind; a sort of perpetual illustration of the book she was reading.

And then there was all the romance and mystery of her broken engagement, the first secret, the first realization I ever had that life was not just breakfast, luncheon, supper and being taken to walk in the park. Suddenly, out of the many tall and indistinguishable strangers who came and went at our house, one—particularly tall and big, with a bushy mustache—stood out through an incomprehensible desire on his part that we should call him Uncle Ormond. We had hardly, with some embarrassment, accomplished this feat when he melted away and, as far as we knew, ceased to exist. It appeared he was not our uncle after all. The servants whispered about him in our presence.

My mother said to my father, "Don't you think we had better explain to the children?" and my father answered with a favorite phrase of his—"I see no necessity."

Later, when we reached that delightful age when your mother begins to gossip with you about your father's relations behind his back, we heard a little more. By that time Aunt Helen was considered to be old enough to live alone, and she had moved to a little house of her own, much to my regret; but I think my mother, who brought a good deal of robust common sense into the remote aristocracy of the Fenellons' point of view, had always suffered from Aunt Helen's perfection and was not sorry.

"I used to pity Helen's beaus," my mother would say; "and she had quantities. They always began to feel sooner or later like chimney sweeps in the presence of a little white blossom. If she deigned to read a book or wear a flower they had sent her they almost wept with the sense of their own unworthiness. But Ormond was different. I doubt if he believed so entirely in the dewdrop idea. He was attractive in a rough Newfoundland puppy sort of way. No, I never knew exactly what happened, but I can guess. Poor fellow, he lost his self-control so far as to kiss the tips of her fingers. Helen, confronted with such an example of masculine brutality, fainted away and, when she came to, refused ever to see him again."

My loyalty to my aunt was a little shocked at my mother's amusement over the picture she had drawn, but I felt there was probably some truth in the sketch. Aunt Helen was extraordinarily unapproachable. She had the personal dignity of an Arab and the gentleness of a good child. I shall always remember seeing her enter the room at a tremendous dinner party to which I had been asked among a few younger, unimportant people. Her rank was transmitted in the butler's tone as he announced "Miss Fenellon"; and when she entered, though she is a small woman, it was like the entrance of a queen, so simple and secure.

"One Man Said I Was Like Moonlight on a White Rose"

My father was devoted to her, and I often wondered if he knew the whole story of her engagement. When I grew old enough to go into business with him—to be his partner as well as his son—I ventured to ask him, but he knew no more than anyone else.

The breaking of the engagement had taken place twenty years ago. Now my aunt was over forty, still slim, still long-throated, still with a cameolike profile; but her hair was gray and her color faded. She came to Gertrude's wedding dressed just as a maiden aunt ought to be dressed, in gray and silver, with touches of blue, like the sky on a windy day. In the front pew behind a hedge of white lilies I could see her crying delicately—gentle tears that a cobweb of lace and cambric easily absorbed. They left no trace, except that as she came down the aisle after the ceremony her eyes were shining. I drove back to the house with her. "Why is it," I said, "that women always cry at weddings?"

"I don't wonder your dear mother cried," she answered. "She feels as if she were losing Gertrude, but she really isn't."

I glanced at her. Of course I had wanted to ask why she cried, but I did not dare. She had the power of wrapping a veil of emotional invisibility about herself.

When we reached the house I established her in a quiet corner of the dining room, brought her a glass of a delicious cold liquid which had been concocted under my father's direction, and when she said "There's nothing intoxicating in this, is there, Jim?" I answered, because it was the quickest and easiest thing to say, and didn't seem to matter much anyhow, "Oh, dear, no," and went away about my own business.

As the son of the house I was kept busy. The wedding was a small one, but my mother had endless errands for me to do, and there were left-over members of both families to whom special attentions were to be paid. I did not see my aunt again for perhaps an hour—not until the party was almost over. Gertrude had gone up to change her clothes and many of the guests had left. I had been noticing for some time that the ushers were drifting away into the dining room. I thought it was our punch that was attracting their hungry young spirits. I found it was my Aunt Helen.

She was sitting just where I had left her, erect—that is to say, without a curve in her flat back, but inclined forward in her large chair. One hand hung like a pale fringed leaf from the arm of her chair; the other was holding the tall glass I had given her, at the moment almost empty. Grouped about her were all the men in the house, except the waiters, my father and myself. Some were in chairs, some on the floor, and one red-haired friend of the groom was curled up so close that the tips of her pointed fingers almost touched his copper-colored crest. Even the groom himself, aware that he ought to be changing his clothes, hung on the outskirts of the crowd, unable to tear himself away.

My mind took in facts in the following order: That my aunt had regained all the color and vivacity of youth; that her manner was rapidly varying between a priestlike graciousness, which would have been pomposity in a man, and an intimate friendliness; that she was amusing a group of young people not easy to amuse; and that she had been consuming my father's rum punch as if it were lemonade. I drew nearer in an agony and, leaning against the wall close to her but slightly behind her chair, I listened in an agony.

"Because you're a lady—I'm a lady—one's a lady," she was saying, annoyed as we all are at times by the weakness of the English language in pronouns, "you mustn't assume she's absolutely inhuman. It's true—and you know it just as well as I do—the more refined a woman is the more she wants a man to be a man, if you know what I mean."

Looking about her to be sure—and she would not accept less than a definite verbal affirmative—she allowed a few drops from her glass to trickle out upon the forehead of the red-haired boy. At this she was sincerely distressed.

"Oh, sussha pity!" she murmured, drawing away to observe the accident more clearly. Then, when the red-haired boy, eager to set everything right, assured her that it didn't matter a bit—that it was his own fault, she surprised us all by a complete reversal of her mood.

"To be candid," she said, "I don't think your head should have been there at all," and with the gesture of an empress she held out her glass to be refilled.

Gray Wellington, a serious young lawyer, a friend and contemporary of my own, hurried to obey her. He ought to have known better. I shook my head at him. I hope I am not a prig, but a feeling of horror had crept over me—horror for her.

When the moment of realization came to her what might it not mean to that proud and overrefined nature? It seemed to me that a woman like my aunt might easily

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THE HERO

By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"How Much Did You Say You Were Short?" Ollie Swallowed. "A Thousand—Even"

JUST as Ollie Rand began the agreeable job of filling the stack of pay envelopes his desk telephone buzzed. He lifted the receiver with a mildly pleasant sense of anticipation. Very little of his work was transacted over the wire; his desk extension served mainly for agreeable conversations with his friends, and its occasional interruption of his workaday routine was always welcome. He recognized the voice at once. Bill McKaig had promised to let him know the next time he could offer a real bargain in actual Scotch.

"Just a second, please—this connection's bad."

He glanced over his shoulder at the door of the Old Man's private office. It was open, and he knew that half a telephone conversation could be as illuminating as all of it. Beyond the mahogany counter and brass grille which cut his room in two there was a booth where Amos Harlow conducted his long-distance interviews, stubbornly persuaded that he was still dealing with the cruder apparatus of a bygone day. Some of the Old Man's obstinate prejudices irritated Ollie Rand, but he approved of this one. A booth could be a very convenient thing sometimes. He stepped to the opposite door and thrust head and shoulders into the blended clamor of the typewriters. The switchboard was within the range of a whisper here.

"Give me that call in the booth, will you, Fannie?"

The girl at the board flashed her teeth in understanding assent. Ollie grinned his thanks, and was still grinning when he met the unsympathetic glance of Miss Rowan, Harlow's personal stenographer. Its obvious disapproval vexed him; he enjoyed his general popularity and hated to discover an exception, even such an exception as Edna Rowan, whose opinion of him certainly ought not to have mattered at all. He shut the door quickly on that level, unfriendly look. It did not catch, and as he went through the gate of the counter he could hear the chatter of the machines, but he did not bother to go back. Bill McKaig would resent even this minor delay, and Bill could get hold of better Scotch at lower figures than anybody else.

He closed the door of the booth carefully and heard McKaig's pleasing intelligence. He could supply a case of first-rate stuff at eighty dollars—ten or fifteen below the current quotations. Luckily the Saturday-night poker game had been kind to Ollie Rand; he had a little over a hundred on hand. He prolonged the talk to chaff McKaig for having contributed most of this. There was no special hurry, in spite of the pay roll; his work was arranged so that he could always spare a few minutes when he chose. Afterwards he reckoned that he had spent five minutes, at least, in the booth—the most important five minutes of his life.

He went back to his desk in excellent humor over his repartee and his bargain. He noticed that somebody had spared him the trouble of shutting that door into the outer office, and the trivial circumstance pleased him. Somebody would relieve you of little tasks like this, almost invariably, if you weren't in too much of a hurry to do things for yourself.

He sat down, humming softly, to the pleasing task of filling the pay envelopes. He always liked this; he had clung to it as to a privilege when Amos Harlow had suggested turning it over to one of the clerks. He enjoyed the feel of the bills, the pleasant routine labor which made no demands on his mind. He drew the uppermost envelope toward him and sat up suddenly and straight, staring at the empty space on the blotter where, when McKaig's call had interrupted him, he had left two packages of five-dollar bills.

For a moment he had the absurd impression that his eyes were playing a joke on him. Two hundred bills couldn't have disappeared like this; the thing was impossible on its face. He rose and searched the cork carpet under the desk; he opened the drawers, on the chance that he might have stowed the bills in one of them without remembering it; he went through his pockets and examined the leather brief case in which he had brought the money from the bank. But all the time he knew better; he had put those sheaves of bills on the blotter as he always did, with the other packages of ones and tens and twenties which had not been disturbed. And while he had been kidding Bill McKaig somebody had stolen them, within ten feet of where he sat.

He leaned his elbows on the desk and considered, his mind clearing quickly. It was a silly theft. Whoever had taken those two hundred fives had left behind more than twice as much in ones and tens. And whoever had taken them was perfectly certain to be caught, of course.

There were only two doors through which the thief could have passed—he couldn't have come in from the corridor and let himself in by the wicket in the counter without being visible through the glazed walls of the booth. The money had gone through the door into the outer office or else into Amos Harlow's private room. That was self-evident.

Nobody could have passed through either of those doors unobserved. In fact, there was only one person whose passage through the cashier's room would not have been unusual; the Old Man himself hardly ever went into the outer office, and the only employe who took the short cut to his room was his stenographer. The others, when they were summoned to the presence, went around through the corridor.

Ollie Rand's mind jumped straight at the easy answer to the sorry little puzzle. It must have been Edna Rowan. She could have done it; nobody else would have had the opportunity. He nodded. Nobody else out there would have had the nerve, either. The others were just the usual sort of office-working girls, soft or silly or both, according to Ollie's easy generalizations concerning a sex with which he dealt distrustfully. Edna Rowan was different; he remembered the way she pressed her lips together, the intent, direct glance. Yes, she'd have nerve enough. But she wasn't so sharp as he'd given her credit for being, or she'd have realized that she couldn't get away with it.

A thief, eh? The word jarred on Ollie Rand's thought. It seemed to acquire a new harshness, now that he used it for the first time about somebody he knew, somebody who until this moment had been pretty much like the rest of humanity. He examined his impressions of Edna Rowan, trying to square them with this new light on her. He remembered when she had been taken on, a beginner, still awkward at the machine, but desperately in earnest. He had noticed her particularly—the way she leaned forward, her shoulders tense and rigid, her lips pressed together, keeping pace with the other girls by the strength of her purpose instead of the trained skill of finger and wrist. He'd been mildly sorry for her in spite of her reserve, her abrupt, unfriendly responses to his affability, but he had foreseen, even then, that she'd get on. She was the sort that did—the sort that was more interested in making a living than in living one, Ollie decided.

He had always been canny about girls, distrusting even his own reason where they were concerned. He had

watched other fellows fall for them—fellows just as nimble-witted as Ollie Rand himself. He kept his distance, without forfeiting his general favor, avoiding occasional temptations to consider them individually. He had reasoned it all out; the minute you got the idea that one of them was different from the rest you were on dangerous ground if you were a fellow with forty a week and a scheme of existence that needed every nickel of it.

But as he faced the conviction that Edna Rowan had stolen that thousand dollars from his desk he permitted himself to think of her as sharply distinguished from the others, to wonder about her and the motive that had urged her to a theft so certain of detection and punishment as this. His imagination stirred. She'd never dressed like most of them; she wore inconspicuous clothes that avoided the casual glance instead of inviting it. He remembered having seen her eating lunch at her desk, too, and resuming her work long before the others came back from their cafeterias. These things, added to the intensity with which she attacked her tasks, suggested poverty as the impelling cause behind the crazy robbery.

He frowned at the idea; he was so frequently broke himself that he couldn't help a certain sympathy for anybody else in that condition, and he instinctively sought to avoid sympathy for Edna Rowan. Presently he'd have to go in and tell the Old Man; it wouldn't be pleasant, at the best of it, to be the means of bringing down disaster on that grim, tight-lipped woman out there.

She must be pretty desperately up against it, he thought, to take a chance like this; she was intelligent enough to have realized the odds against her getting by with it. He remembered the time when the cards had run against him so obstinately that he'd had to give Bill McKaig a post-dated check and let his name go up on the notice board at the club. He felt suddenly virtuous about this; it would have been easy for him to borrow a little from the petty cash in that crisis, but he hadn't done it, hadn't even seriously considered it. There must be something crooked about this girl; people didn't steal just because they needed money and found a chance; if that excuse sufficed, Ollie Rand would have been a thief long ago. He stiffened his resolution. If there was any forgiving to be done, it was the Old Man's job. He could afford it. He rose. Better break it to him right away—every minute he waited increased that girl's chances of hiding her plunder somewhere.

But he hesitated before the closed door, aware of a certain consciousness of controlling a dramatic situation, a feeling at once novel and mildly stimulating. The moment he told Amos Harlow, his own importance would end; until he told he was in some sense a proxy for destiny. Besides, he discovered, he was sorrier for Edna Rowan than he had thought. There was a kind of bond between people who were hard up, uniting them against those who had more than they needed. Perhaps before he surrendered his discretion in the affair he'd better look into it a little; the Old Man wouldn't consider anything but the vital facts; palliating circumstances wouldn't influence him a bit. It took a man who knew poverty at first hand to understand its effect on others.

He turned and opened the door into the outer office instead. She was at her machine, desperately busy, as always, her face rigid, her shoulders forward, her fingers stabbing at the keys. He noticed her waist; he didn't know much about such things, but its severity confirmed his guess that she had counted pennies when she chose it. He wondered what she was thinking about; she must know that he was standing in the doorway, must guess that he was watching her, must suspect that he knew she had taken the money. It needed a pretty steady set of nerves to go on working like this under such conditions, without even looking up.

Her eyes met his as if in answer to the thought. He searched them for some sign of confusion, guilt. In the fiction of crime as Ollie read it thieves nearly always gave themselves away to a properly percipient eye. But Edna Rowan merely frowned and resumed her work, as if she found his inspection only impertinent. He moved to her desk, intending to ask her to come into his office. She glanced up impatiently.

"What is it?"

Her voice was brisk, abrupt, unfriendly, and yet he noticed for the first time a quality wanting in Fannie Dolan's, for instance—a kind of roundness which struck his ear almost pleasantly. He felt himself flushing under the challenge of glance and tone, absurdly, as if it were his fault—it became suddenly impossible to cross-examine her. It was no affair of his to pry into the reasons that had prompted her theft. It seemed to him suddenly that there was no just basis for the assumption that a thief is fair game for idle, inquisitive intrusion. He had a right to accuse her of taking that money, a right to demand its return, to see that she was punished if she refused. But he had no right to trespass on her private motives.

"I—nothing, nothing, Miss Rowan."

He retreated hastily, angry at himself. She'd robbed the firm of money temporarily in Ollie Rand's keeping; it was his plain duty to make her give it back, and he hadn't even mentioned it—he realized that he didn't dare to tell her, to her face, that he knew she had taken it. After all, that was the Old Man's job, wasn't it? Ollie Rand had nothing to do with it. He crossed the room resolutely and opened Harlow's door with a jerk. No more nonsense!

"Mr. Harlow, I ——"

He stopped. Harlow's chair was empty. Harlow's hat was missing from the tree in the corner. Ollie Rand was aware of a flooding sense of reprieve. The Old Man must have gone out through the corridor. It would be foolish to do anything till he came back. It was strange that the delay should relieve him so much, Ollie thought. He went back to his desk. The pay envelopes reproached him; whatever happened, they'd have to be ready by four. He could make up the deficit from the cash in the safe. Lucky Harlow insisted on carrying a couple of thousand as petty cash, Ollie told himself—you could never tell when something like this would happen.

He moved the knobs swiftly and counted out a thousand in small bills. As he filled the envelopes he conducted a number of imaginary conversations with Edna Rowan, conversations in which by beautiful finesse Ollie Rand melted that frozen reserve and elicited the whole pitiful story. He had no difficulty in supplying details; an extensive acquaintance with film plots suggested several tempting solutions, between which he found it hard to decide. She might be the sole support of an invalid mother, whose affliction could be cured provided there was an immediate operation; on the whole Ollie preferred this hypothesis to the less sentimental supposition of a mortgage on the little home that was all that remained of a quondam prosperity, or the slightly more poignant theories of a crippled younger sister or a tubercular brother who must be sent west before it was too late.

Ollie Rand had been decently sophisticated before cinematographic versions of these distresses, but confronted by one of them in sober reality he found himself reacting rather differently. It was a nasty business to

It Needed a Pretty Steady Set of Nerves to Go on Working Like This Under Such Conditions, Without Even Looking Up

send a girl to jail for yielding to such a temptation, under such compelling pressures. He felt almost angry at the Old Man; if it were up to Ollie Rand he'd deal mercifully with the case; Harlow couldn't take his money with him when he died; it wouldn't hurt him a bit to charge that thousand to p. and l. and forget it. He wouldn't, of course—people who could afford such benefactions never yielded to their merciful impulses, if they had them. He'd come down on Edna Rowan like a load of brick and persuade himself that it was his duty!

By the time he reached the R envelopes Ollie Rand had worked up enough sympathy to speculate over the four five-dollar bills he tucked into Edna Rowan's. He could fancy her parceling them out, penny by penny, among clamoring rival necessities. No wonder she was a bit grim, no wonder she worked as if her life depended on her speed! Ollie would do what he could for her, with the Old Man; perhaps if he told the story cleverly he could jolly Amos Harlow into something like mercy.

There was, at first, a consolation in this thought. He knew that he had a pull with the Old Man. He owed his job to Harlow's friendship for his father, and Harlow had given other evidences of that surviving regard often enough. Ollie remembered how they had grumbled in the outer office when he got old Morrow's place as cashier; a dozen times since then he had been obliged to sidestep Harlow's suggestions of less comfortable jobs which held out larger but less assured returns. He knew that these proposals were signs of the Old Man's good will, and was always diplomatic about evading them. Catch Ollie Rand going out on the road when he could stick to the office, where you knew what you had coming to you on pay day! Yes, he ought to be able to keep Harlow from going too far up in the air over this business.

He was annoyed by a recurrent thought that if Ollie Rand had taken the money the Old Man would have been easier on him than he'd be on Edna Rowan. That had nothing to do with the case—nothing at all. He certainly wasn't to blame for being on good terms with Harlow. He rejected the reproachful idea angrily, telling himself that even Harlow wouldn't be too hard on her—he'd only fire her if the money was recovered; and there was no denying that she deserved that much.

He had finished the pay roll and turned over the box of filled envelopes to the clerk who distributed them when he heard Harlow come in. He rose determinedly; better get the ugly job done right away. Business was business; you couldn't afford to fool with sappy sentiment in an affair like this.

He paused in the doorway.

Harlow glanced up from his desk inquiringly, his stubby pen suspended above the sheaf of typed letters. Ollie couldn't help noticing the squareness of his jaw, the way his lips fitted together, the straight, ice-colored eyes. He felt himself smiling a little; long ago he had discovered that his facial expression could exert a mollifying influence on the Old Man. Harlow's mouth relaxed.

"Mr. Harlow—I ——"

Ollie Rand stopped. The words just wouldn't come. That girl must need her job terribly—it seemed as if he were taking it away from her just when she needed it most. His amazed ears heard his voice; his conscious intelligence, numb and helpless, struggled in the grip of some paralyzing emotion, aghast at the stupendous folly of what he was saying.

"Mr. Harlow, I—I guess I better own up—I'm a thousand short in my cash. I—I'll pay it back if you'll give me another chance."

II

HE SAW blank amazement in Harlow's face. His common sense, gagged and hand bound, writhed and strained against the monstrous idiocy of his deed. Saddling himself with the burden of a silly theft for the sake of a girl he didn't even like! Fool, fool! Sidney Carton himself hadn't been any sillier. He seemed to hear an echo of that farewell speech: "A far, far better thing that I do ——"

He raged at the discovery that the words sent a warming tingle down his spine. Of all absolute lunatics!

"Say that again, Ollie. I want to get this straight."

Harlow's lips fitted together again, but, as he had foreseen, there was no anger in the voice. It sounded flat, as if his confession had numbed the Old Man's temper along with his wits. Again Ollie Rand's sensible self shrieked at him; he hadn't committed himself, even now; he could still state the case as it was. He opened his lips to blurt out the facts, and again listened to his voice stammering that incredible quixotic lie.

"I—I just said that I—I'm a thousand dollars short in my cash, Mr. Harlow. I thought I'd better own up—make a clean breast of it. I didn't mean to—to dip in ——"

Again there was that stunned silence on Harlow's part.

"You mean to stand there and tell me you've been helping yourself to the petty cash?"

It seemed to Ollie that his real self struggled for the third and last time against the suffocating clutch of his obsession. It wasn't too late, even now. He strove to control his tongue; he felt his head move in a gesture of assent. Harlow studied him deliberately, the strong lines and angles of his face grimmer than ever.

"How much did you say you were short?"

Ollie swallowed. "A thousand—even."

Somewhere deep in his brain a surviving fragment of reason hoped that Amos Harlow would detect the truth from that suspiciously round sum. Under cross-examination he might be pinned down, in spite of this unbelievable insanity, convicted of nothing worse than an idiotic attempt to act like a movie hero. But Harlow nodded, his big fingers drumming on his blotter.

"I see. That was your limit, was it?"

Ollie nodded miserably. Harlow consulted the memorandum on which, every morning, Ollie acquainted him with certain financial details.

"You ought to have twenty-three eighteen in the safe, according to this. How much have you actually got?"

"Thirteen eighteen." Ollie swallowed again.

"Go get it."

As he opened the safe Ollie struggled hopelessly with himself, with this new crazy self he could not recognize. It was too late now; if he tried to tell the truth Harlow wouldn't believe him—would think that he was shamefully trying to clear himself at the expense of that girl. He'd spoiled his case by not giving the alarm the moment he discovered the theft. He'd been a fool to keep it quiet and draw on the petty cash that way. If he'd raised a row while the pay-roll money still lay on his desk ——

Harlow counted the bills clumsily. Ollie Rand's fingers itched as he looked on; he could have riffled those notes like a deck of cards.

"Thirteen eighteen," said the Old Man at last. "How long have you been dipping into us, Ollie?"

Ollie managed to shrug, as if to say that it had been going on a long time. That detached intelligence, hopelessly remote from control of his acts, informed him that he must be looking the part; he was as wretched as if he had been telling the truth; more miserable, perhaps. He didn't need to act.

"What got you doing it?" Harlow still kept his anger in hand. "Couldn't you get along on your pay?"

Again Ollie shrugged and shook his head. It was nearer the truth than anything else he had conveyed in this interview. Forty a week had to be stretched to compass his needs. He must owe a hundred or so in little bills this minute.

"Forty a week ought to be enough for a single man," said Harlow mildly. "It's more than the job's worth, Ollie. I thought I was giving you the best of it. Always liked you or I'd have kicked you out the first time I caught you riding the saw. Liked your father." He drummed on the blotter as if he weighed conflicting impulses.

"You could have made more money, too, if you'd wanted to." He seemed to be arguing in self-defense. "I've given you plenty of chances to get into the selling end of the game. Make a good salesman too."

Ollie ventured on a faint headshake. Harlow frowned with a sudden ferocity.

"Yes, you would, if you'd had to scratch for your living, like most kids. Been picking salesmen for thirty years. Don't tell me I don't know my business! Ought to 've made you get out on the road, instead of letting you jolly me into giving you a soft spot in the office." He evidently considered this more thoughtfully. "No—you'd have quit. Fellow like you can always work somebody for a job. Got a lot of friends, haven't you? Easy enough to catch on somewhere else if I fire you, eh?"

Ollie spread his hands. He probably couldn't get another place so congenial and profitable as this, but Harlow was right, in the main. Curley would make room for him in a minute; or Bill McKaig; or Joe Fish.

Harlow meditated.

"Ollie, I'm going to be a fool about this. I ought to have you jugged, I guess. Ought to fire you, anyhow. But I feel's if it was partly my fault, and I always liked your father too. So here's what we'll do about it: You'll pay up this shortage out of your salary, and till you pay it you'll carry it as a shortage, see? You're shy a thousand in your cash. Any time we audit your accounts we'll find it out, but till we do I don't know a thing about it. Couldn't live on forty a week, eh? Well, maybe you can do it on twenty, then. I'll count that cash every Friday, and as long as it shows a twenty-dollar gain every week I'll wait. First time it doesn't the bonding company takes hold."

Ollie Rand stared. Even the strutting, posing fellow who had usurped the identity of the real Ollie was horrified at this calamity. He had imagined himself as being forgiven, as listening to one of the Old Man's tiresome lectures on industry and thrift and ambition, and then going back to his books with a not disagreeable consciousness of nobility to console him. Sometime, possibly, when it had all blown over, he might have told Harlow the truth. But this ——

It was funny that the first coherent thought that came to him should be a regretful reflection that he'd better call off that bootleg bargain with Bill McKaig. Darn McKaig, anyway! If he hadn't butted into business hours to peddle his liquor none of this would have happened.

"That's all, Ollie." Harlow jerked a hand at the door.

Ollie turned, crushed beyond expostulation. Twenty a week! Twenty ——

"Wait!" He stopped. Harlow gathered up the bills on his desk. "Put these back in the safe. And just chip in the first installment while you're at it. Let me see you do it."

Ollie pulled his own envelope from his vest pocket and obeyed. His reviving self declared bitterly to the interloping cavalier that it served them both right.

Till he paid up that thousand—no, it was only nine hundred and eighty now—he might as well be the Old Man's slave. Harlow could wave that club over him whenever he pleased; he couldn't even quit. Forty-nine weeks of it, and all for a minute or two of playing the pinchbeck hero!

As he stooped at the safe Edna Rowan went past him to the inner office and came back with the Old Man's letters. She didn't even look at him. He scowled after her. What a perfect ass he'd made of himself while he was at it! Putting his neck in a rope for a girl he didn't even like, a girl who had as little use for him!

She must be wondering why there hadn't been any fuss over that money. Behind that look she must be horribly afraid of being caught with the goods. He acknowledged her nerve; no professional crook could have carried it off any better.

He realized suddenly that he could make her give it back. She didn't know that he'd shouldered her guilt; all he had to do was to confront her boldly. She'd break down; they all did if you went at them right. He chuckled. After all, it wasn't so bad; he'd done a magnanimous thing, and it wasn't going to come very high, either. He could invent a remote relative to die handily and leave him a little; that would be better than trying to account for the lump payment by some lucky deal. Harlow would want to know too much about a speculation.

Ollie Rand moved to the door, minded to call her in and have it out at once, but he decided that it would be too bad to risk wasting his benefaction by accusing her within a few feet of where the Old Man sat. She might go all to pieces; even hardened crooks did under shrewd pressure. As long as he'd shouldered the blame she might as well benefit by it. But he mustn't give her a chance to get rid of the money, of course.

He consulted the card index of employes. She boarded out at Wonalancit. He made a note of the address, not tempted, for once, to grin at the mild humor which the name of the suburban village suggested to the metropolitans at the club. He had been too near to the idea of living in some such place to find it funny just now. He decided that he'd go out with her; it would frighten her to find that he was trailing her, simplify the job of breaking down that nerve. Perhaps he could settle the whole thing on the train. She'd have the money with her; she'd give it back if he asked her firmly for it, after letting her wonder a bit. Then he could tell her not to worry about his giving her away; she'd tell him why she had taken it and he'd do what he could to help her—give her some good advice.

He left his desk a little before five and was waiting at the exit when she came out. He saw that she carried a small leather box—probably a lunch box, he thought. The money would be in that, of course. He followed her down Main Street to the dingy station and managed to keep an eye on her while he bought a ticket. He was agreeably conscious of a certain excitement now. This was like having a regular detective story happen to you.

He watched her enter the second car and gave her time to choose a seat before he followed her. It was natural enough to affect a surprised recognition as he approached her, to take the vacant place at her side as a matter of course. If she was frightened by the encounter she concealed it splendidly, though. He observed that there was no slightest tremor in the evening paper that she continued to read.

"Live out this way, Miss Rowan?"

"Wonalancit."

She did not remove her attention from the paper. He registered satisfaction.

"That's luck! I was just wondering how to get a line on the place—thought I'd go out there and board if I could find anything. Hear it's cheaper than the city."

He liked this delicate approach to the topic. He saw that it interested her; she lowered the paper and inspected him briefly. Again he admired her command of her nerves.

"That's true enough. You can get a room and two meals a day at Mrs. Fenton's, where I live, for about ten a week, and your commutation ticket's only five-fifty a month."

"Think she'd have room for me?"

"I know she would. There's nobody on the third floor. You might get a special rate."

She returned calmly to the editorial page. He meditated. This hadn't helped much, after all. He'd have to try again.

"It sounds good." He sighed. "I've got to cut down expenses all I can." He endeavored to instill a hint of

(Continued on Page 33)

THE SPECIAL CASE

By Dorothy DeJagers

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"AND so we are to be married in May!" With this climax to his heart history John Thorne lifted a framed photograph to the open porthole above, studying it with an undisciplined adoration. Under a gauzy hat a pretty girl of twenty or possibly twenty-one laughed up at him lazily; and as he replaced the picture on the desk next the brown traveling clock, it was with a vocal sigh suggestive of an adolescent Romeo, rather than a lover of fifty-one.

Yet as he towered there, boldly handsome, erect, there was something ageless about him; an authoritative physical dominance over mere birthdays. His huge, hard-muscled body, magnificently carpentered, the vigorous modeling of his dark leonine head, the plunging black eyes above an aquiline nose—these found some youthful accent by contrast with the other man, seated on the lower bunk across. Certainly Abbott Randall looked twenty years older than Thorne. A delicately chiseled frailty gave him the blurred insignificance of a quaint old gentleman in a faded French pastel. His soft white hair tufting above a face fretted with feathery-fine lines, the mild, vague gaze behind gold-rimmed spectacles, the drop of pinched shoulders contributed to the appearance of at least seventy. And how flabbergasted Thorne had been when, his attention drawn to some detail of the other's passport, he had noted a birthdate only twelve years earlier than his own. Yet Randall's tacit acceptance of a ripe seniority and the faint paternal shadings in his attitude towards the younger man gradually erased the birth date; and now as Thorne watched the slow precision with which his companion packed the bizarre pipe his glance featured that humorous affection often evoked by the older generation.

"Thus Began My Double Life. More and More Did I Retire to What I Termed My Home for the Aged"

Then something like tenderness flashed through his smile. The confession of that nearest his heart—his love for Helen—and ah! her love for him—had somehow quickened a sense of intimacy already incredible in the light of their brief acquaintance. Why, gad! Six days ago he had never even heard of Abbott Randall, and now—well, next to Helen, of course, he felt closer to the old boy than to anyone he knew.

Suddenly he recalled how eloquently he had cursed when the firm's urgent cable from Marseilles had forced him onto this third-class old tub. Then the impossibility of securing a cabin alone had provoked even more unquotable impieties. Solitude seemed so imperative; solitude for undisturbed anticipations of the future. Disgustedly he had previsioned some nerve-wracking atrocity monger; some chatty newspaper correspondent; or, more awful still, a nargile-smoking Oriental! Instead of which the gods had smiled, and offered as cabin mate not merely a compatriot but a New Yorker; a gentleman and a scholar of flexible fancies and robust ironies; a man, in short, with whom it was a privilege to share one's stateroom—and one's romance. From the very first they had hit it off; and the imminent parting at Marseilles brought a ridiculous pang. Still, they mustn't lose track of each other, and when Randall returned in the fall Helen could have him for a long visit.

"So she is twenty-one and you are fifty-one!" It was Randall speaking, and the comment was merely an absent-minded statement of fact. Even the concluding sigh held no acknowledgment of the odium imputed to comparisons as he murmured, half to himself:

"How the repetitional pattern of life always startles. Curious, too, how these duplications of experience always surprise us into some gesture of disbelief or a comment on how small the world is!"

He halted to take off his spectacles; then a gaze of charged intentness focused upon Thorne, a gaze that seemed to measure the breadth of the other's indulgence.

"My friend," he began after a moment, in a voice energized by a slow earnestness, "these few days with you have meant a lot to me. When a man reaches my age companionships as satisfying as ours happen seldom—far too seldom. And when I tell you this story I ask you to see behind it an affection for you big enough to risk your boredom and even resentment."

With a smile Thorne dropped to the padded seat under the portholes, adjusting two musty cushions behind him. What delicious modesty! This prophecy of boredom from him whose monologues those first two nights had held him in yawnless fascination from six bells to daybreak.

"Oh," he laughed, "I'm sure ——"

"When I left college ——"

Thorne saw that Randall's good ear had missed his remark; and two hands buckled about his knee, he relaxed in his usual posture of an audience absolved from any antiphonal expectancies.

"When I left college my people insisted upon my escape from the industry built up by my grandfather. There'd been so many of us, you see, sacrificed to the prosy business of turning steel into implements none of us used, that they wanted some antidote in the way of artistic expression. The fact that I found more appeal in a Turner landscape than in a plow; more interest in a Swinburne poem than in a tractor, made them think I might approximate Joseph's and Algernon's stunts. And somehow their confidence infected me. So finally I rushed off to Paris, and for a couple of years dramatized myself as a dilettante, making some poor canvases and worse plays an excuse for a boundless desultoriness. When at last I recognized my artistic worthlessness my conscience dictated returning to the usual Randall job. But the dear illusionists at home wouldn't hear of it. The next three years I wandered around the Continent, gradually losing all my American ideals of the love of labor for labor itself, and making a collection of first editions and Renaissance bronzes cover a growing restlessness. So when, the following spring, I was offered a small diplomatic post in Turkey I grabbed it eagerly. It would satisfy the family—so long as the family tree sprouted something besides the tired business man—and it delighted me. Peeps into queer pockets of the earth, time to read and write and study the amazing human species—that sort of thing.

"Well, post followed post. I skipped from Hong-Kong to Macedonia, with occasional winters in Washington. I saw life from many lopsided angles; human nature through many highly colored prisms; and by the time I'd reached fifty-four—well, I was a funny synthesis of clashing concepts and experiences. Women somehow hadn't contributed much to these. My ramblings around had never been a Byronic pilgrimage, at least in that sense. Yet you can't lap over the half-century mark without having conducted a few emotional experiments. So why I'd never married in all those years occasionally struck me as rather unfortunate. When I went home that winter, however, at the death of my father, my immunity changed into a divine miracle—a kind of proof that the gods sometime

establish a protectorate over male susceptibilities. It was then, you see, I met Lindall.

"She was just twenty at the time, and the most exquisite thing I had ever seen. Very black sheeny hair with wide lateral waves. A skin so white—well, I can't describe it exactly, but it gave each eyelash a separate identity. Then her eyes! Something in between amber and aventurine, and incredibly beautiful. She was quite tall; your first glance gave an impression of thinness which your second look revised, for you were sure to take the second look. That deceptive suppleness for which the French have invented *fausse maigreur*. It's a pity there isn't some word to cover her grace. A fluid grace—for she didn't move; she flowed. No overemphasis of muscle, yet an exquisite articulation made studying each gesture an adventure in beauty.

"The first time I met her she was telling fortunes at some country-club affair, and as I watched the turn of her wrists as she laid out the cards, well I knew the game was up. I was insanely in love. And with every meeting, because naturally I let no turf grow under my feet, the madness increased. Her individuality, you see, was as vivid as her loveliness. There was an enchanting personal incandescence about her. She was always to me Shelley's 'lovely lady, garmented in light.' Then there was her supreme quality of what I shall call sweetness; not that bovine amiability that comes from a happy heredity and a reliable nervous system but an active individual graciousness. She was incapable of rancor, malice or unkindness, and with her opulent equipment for indulgence, being catty should have been so tempting at times.

"Well, after a courtship of high suspense values she told me she cared for me. Perhaps my Latin amenities, as my sister called them, flattered her at first. Then, God knows why, but my diplomatic background impressed her. Though a Protestant, you see she'd been reared in a Kentucky convent and hadn't had 'many chances for comparing male values.' Anyway, to her simplicity my sophistication seemed omniscience, and ah, it is not unpleasant to understudy Providence for a lovely lady, garmented in light."

He dropped into reverie and his eyes contracted suddenly as if to pinch out the memories behind them. But in a moment he went on, in a voice of studied inexpressiveness, a voice trying to impersonalize the story as much as possible. Thorne even sensed in his slightly rhetorical treatment of the theme an effort to rule out all emotionality from it.

"Of course I proposed immediately, and then the storm broke. All her relatives and friends joined in a loud chorus: 'But, my dear, he's old enough to be your father!' And curiously enough, I was aghast. I'd grown so accustomed, you see, both in Europe and the Orient, to such alliances, I assumed the old tribal taboos against May and—er—October unions had expired with the superstition about night air. To be sure, I privately granted that in ordinary cases such marriages were unwise. But, good heavens, mine was a special case! One's own is always a special case. That's why, I suppose, sweeping generalities brush the weight of precedent so lightly off the individual shoulder.

"Yet as the news seeped into my circles another cry arose: 'But, my good fellow, the child's young enough to be your daughter!' And as the combined volume gathered force daily I began to be affected. The damnable refrain rang through all my waking hours; it poisoned my sleep, and with the most nightmarish connotations. In simply being old enough to be her father I seemed to have sunk to the lowest depths of human crassness.

"But Lindall—she never wavered. The opposition, instead, made her more determined; so in December we were married. And because I saw something so divinely heroic in her resistance, my love took on a heroic mold. I vowed that never should she regret her decision. I must be and would be everything that a young man could be.

"Well, several of her friends were wintering near Davos, and after a honeymoon in Italy, at her suggestion we

The Lateness of the Hour, the Stillness Outside Gave an Illusion of Inviolable Isolation. The Chattering, Clattering World in Which We Lived Seemed Unreal, Nonexistent

joined them. And here the bridegroom of fifty-four, who in livelier years had watched the icy sports from a conservative distance, now joined in as recklessly as any sixteen-year-old. The tempo of her pulse seemed to time my own, and when after some foolhardy stunt of mine she'd look around triumphantly at the former opposing forces, my blood leaped for even wilder exploits. In seeing what that triumph meant to her, you see, I sensed her happiness would always depend, more or less, upon my illusion of contemporariness. Now that I was no longer a fiancé but a husband, I was conjugated not in the potential mood but the possessive case, and her property sense was on the defensive against any belittling assessment of her holdings. So it was up to me to save her from any I-told-you-so ignominies.

"But real love isn't built that way. At least that's what I'd have said in my tender twenties; but you can't knock around for fifty years without seeing the emotion is not a simple matter of clinging kisses and pounding pulses, such as the pre-Raphaelites would have us believe. Instead, a complex state of mind conditioned by all sorts of contacts with reality. Then another thing: most women are, first of all, I believe, their social selves.

"Where was I? Oh—yes. Well, that spring we returned to New York. The plant had been sold by this time, and I'd been made executor of the estate; enough money and leisure to live any life we chose, or rather Lindall chose; and she preferred the so-called social whirl. Whatever she did she did extravagantly, redundantly. I mean if a prescription called for two pills she'd invariably, unless watched, take three. And that in a sense typified her nature. She wanted a concentrated solution of experience, sensation; and there was nothing that didn't move and interest her. Once I took her through the kitchen of our largest hotel, and here the mechanical ingenuities thrilled her just as much as her first hydroplane ride or the morning she found two kittens in her sewing basket. To every experience she brought the same fresh zest; and she was so saturable, such an extraordinary conductor of sensation, that she transmitted to me a vicarious new enjoyment of old, old stuff. We could go to some stupid play and through her childlike absorption I'd find it breathing with life. In fact, in everything her enthusiasms gave new revisions to all my jaded evaluations.

"But outside the drama her ardors ran to the objective phases of life. She read little, and the novels she chose were always plotful love stories with the happy ending hung up until the penultimate chapter. And yet when I found these about, with some sentimental passage underlined, and a 'How true!' scribbled in the margin, there would come over me a tempestuous tenderness that very few of the classics had ever evoked. Now and then she had her poetry moods. I'd find in the mirror of her dressing table some lyric of the Ella Wheeler Wilcox school of ecstatics. I remember I'd collected thirty-eight of these at the end of the first year, and when I tell you I'd have given my Renaissance bronzes sooner than part with these ragged little clippings, you can guess——"

He halted, toying with a cuff link made out of an Egyptian coin. Thorne noticed the hand, webbed with veins, trembled slightly in its aimless movements. Then it clenched suddenly, as Randall resumed.

"No, she wasn't in any sense the intellectual woman. It was her fierce joy in the external pleasures that fed my sense of—of adventure, I'll call it. The bubble of her high spirits was like a fountain of youth that flooded me with a flushed tumult. It washed away the accretions of half a century, irrigated barren territories of thought, and there sprouted fresh appeals and appreciations. Psychically I grew younger every day. I looked younger too. A positive bounce in my walk. A new brightness to my eye. Nerve and muscle, heart and brain responded to the rejuvenation. I took up tennis again, after thirty years' neglect, and actually learned to dance. So now, after some brilliant serve or difficult caper, it was I who used to look around triumphantly at the former opposition party.

"And so passed a year of unforgetable and unforgotten bliss. As a young man speculating about the ultimate she, as I suppose we all do, I'd put upon her the usual decorous exactions: A sense of humor, a community of tastes and interests, and so on. But Lindall, with her spontaneity and sincerity, and, above all, her divine sweetness, made that ideal into a wooden, machine-made figure. With negligible understanding of what we are pleased to call the arts of life, with a sense of humor frustrated by the impact of her sympathies, she created, by simply being, an impression of the sheerest adequacy. In her very simplicity lay her charm; she was as beautifully normal as a flower. No, please understand, I would never have had her changed in the slightest degree. I loved her just as she was, and oh! that first twelve months she gave life new meanings that brought heaven within commuting distance. Even the jealousy motif, that you always expect in these May and October arrangements, vibrated but faintly. Lindall's beauty of course registered on other men besides myself, but my rejuvenescence had given me such a sense of power, of security, that I was insensible of the green-eyed monster's attacks.

"And this illusion of equality continued till the spring of the second year; then I began to feel a slackening grip on the situation; a growing immunity from the contagion of Lindall's zest. By this time, you see, we'd become absorbed in the younger set, and keeping up with youth today—which takes in the last ten years—is a pretty exhaustive business. They swarmed in bunches, wanted something doing every minute, unappeasably athirst for novelty and excitement. They made life into a thing of gyral activities, incessant gestures of pleasure, so that the job of being fifty-four years young became more and more grueling.

"I recall a play in which old age is diagnosed by the following symptoms: A discovery of how much more frivolous modern youth is than in the good old days; that even the policemen are mere boys, and the type in the newspaper so much smaller than formerly. Well—that's what

ailed me, of course; that explains my intolerance, possibly unjustness to the young things. But oh, God! How their *gamineries*, their mental, spiritual and muscular restlessness did get on my nerves. I had the obsolete idea, for instance, that time can often be killed painlessly, even pleasantly, with thoughtful conversation. An absurd theory, of course; for modern youth doesn't converse; it just expresses nervousness. There were evenings, too, when instead of rushing to some festivity I wanted to stay at home and get in touch with my long-neglected books. But Lindall's joyous anticipation always curbed my rebellion. So on I went, from morning tennis to daybreak hops, struggling pathetically to interpret the ache of middle-aged muscles into growing pains.

"But an evening came, though, when my bones sulked so painfully that when Lindall came saying she'd saved me four dances, I begged off. She turned away, a little hurt fold between her amber eyes, and as she left, a red-headed Diana near shrugged her shoulders, murmuring audibly to the gallant fanning her: 'Well, that's what she gets for going in for antiques.'

"Funny, isn't it, what love will do to you? In my wanderings around I'd stood for some pretty stiff bludgeonings of outrageous fortune, and yet nothing had ever lacerated me as this had done. Frantically I rushed to Lindall, almost trembling with the fear that she'd overheard. The music had started, and clutching her desperately I stumbled through a waltz. I whispered I'd been a brute; then promoting my pains from the spinal cord to the frontal bone, I begged forgiveness on the plea of a headache.

"And instantly her pique melted into compassion. She insisted on going home at once, and there she mothered me with such divine tenderness that I swallowed without protest two headache powders instead of the one prescribed on the box. Yet somehow the very excess of her solicitude bothered me, and when, as she left the room, she turned and eyed me, with a troubled appraising fixity—then I knew. She had overheard!

"As soon as the door closed I rushed to the mirror, and saw a tired old gentleman patently old enough to be her father. For the first time I noted the autographs Time writes about the eyes and chin, under the belt and shoulder seams, and let me tell you, something like terror froze me. I remember a cold perspiration poured from me; a pulse of fear clicked in my throat; and it was fully five moments before I pulled myself together. Then I sat down and faced the situation. I saw, since I could no longer revive youth spontaneously I must do it deliberately.

"Well, I slept little that night, and the next morning rose early to look up some first aids for the veteran lover. I found a new tailor, a specialist in juvenile, snappy styles, whose deft trickeries disguised the sag of middle-aged shoulders. I laid in dumb-bells, electric vibrators, violet rays, and so on; and my highboy with its outfit of skin tonics, muscle oils and astringent lotions looked like the dressing table of some Broadway star. I joined a gymnasium too; and when later I found silver threads among the brown—well, there's a certain process known as touching up! Not dye, you understand, but a magic fluid guaranteed to restore the natural color. What a wonderful thing! Science, I mean. It overlooks nothing. For instance, one may buy for an aldermanic girth a restraining influence known as Beebee's elastic support, a garment that persuades you that Mr. Beebee's ancestors furnished the creative intelligence behind the inquisition.

"But to get on. Now massaged and dumb-belled into some semblance of the roaring forties, I threw myself into the rôle with the most convincing gusto. Never was there a moment when you'd have guessed I wasn't having the time of my life. My creative instinct, such a cropper in the arts, now approached genius in the matter of thinking up new drinks and diversions. From being one of the boys I rose to the ranks of what is termed a hell of a good fellow; and on and on until I reached the distinction of being the life of the party. My bon mots achieved immortality in 'Say, have you heard Randall's latest?' And my entrances were always greeted with bellowed welcomes and Masonic slaps between the shoulder blades. In other words, I belonged. I was one of them. Very gratifying, of course, to a veteran old enough to be their father; yet it couldn't quite make up for the horrible strain I was under.

"I'd found, you see, that the effects of the aids to beauty were never noticeable upon rising; so I began getting up at seven so that my needle shower and the other contraptions might give Lindall a well-preserved breakfast mate. At seven, mind you, when we'd probably turned in at three. Old folks, I've heard, are supposed to require more sleep than the younger generation. I don't know, but let me tell you there came a time when I envied Rip Van Winkle more than any figure in history, when I'd have given anything for another hour's snooze—that is, anything except Lindall's disillusionment. So I always crawled out. And when in the middle of the day I felt a stupor pinching my eyeballs—several large cups of black coffee and a bracer All of which, of course, added to the peace-on-earth-good-will-to-men outlook.

"Then about this time my ears began acting trickily and I noted with alarm how much smaller the newspaper type really was. An aurist and an oculist corroborated my fears. I was quite deaf in my left ear, an irremediable condition; as for my eyes, I needed double convex lenses. This was a blow! To look upon myself as a playboy of the Western World was hard enough as it was, but in convex lenses! Still, Lindall was delighted with the pince-nez on the black ribbon. It made me look more distinguished than ever, and this soothed to some extent the raw place that stationed itself on the bridge of my nose.

"But the deafness was a graver matter—more closely associated with age, and not even a distinguished old age, but a comic one, thanks to our limited theatrical devices for humor. It would never do to—to let this get out. So there must be new adjustments to my rôle. And don't think, please, it meant simply a concentrated attention to their insipidities. It meant imagination always on the job, too, to fill in the missing gaps and translate mumbled word into terms congruous with the text. Quite a mental contortion. At least you'd be surprised to know how much intellectual effort's involved in deciding whether your vis-à-vis said pajamas or bananas. Then I must contrive some position, if possible, to place my best ear next the speaker, and not until you are half deaf do you appreciate the limited opportunities society offers for such groupings.

"Now as I look back on that strain and tension I'm always divided between its comic and tragic aspects. One thing, however, shoves it nearer to the tragedy side. That's the haunting, ever-present fear of the call of youth to youth—the other man. In the background always lurked that phantom rival, some chap on the right side of thirty whose authentic youth would show up my mechanistic one. You mustn't think that Lindall gave me any reason for such misgivings. Hers was not a polyandrous nature; in fact, I've never known a woman with so little coquetry in her make-up. As a rational being the tertium

(Continued on Page 81)

"A Red-Headed Diana Near Shrugged Her Shoulders, Murmuring Audibly to the Gallant Fanning Her: 'Well, That's What She Gets for Going In for Antiques'"

THE SHOSHONE CATAPULT

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

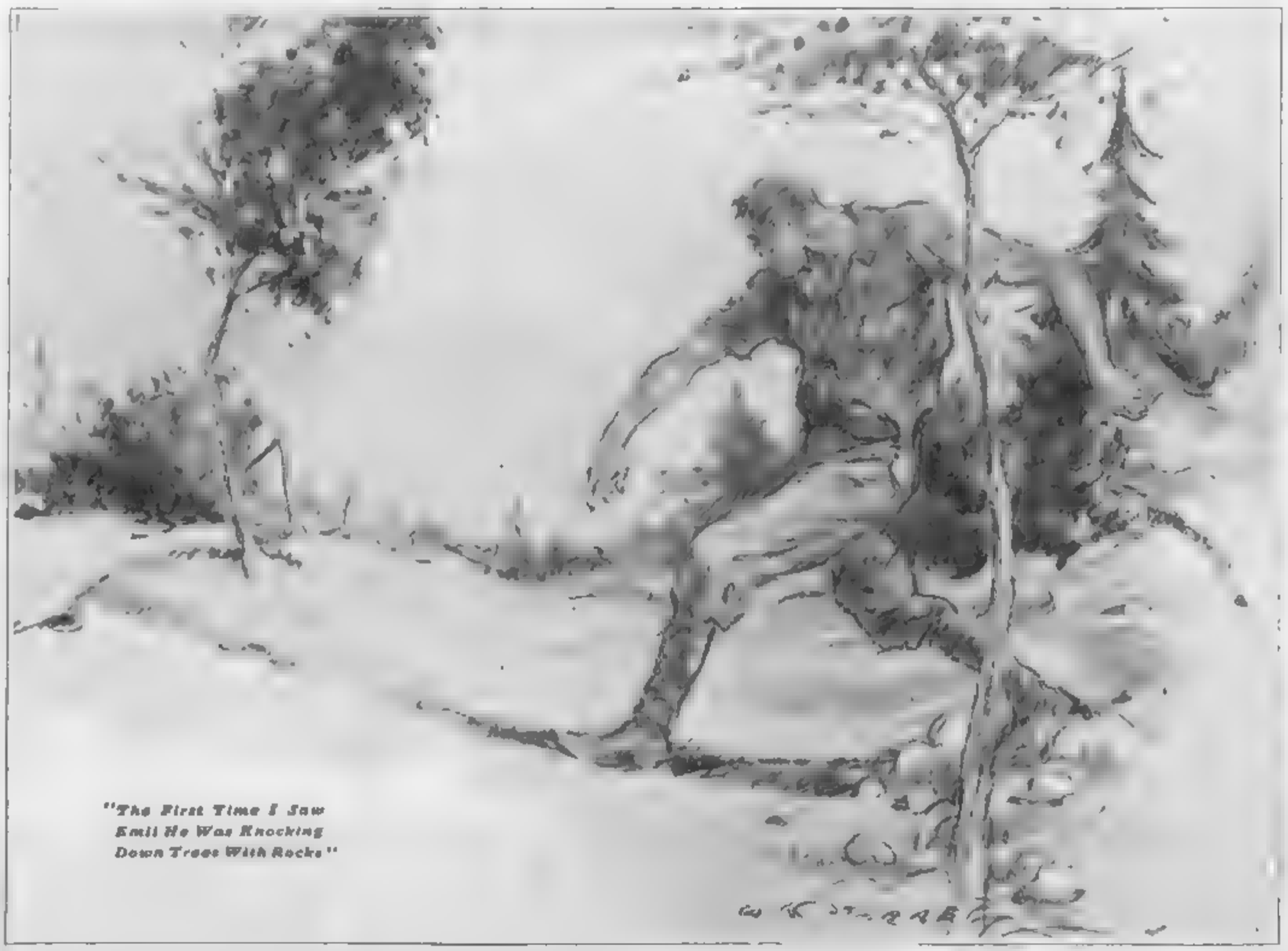
MCGRATH, the ivory sorter, broke excitedly into Heenan's office at the Blue Sox park and leaned floridly over the manager's desk. "Remember Walter Johnson's fast one when he was good?" he demanded.

"Yeh," was the weary response; "and you've just found a kid out in the bulrushes who has twice as much speed, and besides can hit .450 and steal three bases a day on Ray Schalk."

"This bird I'm talking about," said the scout evenly, "never had a bat in his hand in his life and never saw a diamond; but when you say he can only pitch twice as fast as Johnson you make me laugh. Ever see one of them slow movie pictures, the kind that make a guy running a hundred flat look like an eel with locomotor? Well, the best Walt ever had is like them compared to this baby."

"What are you talking about? A machine?"

"No, I ain't talking about no machine. I'm introducing Emil Krock, the pride of Big Horse."



"The First Time I Saw Emil He Was Knocking Down Trees With Rocks"

"Big Horse, eh? I suppose that's where the mares nest."

"Big Horse," explained McGrath, "is out in the Shoshone country in Idaho. It's so far from a railroad that if you started on a fast walk around Christmas you'd just about make the Fourth of July excursion train at the water tank. I got a brother farming around there and I thought I'd take a look at him. That's how me and Big Horse got acquainted. The first time I saw Emil he was knocking down trees with rocks."

"Bill," said Heenan solemnly, "if I were you I'd change bootleggers. You ain't getting quality stuff."

"At first," went on the scout, "I wasn't sure they were rocks. All I could see was a guy making a throwing motion. At the same time a tree about fifty feet away would splinter into pieces."

"I guess," satirically suggested the manager, "they were those big redwoods, the kind they drive stagecoaches through."

"No, they weren't very big. Saplings, I figure you'd call 'em. About as thick as this." The forefingers and thumbs indicated a bole some six inches in diameter.

"Don't they have any axes or saws in that Shoeshine country?"

"Emil wasn't cutting down trees for a living," replied McGrath. "He was practicing pitching."

"With rocks?"

"Yeh. He told me he had a regular ball at first and used a sand dune for a backstop. One day he hit a rock and busted it to pieces. Since then he's been using stones and pine cones."

"Whew!" Then gently: "Sit down and rest your feet, Bill, while I get the bonesetter."

McGrath took a chair.

"Now listen, Mike. You know I'm no fool. What I'm telling you may sound crazy, but get yourself an earful before you throw a sure-fire pennant in the ash can. This Krock boy is about twenty years old. He's a six-footer, weighs about two hundred pounds, most of it in the shoulders, and has arms twice as long as your legs. He's a freak, and I'll bet a dime against anything you've got that he can throw the fastest ball in the world."

"Never played?"

"Nope."

"How come?"

"Nobody to play with. There are only three families in Big Horse, and the nearest town of baseball size is twenty miles away; but Emil's been working out nearly every day for two years. He's been taking a correspondence course in pitching; trying to learn to curve a ball."

"Can he?" asked Heenan.

McGrath laughed shortly.

"He ain't got brains enough to read the directions, even if they'd do him any good; but his fast, straight ones—oh, boy!"

"Any control?"

"Control!" repeated the scout. "Emil could knock a sparrow off a tree fifty feet away one hundred times out of one hundred tries. Mike, there never was such an eye and arm, but outside of them he's a total loss. He might be all right if he mixed with folks a while, but he and his mother have been in that God-forsaken place for ten years. She's a funny dame. Treats him like a baby and wouldn't let him come until ——"

"Come? Now listen, Bill! I ——"

"Don't worry," interrupted McGrath. "He ain't signed up. It won't cost you a red. I'm paying his railroad fare, and you don't have to come through to me until you get down on your knees and beg this lad to make his mark on the dotted line."

"Hello, Bill," broke in a cheery voice. It was Randall, the young owner of the Blue Sox. "Any phenoms this trip?"

"Only the greatest pitcher that ever happened," returned the scout modestly. "He's a world beater. There never was anything like him before."

"Where's he working?" queried Randall. "In the League of Nations?"

"Never played a game in his life, but he can pitch a ball so fast ——"

"A rock, you mean, don't you?" cut in Heenan.

"He can throw a ball so fast," continued the scout, "that you can't see it, and his control is perfect."

"Who is he?"

McGrath went into detail.

"I watched him for an hour throwing at a knot hole in a tree, regulation pitching distance, got it out of the correspondence dope, and he never missed it more than an inch. I tell you, boss, I don't think there's a guy living that can move a bat fast enough to hit him."

The unconvinced Heenan grunted. Randall, however, had an open mind.

"You never can tell," he said. "The world is full of Nature's freaks. There's a law of compensation, you know. If you're weak in one spot it's made up to you in another. Some folks are shy on brains and get card sense in place of it. You tell me this boy is a dumb David. Well, they just slipped him a strong arm and held out on the rest of the fixings. When's he coming, Bill?"

"Just as soon as they can crowd his feet into a pair of shoes."

II

THREE days later, an hour before game time, McGrath steamed into port with his dreadnought.

"This is Emil," he announced briefly.

Heenan gazed silently at the young giant, top-heavy with the shoulder weight of a wrestler. Krock's arms extended fully six inches below the edge of his coat sleeve, the termini being more reminiscent of hams than hands.

"Want to pitch for us?" asked the manager.

The reply was a sullen question.

"When do I go to work?"

"In a couple of days, I hope," returned Heenan. "You'll want a few work-outs first, I guess. Your arm must be a little stiff after the train riding."

"No, 'tain't," was the surly response. "My arm don't never get stiff. Ain't there no game to-day?"

"Yes, but I want to see you work first."

"I didn't come down here to fool no time away," asserted Emil. "If you ain't satisfied ——"

McGrath came to the rescue. He led Krock away and finally prevailed upon him to look on for one day, anyhow. The youth demurred until the scout promised to pay him five dollars for sitting in the dugout.

"Don't I get no uniform?" demanded Emil.

After considerable searching one was found that could be draped across the massive shoulders of the Shoshone catapult. It was more difficult to isolate a pair of shoes that would fit him, but this, too, was eventually accomplished. When McGrath led his find back from the clubhouse to the dugout even Heenan found himself admiring the wonderful back-and-arm development of Emil.

"Want to go out and pitch a few to the boys?" asked the manager.

"No, I don't," was the reply. "I've been practicing for two years. Ain't that enough for you?" he demanded truculently.

Krock looked on glumly, sneeringly, while the pitchers warmed up their arms.

"Can't they throw any faster than that?"

"Those are pretty fast," returned McGrath.

"Huh! I can pitch speedier than that with my left hand. No wonder a baby like Ruth can hit so many home runs. I'd like to see him hit one of mine!"

"So would I," said the scout, mentally picturing the result of the swinging bat of the behemoth connecting flush with one of Emil's straight fast ones. His gaze went beyond the church, two blocks from the ball park.

"Now watch closely," he cautioned as the umpire called "Game"—"especially the pitchers. Mathews is one of our best. Keep your eye on him."

The first ball cut the heart of the plate, but the batter let it go by. Emil began showing a bit of interest.

"You just got to get them across that rubber, huh?"

"Yeh; across the rubber and between the knees and neck of the man at the plate. That's a bigger target than you had at home, eh?"

"I should say so! This is a cinch!"

The game developed into a slaughter of the Blue Sox. In the second inning a rain of hits netted six runs for the Vamps and twice that many sneers from Emil. In the next half hour three of Heenan's other hurlers were hammered to the four corners of the park. At the beginning of the eighth inning the score was 14 to 1 in favor of the visitors. The first man up in that stanza drove one into the bleachers for the circuit, and the Blue Sox manager's eyes strayed toward the remaining available pitcher warming up alongside the fence in right field.

On a sudden impulse McGrath left the side of his protégé and walked over to the scowling Heenan, standing at the third-base line.

"Put in Emil," whispered the scout.

"What? Aw, hell!"

"Go on," urged McGrath. "What's the difference? The game's shot, anyway. Come on!"

The manager wavered, then motioned the pitcher from the box.

"All right! You tell him!"

The scout started toward the bench, but turned back to Heenan.

"Listen! Tell Tracy nix on the signals. Just tell him to hold his hands where he wants the ball thrown, high or low. No curves. Get me?"

Heenan nodded and walked toward the catcher's box. McGrath ran to the dugout and seized Emil by the arm.

"You're going in to pitch. At first throw a few easy ones to the catcher so he can get onto your style. Understand? Charlie, loan him your glove."

"Don't want no glove," growled Krock. "Gimme a ball."

"Never mind the ball. You'll find one when you get out there."

Emil moved toward the box, pacing off the yards from the plate to the hill. He appeared satisfied that the distance was as prescribed in the correspondence course.

"Krock now pitching," announced the caller after a brief parley with the manager.

The news meant nothing in the life of the discouraged fans and they showed their indifference with silence.

The pride of Big Horse, apparently unperturbed by his strange surroundings, adjusted his belt. The batter, the crafty, hard-hitting Morton, stepped aside for the usual preliminary throws. Emil stooped, picked up the ball at his feet and, with a motion akin to an athlete throwing a sixteen-pound weight, let loose. The fast one shot through the heart of the plate with cannon-ball speed.

"Got a whip all right," commented Heenan.

"Whip!" laughed McGrath. "That's his slow ball!"

Two other throws hissed through the air and across the rubber. The last one caused the catcher to stagger backward under the momentum. There were evidences of interest in the bleachers as the batter took his place.

"Now watch!" hoarsely whispered McGrath.

Emil threw. A gray flicker, a thud against the backstop, a dazed catcher and a dazed batter looking at each other foolishly.

"Strike!" gasped the umpire.

"Did you see that one?" exclaimed Heenan.

"No," grinned McGrath, "did you?"

"I saw him throw," said the manager slowly, "and I heard the ball hit the fence, but—can he keep up that speed?"

"For a week without stopping, I'll bet. Watch the next baby!"

Again the awkward motion, a flicker and a thud, the ball crossing the plate perhaps a foot higher than the first one.

"Strike two!"

Heenan's eyes narrowed into a frowning slit.

"Can't Tracy hold 'em?"

"It Was Five Minutes Before He Came Up for Air"

McGrath didn't hear. He was watching the batter. The quick-thinking Morton had come to the realization that he was up against uncanny speed and control. Instead of holding the bat back on the third pitch he thrust it straight before him. There was no time to be wasted swinging with such a boxman.

The ball struck the tip end of the outstretched wagon tongue. It was knocked from Morton's stinging hands, the ball rolling dully along the first-base foul line. The Vamp slugger was barely set before the next one came over. It seared its way through the desperate hands of Tracy and rolled to the fence, a missed third strike. Morton reached first without any trouble.

"What do you think of the boy now?" asked McGrath.

"Not as much as I did before," grunted Heenan. "What's the good of him if the catcher can't hold him?"

"Why don't you send Tracy to the backstop? There's no rule against a catcher playing where he wants to back of the plate."

The manager scowled.

"And let them steal their heads off?"

"What do you care? Let Morton score. One run more or less don't make no difference now. Emil'll get the next three. Go on! This is just a try-out for Krock. You don't expect to win today, do you?"

"All right."

The game was halted while Tracy was called into consultation. He was only too glad to play back.

"Where in the hell," he asked, "did you get this Big Bertha? He's nearly torn my hand off. Look!" And he pointed to a sear across his unprotected fingers.

The crowd was now visibly excited, and cheered when the catcher took his archaic position. The manager of the Vamps rushed up to Heenan.

"What's the big idea?" pointing to Tracy at the backstop.

"No rule against it, is there?" retorted McGrath.

"I don't know, but nobody ever does it. How about it, umpire? Can a catcher play as far back as he wants?"

The arbiter wasn't quite sure. He pulled a rule book from his pocket.

"Nothing here that says he can't," he announced at last; "but say, listen"—he turned to Heenan—"where do I stand to call balls and strikes?"

"There won't be no balls," grinned McGrath.

"That's your business," snapped Heenan. "I didn't make the rules. Come on! Let's play ball!"

The next three batters fanned with little opposition. All they ever saw of the ball was a shadow that flitted by their futile bats. Tracy, playing forty feet back of the plate, had no difficulty in blocking the pitches with their diminished momentum and throwing to first. Morton, however, scored standing up. Emil knew nothing about coming in for a play. He even had difficulty holding onto the ball tossed back to him by Tracy.

The ninth inning was a repetition of the eighth, except that no one got on base. Krock came to bat in this session, but the correspondence course had been but little help in this direction. He struck feebly at balls, either long before they had reached him or long after they were in the catcher's mitt. At the end of the game Emil walked over to Heenan. He seemed dejected.

"I dunno," he complained. "I just couldn't get no real speed out of the ball today."

"If you get any more," shot back Heenan, "I'll brain you with a bat."

"Don't you want me to pitch fast?" queried Emil. Then belligerently, "I'd like to see you brain me with a bat!"

"He's only fooling," soothed McGrath. "He likes your work. Nobody could brain you, anyway, could they, Emil?"

"Not on your life!" agreed the pride of Big Horse.

III

IT WAS raining heavily the next morning, and it was early apparent there would be no game that day. Heenan was pleased. He had a problem to work out and went to his office at the ball park before noon to ponder on it. He found Randall there, reading the papers.

"Now that you've caught the lightning," grinned the young owner, "what are you going to do with it? See this?"

Heenan had read the headline at breakfast:

BLUE SOX GET PITCHER SO FAST BATTERS CAN'T SEE BALL, NOR CAN CATCHERS HOLD IT; GAME MENACED

It was an eight-column streamer across the sport page of the conservative Star. What gave the narrative beneath it strength were interviews with Vamp players who admitted freely

Continued on Page 73

With a Rip and a Crash the Ball Disappeared Under the Grand-Stand Seats

THE GAY ADVENTURE

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCILE PATTERSON MARSH

WELL begun is half done, the old proverb tells us, and by the mercy of heaven nine-tenths of all who start in Life's Handicap begin well. Every one of us is quite a respectable success as a baby—at least our mothers think so, and that's the most important thing for us.

The mere fact of our putting in an appearance in the sunlight is proof that we have winning blood in our veins, and have already formed the habit of surviving.

We and our ancestors have been winners in the game of life for millions of years past or we shouldn't be here.

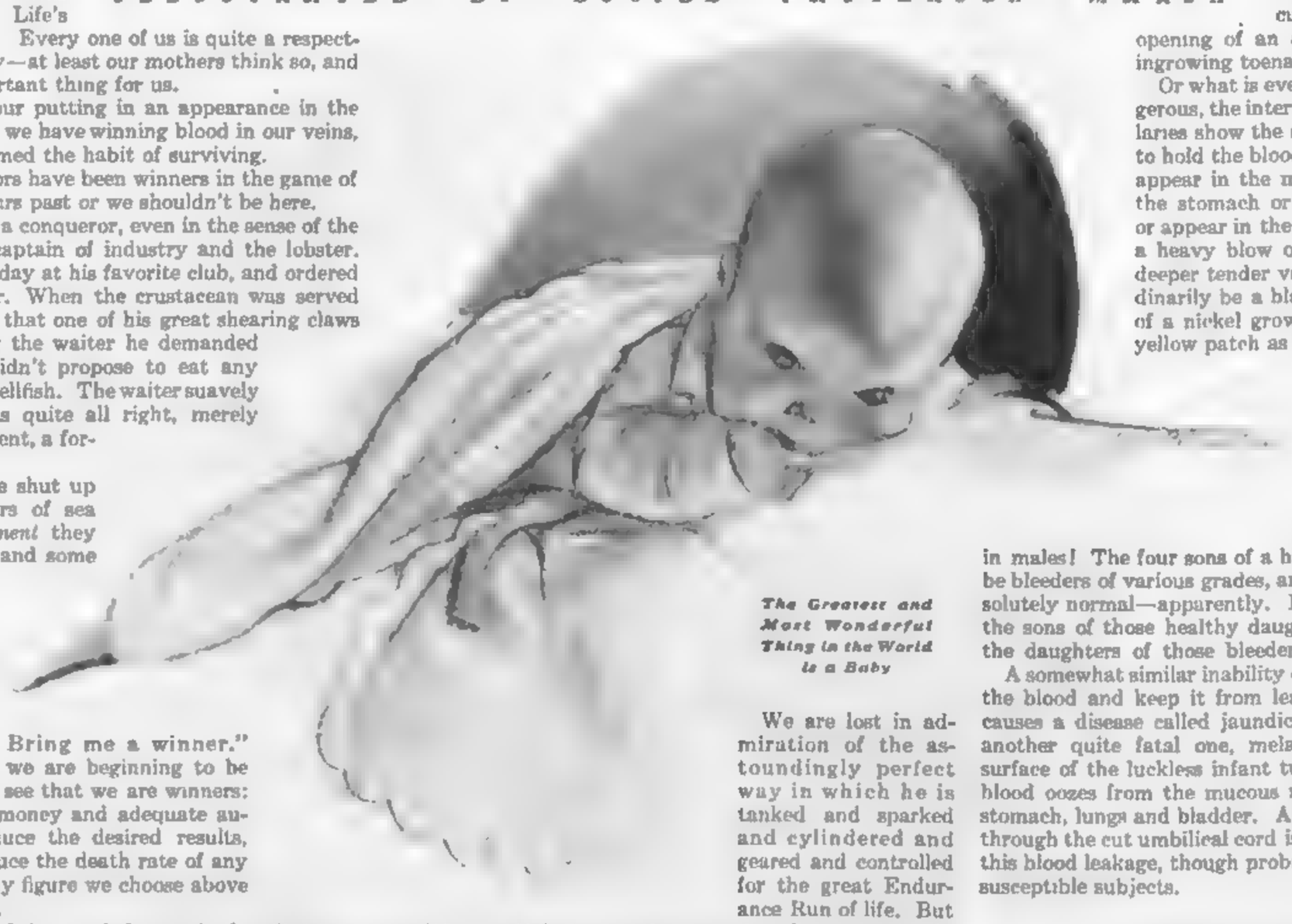
All the world loves a conqueror, even in the sense of the classic story of the captain of industry and the lobster. He was lunching one day at his favorite club, and ordered a broiled live lobster. When the crustacean was served the millionaire noted that one of his great shearing claws was missing. Calling the waiter he demanded an explanation; he didn't propose to eat any crippled or diseased shellfish. The waiter suavely explained that it was quite all right, merely due to one little accident, a fortune of war.

"Ze lopstaires were shut up togezzer in large cars of sea water, and *naturellement* they did fight each other, and some of zem did bite off ze claws of ozaires, but ze rest of ze lopstaire perfectly good an' frash."

"Nothing doing," said the patron. "Take him away. Bring me a winner."

And thank heaven we are beginning to be able to feel and even see that we are winners: that, given so much money and adequate authority, we can produce the desired results, deliver the goods, reduce the death rate of any town or country to any figure we choose above 1 per cent per annum.

The attitude of the Orient and the tropics is still different, on the old fatalistic order. Talking last spring in the Orient with a famous sanitarian, he spoke quite casually and as a matter of course of us workers in public health, or rather public disease, for there's so much more of it! The Eastern skies are still gloomy and gray, but the Western heavens are bright. If we could just get out of the habit of looking eastward—and backward—we could soon see the coming of a happier and brighter day.



The Greatest and Most Wonderful Thing in the World is a Baby

The Greatest Thing in the World

THE greatest and most wonderful thing in the world is a baby. Not so much for what he is, though that's astounding enough, but for his chemical and explosive possibilities. He's a marvelous little machine, an infant dynamo, and he has juice enough in his storage battery for a seventy-two-hour run, but the moment that is gone he goes out like a blown candle, *muy pronto*, unless he has connected up with his surroundings.

When he lets out his first yell he is a marvelous little working model of most exquisite finish and elaborate detail. But nine moons before he was only a grayish speck of animal jelly no bigger than a pin point. Yet every tiniest ruck and pinion of his incredibly perfect and complex birthday model of 1922 was present in the germ.

When we realize what the baby has actually already accomplished before he ever sees the light of day, the millions of miles he has traveled all by his little lonesome from that speck of jelly, the ages and ages of his own family tree he has successfully climbed, we can hardly be surprised at the placid cherubic smile of self-satisfaction which beams from his little pink countenance and bunch of features and wrinkles his tiny snub nose.

He has actually lived not merely 99 per cent but .999 of his little life before we ever see him. And the remaining one-thousandth, thanks to modern science, is a little 'olıday for him compared with what he has already been through, and with the perils and trials which used to face him at birth less than a century ago.

It has passed into a household word how marvelously our little human pink potato is equipped to absorb food and moisture, grow and sprout like a weed, enlarge his tiny heart pump from the size of a pigeon's egg to that of a muskmelon so as to drive his food, soup and oxygen all over his body, balloon out his tiny collapsed lung bellows into a great garbage-burning fan, grow a brain, learn to balance and walk upright, pick up a language, persuade himself into the proud delusion that he is thinking

We are lost in admiration of the astoundingly perfect way in which he is tanked and sparked and cylindered and geared and controlled for the great Endurance Run of life. But we did not till just recently appreciate how remarkably he is forearmed and equipped to meet most of the commonest and most serious breakdowns and risks and punctures of life. For instance, let a pin slip and scratch his silky little tender skin, and blood flows at once. But scarcely has it had time to stain his little silken vest when a change takes place in it. It is no longer liquid but semisolid, and in about three minutes has set into a firm gumlike or varnishlike clot, which seals up the tiny torn vessel, coats over the edges of the scratch, making a flexible germ-proof aseptic dressing under which the wound heals perfectly. So that when the now dried and shriveled scab drops off you can hardly see where the scratch was.

"Why, of course the blood clots when you cut your finger; what's wonderful about that?" you say.

Nothing, except that if it hadn't been for this emergency reserve against tooth and claw and brier and flint, knife and arrowhead, the race would have bled to death millions of years ago; also, that this simple everyday life-saving process of clotting of the blood, which looks so easy, is one of the most delicate, elaborate and complicated processes in the whole living body. When the writer was a medical student forty years ago we had then worked out about five stages of the process, beginning with fibrinogen and fibrinoplastin and fibrin ferment, and were very proud of ourselves and our cleverness in unraveling the mystery. Today there are not less than fifteen known stages and between thirty and forty substances, beginning with prothrombin and ending with cephalin, which, as its name implies, is closely related to the brain substance.

Also, we have a terrible and vivid example of what happens to people whose blood casually happens to have failed to inherit this simple little trick of clotting. They are only a few in ten thousands, and are known as bleeders, or in medical bad language, hæmophiliacs. The worst of these stop very short indeed, for the mere severing of the umbilical cord of blood vessels which connects the baby with the mother's veins sets up an oozing through which their whole life's blood seeps away, and they die within three or four days.

The next grade have enough cephalin in their blood to seal this gap and also to coat over scratches and small cuts in babyhood, but one day a gum is lanced or a tiny tooth extracted or a slight surgical operation done, and the blood steadily leaks and pours and seeps until the life limit is reached, or by tremendous efforts, by injections of clotting ferments into the veins or pressure on the nearest artery or sealing over the wounds with a hot iron or an electric cautery, the gap is bridged for the present time.

Still milder forms run no real danger to life, but will bleed slowly for weeks after the pulling of a tooth or the cutting out of a wart or the opening of an abscess or removal of an ingrowing toenail.

Or what is even more annoying and dangerous, the internal blood vessels and capillaries show the same trick of being unable to hold the blood, and blood will suddenly appear in the mouth or be vomited from the stomach or be passed by the bowels or appear in the urine. Or commoner still, a heavy blow or bruise will rupture the deeper tender vessels, and what would ordinarily be a black-and-blue spot the size of a nickel grows into a great green-and-yellow patch as big as a saucer.

The defect is clearly hereditary, and families of bleeders have now been traced for seven or eight generations. For some extraordinary reason it is a sex-limited defect and appears only in males! The four sons of a hæmophiliac family may all be bleeders of various grades, and the three daughters absolutely normal—apparently. But in the next generation the sons of those healthy daughters will be bleeders and the daughters of those bleeder sons absolutely healthy.

A somewhat similar inability of the blood vessels to hold the blood and keep it from leaking out into the tissues causes a disease called jaundice of the newly born, and another quite fatal one, melæna, in which the whole surface of the luckless infant turns green and black, and blood oozes from the mucous membranes of the mouth, stomach, lungs and bladder. A form of infection entering through the cut umbilical cord is believed to play a part in this blood leakage, though probably it could work only on susceptible subjects.

Egyptian Incubators

THOUGH this prenatal preparation for the emergencies and accidents of life may look fairly elaborate and complete, it is nothing compared with the hereditary endowment of many animals, including birds and insects.

If the egg of a beautiful little swimming and diving water bird, the purple gallinule, be taken from its nest just as it is about to hatch, then held out over water and gently opened, the moment the chick strikes the water it dives like a flash. Nor is this all, for instead of coming up to the surface again in open water it swims under water until it reaches the shadow of the bank or the leaf of a water plant, under the shelter of which it comes up cautiously with only enough of the tip of its beak and nostrils showing to allow it to breathe.

Our own familiar little domestic chicken, as soon as its head and neck are clear of the shell, even while its body and legs are still inside, will peck vigorously at any shining small object placed in front of its eyes, just as a baby at three or four months will clutch at a spoon or key or watch dangled before its eyes, and try to thrust it into its mouth. To both chicks any shiny glittering object looks as if it might be good to eat, and like the good sports they are, they will try anything once.

And the glitter of the specks in the miner's wash pan, and even of the gilt letters on the certificates of mining stocks, has a similarly irresistible lure for many chickens or rather gulls and suckers of larger growth.

Another striking instance of priming for life is the chick of the brush turkey of South America. The parent birds make a huge nest of leaves and grass as big as a small haycock, dig a deep hole in the center and wait for a rain. The moment the rain stops the mother bird gets on the job at once and lays four or five eggs right off the reel, one after the other. These are then covered by the father bird with the wet grass and leaves, which start to ferment and sweat, and the heat they generate is enough to hatch the eggs without further attention from the hard-hearted parents. When the young turkeys hatch in this incubator it is a case of root, hog, or rather scratch, chick, or die. They claw their way up to the surface, and being fully feathered fly right up into the trees at once and roost there.

We thought the ancient Egyptians were pretty smart when they struck out the bright idea of building domes of donkey manure in which to incubate their hens' eggs by the heat of its sweating, like our hotbeds which we used to build on and in piles of stable manure every spring for our lettuce and cucumbers.

But these brush turkeys were onto their job at least two or three million years before even the most ancient Egyptian had ever been invented. And the ants knew the trick millions of years before the brush turkeys.

Even so low-grade and bone-headed a citizen as our own Florida alligator has some apparent glimmering of this incubator idea, for he piles up huge dunghills of nests, made of mud, leaves, branches and decaying vegetation, scoops a big craterlike hole in the middle and waits for a rain. The moment the shower comes, Mamma Alligator mobilizes for active shell practice and puts down a barrage of thirty to forty eggs in one night. Then the wet leaves and mud are scraped over them and they are left to Fate.

For two, three, four rainless weeks the earnest searcher after 'gator eggs for embryological purposes finds nothing but empty nests. Then one evening it rains, and the next morning the maternal egg jam is broken, and every nest is chock-full and running over with tennis-ball eggs.

Much to the disgust of the earnest searcher the whole flood of eggs is poured out on him all in the same stage of development, and all racing madly for dear life towards hatching time. So that instead of getting them fifty or so a week and having plenty of time to observe and compare eggs in different stages of development, all he can do is to pick a dozen or two out of hundreds and watch them race through to full hide and teeth.

Now the wily expert goes gunning for 'gator eggs armed with a refrigerator and puts his turbulent and rampant eggs into cold storage till he's good and ready to give them the word "Go."

Valet Ants and Their Masters

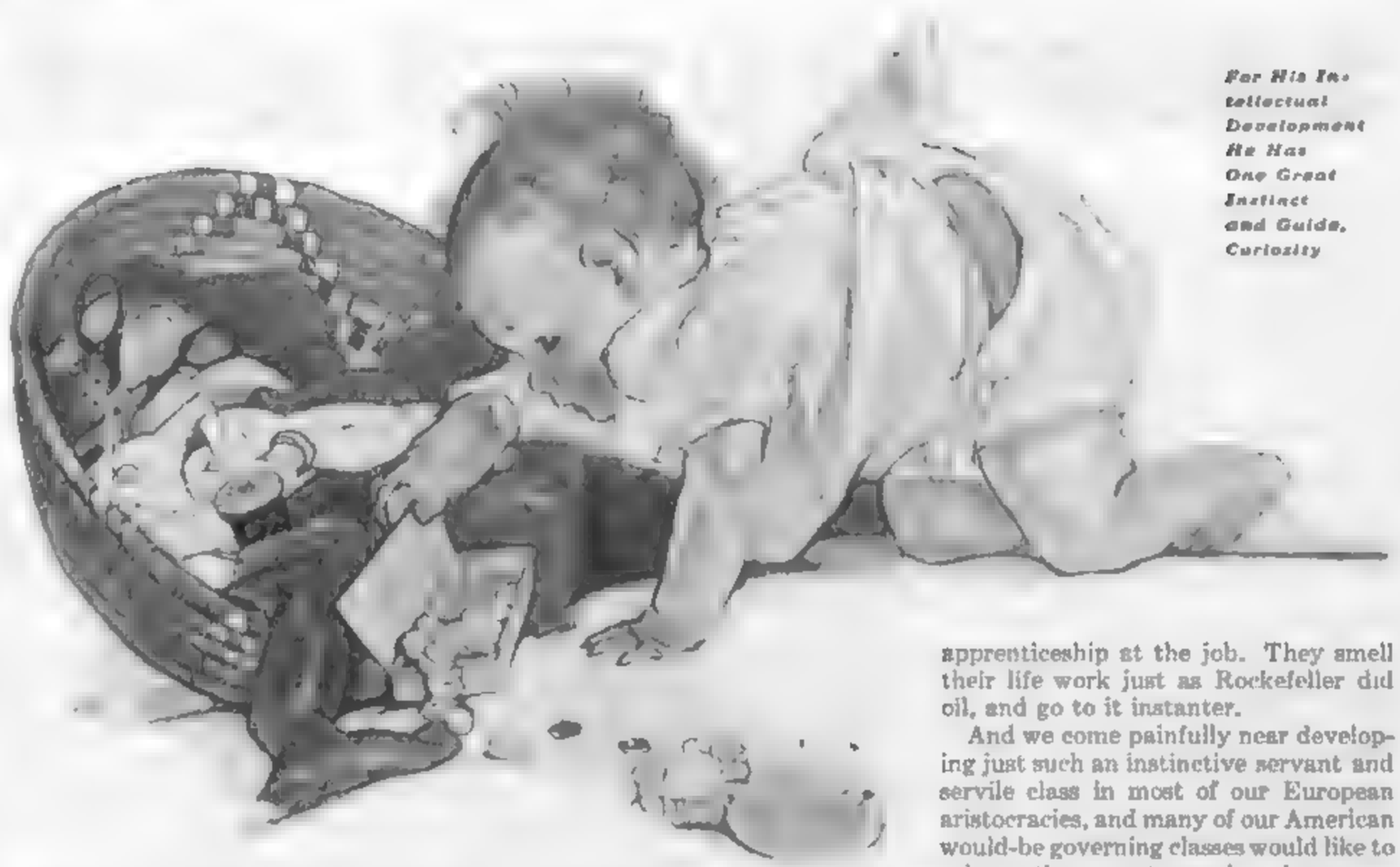
BUT perhaps the most amazingly complete and final prenatal adjustment is that of the valet ants. These extraordinary little creatures have for thousands of generations past been captured by the lordly and magnificent slave-owning or warrior ants and brought home to be kept as domestic servants. Like most military aristocracies, the master or warrior caste, though brave and successful fighters, are mighty little good for any other purpose. So absolutely dependent upon their servants have they become that they are not only utterly incapable of foraging or growing their own food but they can't even feed themselves if food is placed before them, and will starve to death among rotting heaps of food if deprived of their servants. Of course like human aristocrats they are quite unable to keep their hands, faces and bodies clean without their valets and ladies' maids.

They look most impressive as they march forth to war and capture first farmer and gardener and mason ants, to clear their fields, raise their fungous crops, dig their chambers and mushroom cellars and build their ant hills. Then they raid the nests of this special valet species and bring them back in triumph. Fabre gives a most amusing picture of a lordly group of these great slave-catching ants, who have been placed in a glass-sided ant hill and intentionally deprived of all their valets and ladies' maids. They refuse to eat, though they can sip a little water, their bodies grow dirty, their antennæ and feet covered with mold, and they sit about in the most dejected attitudes, looking as seedy as clubmen in the cold gray dawn of the morning after.

But enter R. U. E. three or four bustling little valet ants, and—presto!—the whole atmosphere of the scene changes at once. The little slaveys bustle up to the seedy big fellows and begin combing their hair, washing their faces and scraping the mold off their feet. Then they pick some of the fungous food, chew it, moisten it with their saliva, partly predigest it, and squirt it into the big fellows' mouths. Instantly the nobility begin to sit up and take notice, clean off their own antennæ, rub their eyes and ask for more. In twenty minutes they are running about and chatting with one another like a five-o'clock tea, and all is once more serene. And the bustling little waiters and valets seem to enjoy themselves as much as anybody.

But now comes the singular and almost the incredible part of the story. If instead of a group of grown valet ants a bunch of their eggs, or rather chrysalises just ready to hatch, is introduced into the morning-after chamber of seedy aristocrats, the moment the young ant grubs come out of their chrysalises and begin to wave their antennæ in the air and thus get the smell of the moldy millionaires, they shoot straight for them, like iron filings to a magnet, and begin to fuss over and brush and clean and feed them, just as if they had served a year's apprenticeship at the job. They smell their life work just as Rockefeller did oil, and go to it instanter.

And we come painfully near developing just such an instinctive servant and servile class in most of our European aristocracies, and many of our American would-be governing classes would like to achieve the same triumph at home.



For His Intellectual Development He Has One Great Instinct and Guide, Curiosity

A Baby at Three or Four Months Will Clutch at a Spoon or Key or Watch Dangled Before Its Eyes, and Try to Thrust It Into Its Mouth

Another hereditary asset possessed by our small human squab when he first sees the sun, or the smoke, as the case may be, is his wonderful powers of repair. He can close over and heal a gaping wound, with nothing to show for it but a thin linelike scar; knit a broken bone; regrow a finger nail or toenail; re-lay a severed nerve cable; form a new socket on either shoulder blade or hip bone if an arm or a leg be dislocated, whether after birth or before, as in the now famous congenital dislocation of the hip, though of course he falls far short of the earliest forms of life in this respect. Cut an ordinary pink angleworm—earthworm—in two and his head end grows a tail and tail end a head, with apparently equal facility, and in a few days you have made two worms grow where but one grew before, like Arthur Young's famous blades of grass. *Divide et impera*—divide and rule—is his motto, though in a different sense from the classical one.

The Lizard's April-Fool

ALOPSTYRE, as the earliest chroniclers term the national bird of upper Broadway, can regrow any number of legs, claws, jaws and stomachs. A frog can replace a whole foot; his city cousin, the salamander—newt, hell-puppy, eft, water lizard, and so on, of the vernacular—can not only do the same feat with either paws or tail, but completely replace an eye—lens, cornea and all—if this be gouged out in a fight or by the beak of some marauding heron or crow. Lizards break off their own tails by a violent muscular jerk, and leave them in the disappointed hands of their would-be captors. In a few months they've grown another handle with which to April-fool inexpert pursuers.

But these are some of the traces of immortality and heaven which lie about us only in the infancy of our race and fade away in the common light of later day. No warm-blooded animal or bird can regrow a lost part or limb, though they all possess wide powers of repair of injury. The forgetting of this lost art is one of the penalties attached to our rise above the lobster, the clam and the salamander, though there are many other characteristics which we have in common, as the picturesque slang of the day reminds us.

All this may be perhaps somewhat dimly remote and ancestral, but the same eager power of adjustment and advance preparation comes right down into the twentieth century itself.

"To live is to adjust oneself," said Cuvier, and our 1922 model baby is no exception to the rule.

We gaze appalled at the myriad dangers which surround the cradle from the swarms of supposedly newly invented microbes and the plagues they carry, but does that worry the baby? He actually comes into the world loaded with antitoxins against nearly all of them, drawn from his mother's blood and good for from six months to a year! We had long noted that young babies under one year were seldom attacked by even our most intimate enemies among the acute infections—typhoid, tuberculosis, rheumatism, pneumonia, or even scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, whooping cough and children's diseases, so called, which never ought to be allowed to be anybody's diseases.

For years we endeavored to account for this blessed exemption by the fact that babies and infants were so

(Continued on Page 85)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

On Any Hotel Porch

ISN'T the heat so much as it is the humidity that makes a day like this seem ——"

"—— a scorcher in the city. I'm so glad I made Fred promise to use the living room of the apartment as a bedroom this summer. I always say, if there's a breeze going we're always sure to get it in that front room. Everyone speaks of it ——"

"—— thought we would go abroad, but Roger simply could not get away from his business, and what with the trunks and all I just didn't feel like going without him, so we decided we might as well come back here again. After all, it's so safe for the children and ——"

"—— so few places where you get both the trees and the water, the way they are here ——"

"—— don't think the table is anywhere near as good as it used to be. Why, I remember when Joe and I first came up, nine years ago, there was always your choice of three cereals, and either chops or steak every morning, and all the fresh vegetables you could ——"

"—— must come out to Brambledale and see us this winter. Now be sure you don't forget; 18 West Fountain Terrace, Dry Brook 0783-Party W. We must get together and have some more of those games of five hundred ——"

"—— didn't get a new thing, absolutely not a thing. As I said to Ed, 'What is the use, when I'm simply going up there to rough it?' So I just had the seamstress make me four or five little ginghams, and picked up a few sweaters and a couple of evening gowns and two or three organdies, and ——"

"—— doesn't seem to me that they are getting the same class of people that they used to. Now five summers ago we had just the best crowd you ever saw. I remember telling Walter that they were some of the nicest people I'd ever met in my life, and he said yes, he thought so too. There were the Beasons, and the Winches, and the Tuttles—awfully nice people from Brooklyn—and the Morriseys, and ——"

"—— have to go right back to town after Labor Day. The hall has to be repapered, and I want to see if they won't do something about the dining-room chandelier, and I'm thinking of changing laundresses, so you see ——"

"—— awfully fond of the water, and as a girl I used to be quite a swimmer, if I do say so myself. But ever since I had my operation I've had to be so careful ——"

"—— don't mind the heat so much, but on a day like this it's the humidity that ——" —*Dorothy Parker.*

Rosemary

AH, NO, I dare not lose myself in dreams
Of that dead day we ne'er shall know again;
So pitifully brief a while it seems,
So sharp the thought of you, as you were then.
The poignant memories of little things—
A flower in your coat, a frock I wore;
The wistful autumns, and the troubling springs—
I dare not let them come to me once more.

The tender gloamings, when we two would stray
Where locusts hung their frothy blooms above;
The violets—like my eyes, you used to say;
The rustic bridge, where first you spoke of love;
The words we whispered, while the summer breeze
Fluttered the grasses with its scented breath;
Ah, no, I dare not summon thoughts like these;
I'm so afraid I'd laugh myself to death.

—Helen Wells.

An Old and Safe Equine Propeller

THE old lady had come up from the country to see her married daughter in London. Motor busses and taxicabs were out of the question and she was a little nervous about having a growler. Hansoms she had always been afraid of.

Finally she chose a man with a good-tempered face and timidly inquired:

"There is no fear of your 'orse running away, is there? 'E's not afraid of motors, is 'e?"

"Bless you, no, mum," said the genial cabby. "Why, 'e didn't even shy at railway trains when they first come in!"

The Bucket Shop's Victim

A Rimed Editorial

A COMPETENT young shipping clerk
Who every penny shaved
Had, after seven years of work,
Twelve hundred dollars saved.
He kept it in the savings bank.
His name was William Felix Blank.

One day Adolphus Milton Doyle
Who'd made, I have been told,
A million bucks in Sucker Oil—
That's right, a million cold!—
By William Felix Blank was seen
Out riding in his limousine.

Said William Blank, "I cannot see
Why Doyle should ride around,
When I, who am as smart as he,
Must walk upon the ground.
Well, here is where I cease to trudge!
No longer will I be a drudge!"

"Oh, do not," his employer said,
"Waste thus the fruits of toil;
Don't risk the roof above your head
To plunge in Sucker Oil!
To lose my roof I should not wish!"
But William only answered, "Pish!"

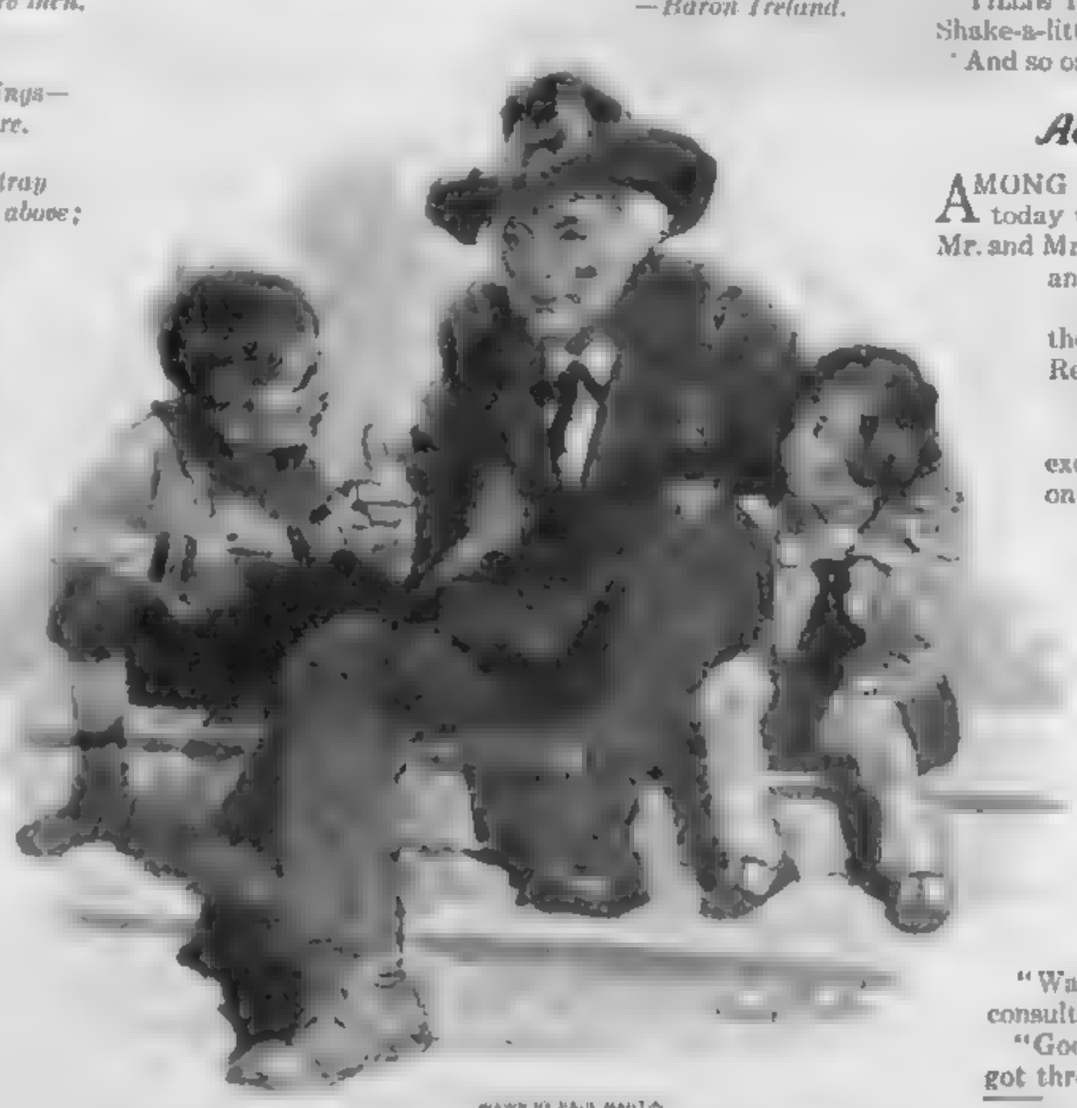
"Oh, do not draw your savings out,"
Implored the bank cashier,
"Don't watch them vanish up the spout
But leave them safely here
That is the only thing to do!"
But William sneered and answered, "Pooh!

"My life in slavery I've spent—
Why should I sweat and strive
To earn a measly four per cent
When Oil pays fifty-five?"
So William got down every sou
He owned on Sucker Oil at two.

You know the rest—I need not tell
Of Sucker's sudden flop;
Nor on poor William need I dwell—
Wrecked by the bucket shop.
I'll only say his fate was sad;
But there's one word I'd like to add:

His boss was long two thousand shares
When Sucker took the count;
The bank cashier has new gray hairs—
He'd bought the same amount.
I owned, alas! a thousand more—
Say, how much did they take you for?

—Baron Ireland.



DRAWN BY PAUL MARTIN

Civil War Veteran—"So I Says to Gen'ral Sherman, 'Bill,' I Says ——"

Senator Dodo by Radio

"FELLOW citizens! In this hour of grave domestic problems, in this period of confusion and bewilderment, it gives me great satisfaction to you to say ——"

BARYTONE VOICE: You ma-ade me-e-e what I am to-da-ay; I hope you're sat-us-fi-ied.

"—— consequently I can assure you the nation is in no danger if you put your trust in the party of your forefathers and remain true to its principles. But in saying this I am but repeating the words of that great statesman, that famous lawmaker, that peerless orator ——"

VOICE OF ANNOUNCER: Signor Petro Ignitchkovitsky and saxophone.

"—— who did so much that his country might benefit and prosper. This great and glorious country of ours is destined to endure, my friends. It has passed through many a crisis since the long-ago day when the illustrious patriot and soldier ——"

QUARTETTE: Ole Bla-ack Jo-o-o-oe.

"——became the first President of the republic. In his first inaugural address you will recall the glowing words that fell like pearls from his lips ——"

VOICE: Steel closed firm; oils were steady; Chicago pork prices broke sharply at midday; there was a decline in beet sugars.

"—— and from his message you will gather food for solemn thought and reflection, dear people. Only yesterday I was seated in the White House talking with those three great figures ——"

VOICE OF ANNOUNCER: Madame Lydia Fogg, Miss Hilda Kraut and Jasper Hoke, famous Oil City harmonists.

"—— and it is a source of much pleasure that I am able to say to you today that as we parted they agreed with me the great need of the nation today is for cool heads and —— "

VOICE OF ANNOUNCER: Uncle Doodle-Duddle's Man-in-the-Moon Stories.

"During the past few days the party I have the honor to represent declared itself firmly in favor of the immediate return to the free list of such necessities of life as ——"

VOICE OF ANNOUNCER: Thornton Burgess' Bedtime Stories and Silvuh Threads Among the Golduh by Millicent Muggins, Muskogee Soloist.

"Just one more word and I am through: Take this important thought home with you when you leave tonight ——"

VOICE: It is now 11:32 by Arlington official time.

"—— which is as it should be if this country is to endure. It has been very kind of you to bear with me in this talk on the great problems confronting our beloved nation and I may say, in closing, that if elected I will endeavor to the last drop of my blood, to my last ounce of energy, to my very last breath to ——"

TILLIE TOODLES, JAZZ SINGER: Shake-a-little-shimmy! Shake-a-little-shimmy! O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-oh!

And so on, and so on, and so on. —*H. I. Phillips.*

Additional Passenger List

AMONG those sailing on the Five Star liner Dementia today were:

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace B. Reevey, one child and three maids and valet.

Mr. Lewis J. Kleinstork and the contents of the cash drawer of the Second National Bank of Readle, Illinois;

Mr. Roger L. Gershwin and hangover;

Mrs. Thomas W. Bream and thirty pounds of excess weight to be walked off around the deck on the trip across;

Mr. Philip B. McTearl and new checked outing cap;

Mrs. Newman Grossklatch and weak stomach.

Oh, Well, What of It?

THE village band had just finished a vigorous and not overharmonious selection, but the villagers fairly boiled over with enthusiasm.

As the musicians sank perspiring to their seats after bowing for the applause the trombonist asked hoarsely, "What's the next one?"

"Washington Post March," answered the leader, consulting his program.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the trombonist. "I just got through playing that!"

Editor's Note—Contributions to this department should be sent to the Editor, Short Turns and Encores.

THE FOLLANSBEE IMBROGLIO

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

HAVE you been following the Follansbee case, Oliver?" inquired Deputy Parr, the famous man hunter, settling himself comfortably in his favorite elbow chair by Armiston's desk with the unmistakable air of one come for a long visit.

"The Imbroglio? Who has not?" replied Armiston, the extinct author, to whose font of imagination Deputy Parr was wont to fetch those few occasional crime puzzles that resisted his classic nutcracker methods.

Mr. Parr was a man of infinite resource; Armiston was a phase of his amazing versatility—one of the most highly prized. Parr's usual device was to lay before his talented friend the *mise en scène* of what he was pleased to call a frozen plot, an insoluble crime, and leave it to the hectic imagination of the retired writer to bring to a finish, in the guise of fiction, what the man hunter himself had been unable to complete as fact. The results had been, to say the least, startling. Parr had come to hold his curiously endowed friend in some awe; but Oliver explained the phenomenon naïvely by pointing out that though fact may outrage all the probabilities, fiction—to be salable—must be sound.

It was this faculty of logical connotation that had made Oliver Armiston so unexpectedly valuable to the police deputy. Parenthetically, it was this same virtuosity that had been Oliver's undoing in his career; when a clever thief dramatized one of his lurid tales, in real life, with murder as the sequel, the police stepped in and politely but firmly requested Oliver to cease, in the interests of society. Now the only outlet Armiston had for his fantastic powers of divination came through these occasional frozen plots, served up by his friend and admirer, Parr. Mr. Parr's visits were preciously few. Accordingly Oliver's blood always coursed a little more quickly when the ponderous deputy entered his study, dropped into that chair, as now, with the vague air of having nothing of importance on his mind, when as a matter of fact he was inwardly seething.

He studied Parr now expectantly as the deputy with maddening deliberation selected a pug-nosed cigar from the assortment of fats and thins on the tray. As Mr. Parr executed a light with a single magic twist of his wrist he nodded familiarly to his fat friend, the bronze Buddha toasting his shins by the slow November fire.

There were several things Oliver would have liked to hear his friend discuss this morning. For instance, there was that front-page murder, one of those horrible ferocities that appear out of the blue now and then to daunt the whole world over its breakfast. But the deputy was apparently reversing his ordinary process; instead of bringing Oliver fact to solve as fiction, he was bringing fiction, for some inconceivable reason; and for all his versatility Mr. Parr could not be considered literary. The Follansbee Imbroglio was the current serial in a highly spiced magazine.

"I wasn't sure of your familiarity with the story," said the man hunter, "so I brought it along with me."

He withdrew from a pocket of his topcoat a rolled and tied bundle of magazines and laid it on the desk before Oliver.

"Those are the installments to date," he said; and he added, as if the fact were of no importance: "It's stopped short, never to go again."

"Stopped short?" asked Oliver. "What do you mean?"

Parr quoted in answer a line that for one reason or another had been much in vogue in the vaudeville houses.

An Elderly Gentleman With Red Hair Turning Gray Had Negotiated With the China-Painting Chatelaine for the Second Floor West, for His Daughter

"'That's all there is. There isn't any more.'" He eyed Oliver mysteriously. "That is, unless you want to try your hand at it," he added sweetly, and he winked at his fat friend by the fire.

Armiston slit the string around the bundle. They were all there, the copies of the Half Moon, that amazingly fecund periodical that paved the whole town on the first and third Saturdays of each month, actually added in bulk to the Brooklyn Bridge crush—for every straphanger must have his copy. Everybody read it, cultured and callow, proud and simple. It realized the universal market in literature. Its success—its sole reason for existence, in fact—was the amazing fertility of its single star, an author who wrote under the heterogeneous name of Nain Gail. Twice each month Nain Gail snipped off a segment of imagination and delivered it, at five cents the copy, to the waiting world. The secret of Nain Gail's amazing vogue lay in the trick of actuality; there was no appeal of fine writing—the style was simplicity itself; but in the mounting suspense, frequently horror, it was difficult to believe the events were not transpiring in real life.

"Gail!" ejaculated Armiston. "Stopped?"

"Short! Never to go again!" muttered Parr, actually scanning the line for dramatic effect.

"But, my dear fellow, he can't stop! He's right in the midst of things."

"Impossible, but true," said Mr. Parr suavely.

"Do you mean to say there won't be any more Follansbee Imbroglio?"

"Not at all," responded the deputy. "Nain Gail has stopped, yes. But you are going to finish it for me, Oliver. In fact I've come to make you a definite proposition—a very flattering offer, I may add."

"Don't be an ass, Parr! The man can't stop! Any more than a surgeon can stop when he's cut the first artery. The wound is wide open. It will bleed itself to death. There never was such a story, Parr!"

The extinct author's gaze wandered. He smiled wistfully; in his thoughts he was paying the homage of one artist—Armiston had been that in his time—to another far greater, to one removed to the order of the *n*th power. This Nain Gail's themes—Oliver knew from his habit of peeping behind the scenes in whatever he read—were elaborated from those lightninglike flashes in the day's news that reveal, in a split second, a stageful of actors in some unsuspected drama, frozen in impossible attitudes, and are succeeded by blinding darkness—the undreamed-of tragedies that come starkly to the surface of the city's life, to be as swiftly expunged, probably by the hand of one of the horror-stricken actors themselves. There is a faculty of the eye called persistence of vision, that seeks to hold the image; there is a lag in our mental perceptions, but it has the instant decrement of an electric spark. This was all the newspaper-reading public ever tasted of these slits of revelation. Oliver Armiston in his prime had always been tempted to put one of these flashes of actuality through the crucible of his imagination, to see what went before and what lay beyond. But his courage had always failed him—it would be too cruel, too vivid.

Then this Nain Gail came along. For the last year Nain Gail had been selling by the million twice a month. There was nothing squeamish about Nain Gail.

"Do you know, Parr," mused Oliver, "I actually found myself buying an extra from a newsboy the other night, to see if there were any developments in the Follansbee case!"

"What night was that?"

"Night before last," said Oliver mechanically.

"What time?"

Oliver looked queerly at his interrogator.

"About eleven," he replied. "We were coming from the theater. Why?"

"That was the night Nain Gail was murdered," said Parr softly.

"Killed!" said Armiston stupidly.

"Not killed, Oliver," said Parr with slow emphasis. "She was obliterated!"

"She?" cried Armiston. "Nain Gail a woman?"

Parr nodded.

"But how—why—what ——"

The deputy pointed to the newspaper on the desk.

"There it is, before your eyes," he said.

There it was, indeed, spread over the front page, black block type shrieking "Murder!" It was all there—except the name, the identity. At that moment the air resounded with the baying of an extra in the street outside; it was the ominous howl of one of those curious harpies that suddenly spring to life throughout the city on the heels of disaster. Parr went out, returning in a moment with the latest paper. It was merely a rearrangement of known facts to make up for the dearth of fresh detail; the news of the world stood aside for it, gave it right of way. The headline invoked the whole community:

FIND THE MAN WITH
THE SALT-AND-PEPPER HAIR!

The sleuth hounds of the press were trying to pick up the scent. Parr glanced at the extra and tossed it aside.

It was in one of the rear tenements in the lower part of the city that one enters through a tunnel. This may sound fanciful, but the fact is there are many such. There is a sheaf of streets down there that start out in orderly courses in their journey across town to the Hudson, but arriving in sight of the river seem to lose all sense of deportment and direction. They abruptly step off the beaten path and dive at awkward angles into the helter-skelter cowpath town of the old days. Here they turn on one another, confused and lost, meet and intersect as no well-behaved numbered streets should; two of them actually haul around to the north again, finally to come blundering to an end against brick walls. It has passed into a proverb that one may be as crooked as Pearl Street. One might say the same of the vague meanderings of Little West Twelfth.

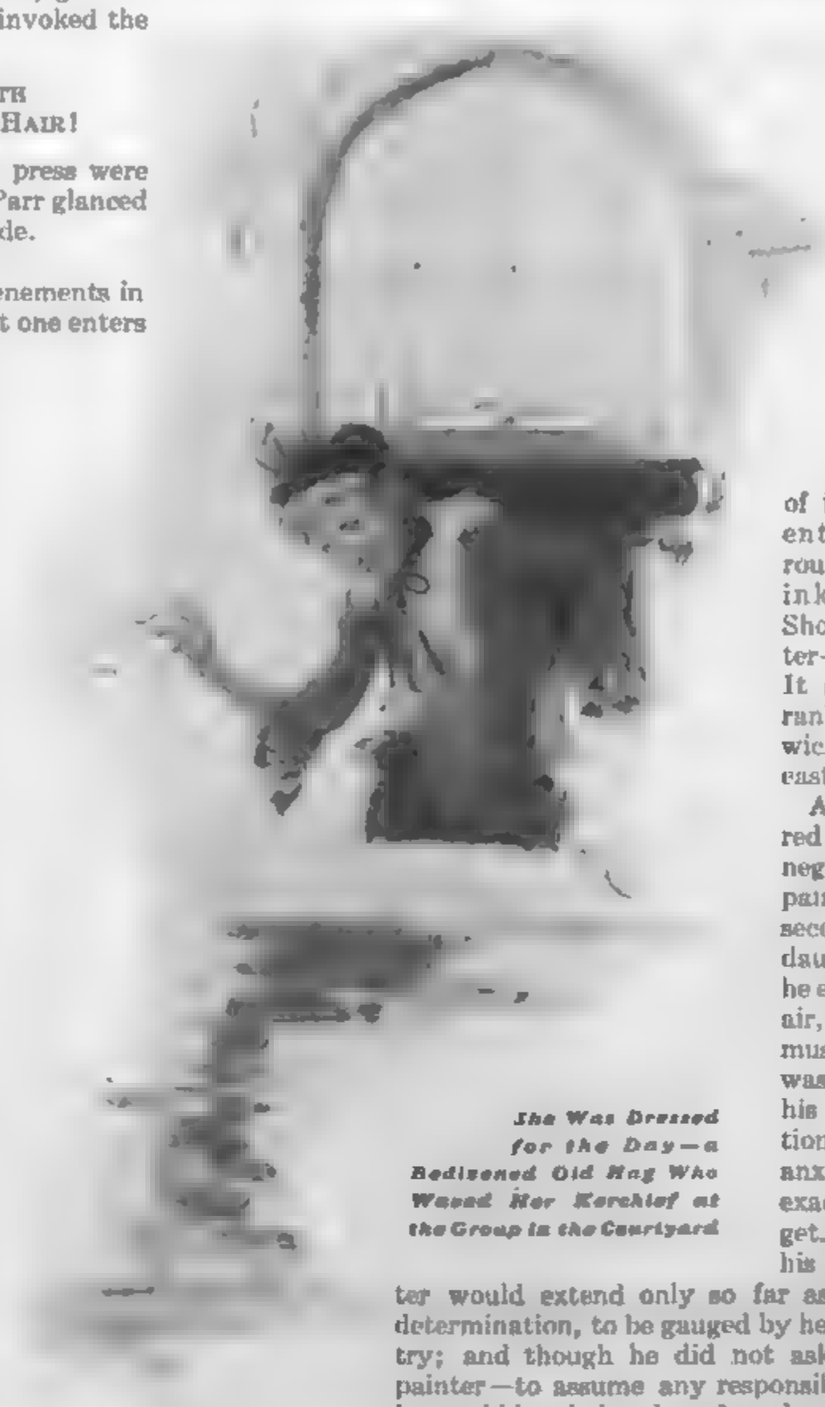
The house had originally stood out in the open in the low ground between old Chelsea and old Greenwich Villages. When the land became valuable enough to be passed on for its ground rents there was a paved lane in front of the modest dwelling. Houses rose in front and in the rear and on both sides, finally boxing it in completely, with only the tunnel, the afterthought of some greedy builder, plunging through the foundations of the house in front, to give it access to the world.

Thus it stood for decades.

In the old days as captain of police Parr came to know that rear tenement well, classing it, with the unconscious humor of his profession, in the mixed-ale category. Time and again he had backed up his wagon to the mouth of the tunnel at midnight and corded up a load of its drunken inhabitants, shrieking their maledictions to high heaven. Latterly the neighborhood had experienced a change. Artists, and interesting people—queer nomads who pitch their tents in the most outlandish places—professed to find something picturesque in the little rear courtyard with its broken flags and the rotting timbers and moldering bricks of this notorious hutch. Even that noisome tunnel took on the nature of an asset; it became quaint. North lights were broken through the roof. Paint and disinfectants fought the memories of mixed ale. An eruption of window boxes hid the bruised bricks; and a touch of sod on either side of the courtyard blossomed in remote suggestion of its cows and milkmaid days. Daughters of the rich modeled from life on the top floor; a compiler of statistics, which he published as social dynamics, brought his expanding family to the sequestered quiet below; a girl settlement worker of independent means; Whitley, the young explorer, who maintained a legal residence for his trunk here; a publisher's editor, whose wife painted china and managed the lease—and others of the same ilk, who ran to batik hangings and Grand Street pottery and brasses, made up this exclusive group.

So in time this mixed-ale number had come to have a new patina. No longer were drunken longshoremen, with their villainous hooks, heard brawling in the passage; no longer did slattern wives scream vituperations from the windows. Limousines quite as elegant as those that wait in the side streets during the opera parked at the curb; and chauffeurs in whipcord and plum-colored melton, with their ladies' foot furs worn like muffs, lounged at the entrance of the quaint tunnel. The private-school girls and subdebs, who demurely tortured anatomy on the top floor, made the vaulted entrance ring with their full-throated cries; passers-by would stop and stare enviously as they came gayly up the half flight of stone steps to the street level, with flaunting ribbons and flashes of trim legs.

Even the postman changed his demeanor these days. Instead of bawling in insulting accents "Kelly! Brannigan! Colanicci!" at the mouth of the cavern, he now traveled inside and climbed from floor to floor to deliver important-looking packets and billets that somehow had discovered this number—which was not a number at all, only half a number. It was two hundred blank, and one-half. With its success the neighborhood caught the contagion. A film of interesting people presently spread in a circle roundabout, like a drop of ink on a blotting pad. Shortly it became a quarter—though it had no name. It scorned the tag of the rank growth of old Greenwich Village, to the southeast.



She Was Dressed for the Day—a Bedizened Old Hag Who Waved Her Kerchief at the Group in the Courtyard

An elderly gentleman with red hair turning gray had negotiated with the china-painting chatelaine for the second floor west, for his daughter. The young lady, he explained with crestfallen air, had the itch to write and must be humored. There was something pathetic in his acceptance of the situation, which he was plainly anxious to hush up as not exactly seemly for one of his get. He made it clear that his graciousness in the matter would extend only so far as his daughter's honest determination, to be gauged by her application and industry; and though he did not ask Mrs. Bell—the china painter—to assume any responsibility, he indicated that he would be glad to hear from her lips any intimation that his daughter was wasting her time and his money. He carefully inquired into the character of her neighbors and expressed himself as relieved of all anxiety.

Indeed there was only one at whom the most captious could cavil, and she was purely an eccentric, a light-headed old woman who had a life lease to one corner of the top floor through some old will. She wore wide old-fashioned silks as heavy as leather, which had probably come in on a New Bedford whaler; she talked familiarly of Robert Bonner and Josie Mansfield and Maud S., and once each day, gorgeously attired, she sallied forth for food, which she brought back in a two-pound paper sack. Otherwise she sat in her window, smiling. Mrs. Bell touched off the old lady with rather biting humor.

Some furniture was moved in, and some cannel coal. The literary daughter proved as timid as a mouse. She came and went like a shadow. But her industry was unquestioned. Tenants who helped themselves up the rickety stairs by the old railing knew she was at home by the smutty whiff of her fireplace that affronted them at the landing; frequently as they passed her door they would catch the subdued murmur of talk inside. Mrs. Crowley, the plump janitress, whose husband was night watchman on the docks at the foot of the street, brushed up the writer's rooms, a service that was paid for in cash, as was the rent, by the elderly gentleman with the rusty hair on the first day of each month. The name he gave was Cottrell, but it was the young woman he passed off as his daughter who was murdered here, and by Parr identified as Nain Gail.

Mrs. Crowley, the janitress, had been scouring the street steps shortly after seven that morning, when Officer Flannagan, working slowly upstream to the end of his beat for his relief at eight, paused to pass the time of day as he idly played a tattoo with his stick against the grille. They conversed in the easy mellifluous rhythm of the West country, with its decorative harmonies in thirds and fifths, Flannagan bantering the plump lovely lady, who glowed and dimpled as she pretended not to listen and applied her scrubbing brush vigorously to the stone steps. Prolonging her task as much as might be, she must finally admit it completed; and gathering up her pads and pans and brushes and shaking her skirts about her ample hips, she passed from view in the ancient tunnel.

Flannagan, sauntering on to the corner, leaned over the fence of the old Bleecker Row, a block of houses decorated to the eaves with New Orleans balconies facing green gardens of grass and privet. The gardener, flourishing his hoe and grass hook, was mildly abusing a street cleaner at the curb. Flannagan later testified that ten minutes must have elapsed since he saw the janitress, when he heard her piercing scream and caught sight of her agonized face at the mouth of the tunnel; she beckoned frantically, and still screaming rushed back into the hole. The policeman followed at a run and blew his whistle. He overtook her at the second-floor landing, by the open door, through which she pushed him, with many incoherent invocations of the saints.

In ten minutes the wagon was backed up to the tunnel, to be followed immediately by Parr himself in his car. In the course of a working day a thousand alarms came under the eye of the great deputy—but this was that occasional one which, through some instinct of perception or selection he did not pause to fathom, caused him to bestir himself.

A half circle of the stupidly curious already blocked the narrow little street, staring with wooden intensity at the whitewashed hole as if it were the neck of a bottle from which would presently emerge the genie.

Parr turned on them ferociously; in an instant his men had driven them to the end of the block, where they momentarily increased in numbers, holding gruesome vigil. Swiftly the deputy gave his instructions: Anyone with business within should be permitted to pass through the tunnel; no one could pass out. Thus he baited his trap; and stooping he ducked into the low passageway and disappeared.

Nothing had been disturbed—the able Flannagan had seen to that. The tenants clustered at the little rail of the steps in the courtyard, Mrs. Bell, in her morning smock, alone self-possessed. In her upper window sat Miss Estelle de Morney, the life tenant, oblivious of the consternation below; she was dressed for the day—a bedizened old hag who smiled and nodded and waved her kerchief at the group in the courtyard.

Parr stepped inside and gingerly closed the door behind him with gentle pressure of the elbow. For the moment he stood motionless to group the picture, in the twilight; the blinds were still drawn and the only light was from a heavily shaded reading lamp on the table, still burning. The room had the casual disorder of a workshop. Mechanically he noted the exits, the windows, the fireplace with its basket of coals still faintly glowing; the shadow box of a disused trapdoor in the ceiling; the little cubicle of an entresol, where her things hung. Then he found what he sought.

At first he was conscious only of her glorious hair, which seemed fairly to cover her; it was golden hair; it was over everything, almost clothed her as a shroud. Its coils had been broken loose, exploding in all directions, like the rays of the sun. She lay where she had fallen, on a heavy rug in the middle of the room, a pair of bent fire tongs beside her. It was simple enough to visualize it—one swift blow from behind. She must have been sitting at that table; her tiny handkerchief and some other trifles lay there on the pad.

Parr brushed aside a strand of the hair. His stony countenance preserved its impassivity, and his mind went on ticking, like the well-ordered machine that it was. But he felt a tingling all over his scalp. Used as he was to such confrontings, for the instant this one shook his iron nerve. It was the utter savagery of it; the impulse here was beyond mere murder; it had aimed at obliteration, nothing less—and it had all but achieved it. He had the baffling sense of a weird anonymity to which the victim herself, through some unconscious striving, some strange motive, the consequences of which she could not have foreseen, had contributed quite as fully as the murderer, in his insensate fury for effacement.

He made swift appraisal of her meager possessions. The woman might have been anybody. Or nobody. Or a dozen, or a hundred, rolled into one. She was a writer. Very well, there must be writing. But not a scrap, not even a pencil or a pen. He dug in the velvety ashes of the fire, looking for some telltale fragment, but he found nothing except, lying behind the grate, a battered metal fixture of some sort, burned to redness and falling apart; he made nothing of it, but he promised himself he would return to it.

"But her clothing, Parr?" said Armiston, as his friend the deputy related these facts.

Parr shook his head.

"Nothing," he said. "Absolutely nothing."

"There must have been some mark."

"Not on this kind," said Parr in a curious voice.

"Cheap, you mean?"

"Oh, quite the reverse! It was all model stuff."

"Model?" repeated Oliver, beyond his depth.

"Manikin modes," explained Parr.

"What? The stuff the models parade in, in the fashion salons?" cried Armiston in surprise; then: "But how would Nain Gail come by such stuff?"

"Buy it, of course. How but? In the parlor stores, in side streets," retorted the obvious man hunter. "It all gets to the secondhand dealers sooner or later. Then there is the 'fashionable lady, in mourning, who will dispose of several recent importations.' You've seen that ad, haven't you, Oliver?"

Armiston nodded; he had often wondered at the continuous bereavement of that same lady.

"Then there is another source," went on the cynical Mr. Parr. "The polite loot of wives whose husbands pay their bills but not their gambling debts. They buy extravagantly, on their charge accounts—not to wear, but to sell—to sell to the secondhand dealers, for cash, for pin money."

Oh, a clever woman with a flat purse can do herself rather well if she knows the ropes of the model-gown parlors in the side streets. The stuff is swagger, without tag or ticket, all the identifying marks scrupulously snipped off. That was what the dead woman wore.

"Somehow," remarked Armiston distastefully, "that doesn't suggest Nain Gail "

"What follows does," Parr contented himself with saying.

Parr had left that room after a mere superficial survey, principally for first impressions, on which he set great store. He pried open the door with his penknife and let himself out, letting the door fall to after him. His experts had come, specialists in this sort of thing, a queer crew reminiscent of the ghoulish searchers of old, who must test the dead with their wands and bedeck it with cerements. From the group the deputy picked out a little fellow named Pelts, with a skin like old paper and ferretlike eyes peering out under a thatch of ragged brows. This one he carefully worked into the room, and when the door fell to again he scattered the others with commands; they were to seek, at his bidding, needles in haystacks and motes in sunbeams. They were to sweep out the parlor stores. They were to isolate that cannel coal whose stratified ash Parr had noted in the fire basket; usually fastidious people who burn cannel coal in kitchenette apartments must go fetch it themselves, in basketfuls. That cannel coal might take a trick.

He passed down the stairway, searching himself for impressions; absentmindedly he scuffed a heel on the brass ferrule of the tread covering to dislodge some plastic substance that had balled under foot like soggy snow. His strongest impression was that that lady upstairs was in a fair way to join that shadowy, ubiquitous army of the unknown who every day pass in squads to the great beyond, through the receiving station on the river front at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street; with them the mystery is never whither, but whence. Still, Parr set great store by his man Pelts, who exercised an ingenuous interest in obvious things that a more seasoned man would overlook. At the foot of the stairs Parr turned up his heel and pried off the balled stuff; it was a horny substance, semitransparent, and he found he could dent it with his finger nail.

He examined the catch in the yard. No one who promised anything had entered the trap; besides the dumfounded tenants there was a grocer's boy, a gas man and the first deploy of newspaper reporters. The tenants were sent to their rooms to await his summons, except Mrs. Bell. She said she had heard nothing during the night; none of them had apparently.

The china painter told him what she could. Probably not until this moment had she realized the scant credentials with which the literary ingénue had been foisted on her. But even then she did not suspect what Parr had already begun to know with his sixth sense, that the victim was without identity by her own contriving. Mrs. Bell felt that the elderly gentleman with the rust hair would solve the whole matter when he came; he must hear soon, for the newspapers would be hawking it through the streets in another hour. In our social intercourse certain little conventions of deportment are accepted unequivocally as danger or as safety signals. The man had disarmed her from the first; he was of such evident caste, so obviously one of the nice people; his chagrin that a daughter with all the advantages still could be a common scribbler had struck her at the time as a quaint snobbery excusable because it was harmless. There had been no guile about the gentleman, surely.

There was one curious thing—although he had come regularly, to pay her score, it was evidently not to see the girl; never to Mrs. Bell's knowledge were the two there together. He had always come in a public taxi; lingered on one or two occasions, expressing a polite interest in Mrs. Bell's work, evidently more impressed with her industry and business acumen than with her artistic talent. When was he here last? Two days ago. He was not due again till the first of the month.

"Of course he will come now," she added, breathless.

"Doubtless," said Parr.

He eyed her sharply, a look that was as much part of his technic as is an actor's business. That look turned people inside out. The woman met it squarely. He commanded her to describe the man, which she did minutely.

"Salt-and-pepper hair?"

"Red pepper," she explained, looking down to smooth the head of her little daughter, who clung to her side, face buried in her smock.

"Describe the woman," commanded Parr.

She shook her head helplessly.

"You never saw her?"

"Never—except at a distance. Not to know her. So many come and go."

"Oh, they do, eh? Have you others who come and go in the same way?" Parr's level tones cut like a knife.

"Oh, no!" she protested in instant defense. "I know all my people. Except that old woman up there in the window."

She raised her eyes for a moment to the gay old lady framed in the top-floor window. Parr's gaze followed hers.

"She's an—an encumbrance on the property," she said nervously. "A flaw in the title, one might say. There is something about her in some old will or something. She can live and die here, to her heart's content. We had to accept her when we arranged for the lease."

"Did this woman spend much time here?" asked Parr, reverting to the tragedy.

"There was always a light there Mondays and Thursdays—and people," replied Mrs. Bell.

"People?" caught up Parr. "She had friends, then?"

The china painter made an ineffectual gesture.

"I shouldn't say—I couldn't say. I don't know, sir." Her troubled eyes searched his face.

"You saw nobody?"

"No."

"You heard something, then?"

She nodded. "Yes. Crossing the landing once or twice I heard talk."

"Talk? What kind? What about?" demanded the ferocious inquisitor.

"I—I couldn't hear," she began. "I couldn't make out the words. Just talk; that was all—nothing articulate. Like the cross talk one hears in a telephone."

"Both men and women?"

"It's curious," she said, frightened. "It never impressed me. It was just the murmur that came through the door." She put her fingers to her lips, staring.

"You must have caught a word. Think!" he commanded, pressing her with all his hypnotic insistence.

"No," she breathed, shaking her head. Then, "Wait! Yes! Last night!" she cried. Her eyes became wide. "We had been to a concert," she began rapidly. "I came back early. I passed her door, about ten ——"

"Well? Well?" urged Parr impatiently.

"Someone was saying 'No, no, no, no, no,' endlessly—oh, interminably. Without heat or passion. It was as if someone not very resolute was denying something to a child." Once more her arm went round her own child. "It must have been something of no importance," she added hurriedly, "because as I went on up that same confused murmur began again."

There had been no disturbance; no one had heard anything; until the agonized scream of the janitress aroused them there had been no hint. Parr put the other tenants to the question, but with no results. So far as the inhabitants of this obscure pocket, hemmed in by back yards, were concerned, the crime was simply an accomplished fact which had been laid on their doorstep.

A Half Circle of the Stupidly Curious Already Blocked the Narrow Little Street

(Continued on Page 52)

THE VAN ROON

"I am Looking for a Model Now. Would You Like to Sit to Me?"

By J. C. SNAITH

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

XVII

JUNE spent a worried and disconsolate night. She had very little sleep. Times and again she listened to the melancholy drip-drip of rain on the eaves just over her head. Never in her life had she felt so wretched. She was terribly lonely, without resources or friends. How she was to live through the endless year of servitude and dependence on the will of others that lay ahead she did not know.

To keep on telling oneself to bear up seemed of little use. She had had to do that each hour of the day since her mother's death. The prospect of being cast upon the world was indeed dispiriting, yet in the end it might turn out better than to sacrifice one's youth upon the altar of such a Moloch as Uncle Si.

As people who sleep ill are apt to do, she fell into a comfortable doze just about the time she ought to be getting up. Thus, to her dismay, she entered upon the trying institution known as Monday morning at a quarter past seven instead of half past six.

"Uncle Si will be growling for his breakfast in another quarter of an hour," was the thought that urged her into her clothes with a frantic haste.

One twist she gave, and no more, without so much as a glance in the glass, at the mane of brown-gold hair, and then she flew downstairs, buttoning the front of her dress as she went.

A fire was burning in the kitchen grate, and upon it slices of bacon were sizzling in a frying pan; the cloth was laid for breakfast; moreover, the parlor was already swept and dusted. In fact, at the precise moment of June's belated appearance upon the scene William, with a businesslike air, was returning from a visit to the dustbin.

When they met in the passage by the scullery she came within an ace of rebuking him. "Even if I oversleep myself you've no right to be so officious," was the sharp phrase which rose to her lips. But a saving sense of justice, not always at the service of the female soul, held it back. After all, such kindness and devotion were worthy of respect, he had saved, besides, an unpleasant scene with Uncle Si.

"Oh, thank you, William, ever so much," she had the grace to murmur, hoping as she hastily disposed of the last button of her dress that he wouldn't notice that she had come down half undone.

"Please don't mention it, Miss June," he said with the politeness of a courtier as he returned the empty dustpan to its home beneath the scullery sink. "As you didn't seem quite yourself last night I was hoping you would not get up at all this morning. I was going to bring your breakfast up to you and set it outside your door."

"Oh, but you are much too kind."

A sudden fierce rush of color made her cheeks burn horribly. He was a very nice fellow, even if he was not so sharp in some things as he ought to be.

Uncle Si, by the grace of Providence, was a few minutes late for his breakfast. This seldom happened, for as a rule he was the soul of punctuality. However, he was going down to Newbury by the nine o'clock from Paddington to attend a sale; in consequence he had bestowed far more pains upon his appearance than was usual at this early hour. He was in a fairly good humor. The fact that the charwoman's return would enable him to fire his niece had cheered him so much that for once he had slept like a just man.

"Don't expect me until suppertime," he said to June as he put on his high felt hat and his mackintosh and grasped the knobbed stick, as ugly as himself, which invariably accompanied his travels. "And my advice to you, my girl, is to think over very carefully what I said to you last night."

With an air of quiet satisfaction S. Gedge, Antiques, stepped briskly forth into a soft autumn day where the sun as yet could not quite make up its mind to greet him.

It was to be a day of great events. And the first of these began to materialize shortly before eleven, when June chanced to enter the shop. William just at that moment was fathoms deep in conversation with a customer. The customer was very tall, she was strikingly distinguished, and in the opinion of June she was dressed exquisitely. Soft silk and faint blue Chinese embroidery clothed her with a dangerous beauty. But it was the coquetry of her hat, an artful straw wreathed wonderfully in flowers of many a subtle shade, that gave the crowning touch.

The hat it was, no doubt, that completed William's overthrow. There was a look of rapture in the eyes with which the vain fellow regarded its wearer, for which June could have found it in her heart to slay him on the spot.

That telltale look was really a little too much. June could not forbear to linger on the threshold to watch these two. So shamelessly was William engrossed with this vision of pure beauty that there was not a chance of his eyes lifting to look at her. And she would not have cared if they had. Such an irrational surge of jealousy was now in her heart that she would have been glad of his seeing what she thought of his behaving in that way, even with the grandest young woman in the land.

"So nice of you to take so much trouble," the fair customer said in a voice of such melody that June had to own that the celebrated Miss Banks, the daughter of Blackhampton's chief physician, whose charm of manner had ever remained in her mind as the high-water mark of human amenity, would now have to take second place.

"Not at all, madam," said William in the William way.

Even June had to admit that such fine courtesy, a little excessive, no doubt, was far removed from mere sycophancy. Had he not practiced on her? For that reason she had a perfect right to feel furious; William's homage was far too inclusive.

At the same time there was no gainsaying that just now he had every excuse. Regarded as the mirror of fashion and the mold of form, Miss Banks of Blackhampton was now a back number.

"The friend I sent it to liked it very much indeed," said the supergirl. "It was so exactly what she wanted. And if by chance you are able to match it I shall be most grateful."

William, with that divine air of his, promised quite simply and sincerely to do his best.

"The price, too, was very moderate," said the supergirl with the geniality of one who owns a province. Then suddenly she half turned, and her merry glance, assisted by a Miss Banksian stick-eyeglass, was trained full upon the hoodoo. "What a delicious monster!" The voice had quite a Brahms trill in it—not that June had ever heard of Brahms. "It reminds one of Poe or the Grand Guignol."

Unabashed by culture William stood to his full height. June could only marvel at his coolness.

"So Oriental. So grotesque. Makes one think of Ali Baba and the cave of the Forty Robbers. Very valuable, of course?"

"No, madam, I wouldn't call it valuable." June hardly knew whether to admire or to deplore this candor. "It takes up such a lot of room and absorbs such a lot of light. Almost needs the British Museum, as you might say, to show it to advantage."

Again the Brahms trill as the eye of the supergirl traveled from the hoodoo to William. "Those large ears and those grinning jaws studded with crocodile's teeth give it the look of a living thing. And it's so perfectly hideous that one feels sure there must be a curse on it."

"Mr. Gedge declares there is, madam."

"Really?" The eyes, the blue eyes of the supergirl grew round and merry. "I'd love to have a thing with a curse on it—if it's a real one."

"Mr. Gedge would part with it for a very reasonable sum, madam, I feel sure," said William with a judicious air that June admired the more for being hardly able to credit it in him.

With the casual tone so becoming to riches the young woman asked the price.

"Thirty pounds would buy it," she was informed.

"Curse and all?"

"Curse and all, madam." William had a nice sense of humor, which June had discovered before she had known him an hour, but in this big moment he did not relax a muscle.

For about a quarter of a minute the supergirl looked again at the hoodoo. And then with an air of one who takes a great decision she gave the ugly chin a playful tap and said, "I believe the long gallery at Homefield is the very place for you, my friend. You may not be a thing of beauty, but at the far end I am sure you would be a joy forever!"

She made then such fine play with her stick-eyeglass that Miss Banks was put off the map altogether. "And a real live curse given in, I think you said?"

William bowed a grave affirmative.

It was clear that Miss Bluehlood was intrigued. She folded, unfolded, refolded her stick-glass; she looked the hoodoo up, she looked the hoodoo down, standing three paces back in order to do so. "Before I really decide"—addressing the monster in a voice of warm caresses—"I must get my father to come and look at you, my dear. He's wiser than I in these matters. You might kill all the pictures in the long gallery."

At this point William bowed again with exceeding deference. But here was not the end. The stick-eyeglass lit on the bowl of Lowestoft, which the sawney, who was turning out to be not quite such a sawney as he seemed, had picked up in his recent travels in Suffolk.

"I like that. What a charming piece!"

Mr. Half Sawney held the charming piece to the light for Miss Stick-Eyeglass to gaze upon.

"Yes—really quite charming!"

Their heads were so close while together they bent over its beauties that June, without wishing real harm to either, could have found it in her heart to hope that the bowl might fall from the hands of William and shiver into a thousand pieces.

"What is the price?"

The bowl was turned onto its base while the young man glanced at the mystic code which had been traced by the hand of S. Gedge, Antiques.

"Six guineas, madam," she was most deferentially told.

"I collect Lowestoft. A charming piece. It'll go so well with my others. Will you kindly send it to 39b, Park Lane?"

"Certainly, at once, Miss Babraham."

The amazing Miss Babraham opened a vanity bag, took out a sheaf of notes, and chose six which, with the smile of a siren, she handed to William, who received them with one more bow from his full height and proceeded to write out a receipt.

Somehow this transaction was too much altogether for June. Flashing one long last glance of immeasurable venom upon the stick-eyeglass, who, all unconscious of the deadly passions it had aroused, had now returned to elegant and final contemplation of the hoodoo, the niece of S. Gedge, Antiques, withdrew hurriedly to the scullery sink, filled a bucket of water and proceeded with a kind of contained fury to scrub the floor of the larder.

XVIII

WHEN William came in to dinner there was music to face. But as there was no sure ground at the moment for real battle, the music opened pianissimo. It began with a few rather pointed inquiries.

"Had a rather busy morning, haven't you?"

"I don't think it has been anything out of the way," was the noncommittal answer.

"Done any business?" The question was casual, but June fixed him with her eye.

"Oh, yes!" So light and airy was the tone that business might have mattered nothing. "I've sold the Lowestoft bowl."

"Uncle Si'll be pleased, I expect." She found it terribly difficult to keep a sneer out of her voice, but you never know what you can do till you try. "Fetch much?"

She knew perfectly well, of course, the price it had fetched.

"Six guineas."

"Isn't that a pretty good profit on what you paid for it at Saxmundham?" said June, with the precision of the born head for affairs.

"I got it for thirty shillings at Saxmundham, but of course that was at a sale."

"Seem's a fair profit anyway."

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"Will you get any?"

"Oh, no!" said William, trying to spear a pickled walnut.

"Then I think it's an infamous shame that the whole of that six guineas should go into the pocket of Uncle Si."

With a polite shake of the head William dissented. "But don't you see, I couldn't have bought it unless the master had given me the money, and also marked the catalogue?"

"It was your brains that bought it. And your brains sold it too. I think you ought to see that Uncle Si is simply living upon them."

"No, no, Miss June," said William. "Please don't forget that it is the master who taught me everything."

June declined to argue the point. She knew it was no use. For the hundredth time she was up against his fixed idea. Besides, there was something else to talk about.

"To whom did you sell that beautiful bowl?" Her voice was that of a dove.

"I sold it to a Miss Babraham," said the sawney in a voice of perfectly stupendous impersonality.

"To a Miss who?"

She had caught the name quite clearly, and not for the first time that day, but there was a kind of morbid fascination in toying with a subject that was really without significance and could lead nowhere. All the same she pined for an insight into the workings of the mind of this strange young man who was such a baffling mixture of the oversimple and the highly gifted.

"Her name is Miss Babraham."

"Who is she when she is at home?"

She tried hard to imitate a detachment that was a little uncanny, yet knowing all the time that she was making a sad hash of the performance. The trick seldom comes easy to the daughters of Eve.

"Who did she say she was?"

"Her father is Sir Arthur Babraham." The impersonality of William made her writhe.

"Oho!" said June, still trying her best to rise to William's level and fully conscious that she was failing miserably. "One of the big bugs, eh?"

It was vulgar, she knew, to speak in that way. Among the things she had learned at the Blackhampton High School was a due and proper regard for baronets. Miss Preece, its august headmistress, would have been shocked, not merely by her tone but also by her choice of words. But high school or no high school, the intrusion of Sir Arthur Babraham suddenly made her see red. She must be vulgar—or burst!

"What you'd call one of the smart set, I suppose?" said June abruptly, breaking a long and rather trying pause. "Well, I don't think much of her stick-eyeglass anyway."

Terrific disparagement of Miss Babraham, her works and her belongings was intended, yet to the queer creature seated opposite, who by now was almost ready for the tapioca pudding which had so carefully been prepared for him, it did not seem to imply anything at all.

"You take no stock of smart sets, I dare say," said June with growing truculence. "You've never heard of them, have you? China tea sets are more in your line, aren't they?"

That was real wit, and people far less clever than this sawney—a contradiction in terms and yet the only word which seemed to describe him after all—must have seen the force of it. But not he! He solemnly rose and collected the plates, and then fetched in the tapioca pudding, for all the world as if there was absolutely no point in the remark.

"Who did you say that tall girl was?" said June, returning mothlike to the flame, as she helped the sawney very substantially to his favorite dish.

"Miss Babraham!"

"And who did you say her father was?"

"Sir Arthur Babraham!"

"And what might he do for a living?"

This was not ignorance. It was mere facetiousness. She knew quite well that no Sir Arthur Babraham since first invented by that ridiculous monarch, King James, had ever done anything for a living. But it was good to feel how such a break would have hurt Miss Preece.

"He's one of the richest men in England," said William, dipping his spoon into his tapioca with an impersonality that approached the sublime. June knew that. There was the daughter of Sir Arthur Babraham to prove it.

Continued on Page 24

The Eyes, the Blue Eyes of the Supergirl Grew Round and Merry. "I'd Love to Have a Thing With a Curse on It—If It's a Real One"

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Politicians and Paper Money

THE mischiefs produced by a managed currency, or by any monetary system that is not self-regulating, are now more widely recognized than ever before, thanks to the havoc wrought in all parts of the world since the war by inconvertible paper currencies. Nothing short of an automatic currency seems to be of any use, because only hard money of a fixed legal weight and refinement is independent of politicians. No country can be sure that its statesmen will always be and remain sufficiently virtuous and sufficiently intelligent to keep their hands off so convenient and easy a resource as the paper mint. It is the modern postwar substitute for an overflowing treasury. It is a ready means of covering a deficit and of paying state wages and state salaries to a host of supernumerary bureaucrats when the revenue from taxes is inadequate and the people are unable or unwilling to lend to their government.

Unfortunately these advantages to the government are overbalanced by corresponding and much greater disadvantages to the governed. Every fresh issue of a paper currency diminishes the value of the unit, be it ruble, mark, crown, peseta, lira, drachma, franc, dollar or pound. Thus the real income of every inhabitant, if derived from securities, mortgages, and so on, bearing a fixed rate of interest, is continually reduced, and with it the capital value of his savings. At first the process of confiscation is slow, gradual and stealthy. With the exception of a few rogues who speculate with inside knowledge, the whole society suffers without perceiving the cause of its misery. In some cases the political intelligence of the governing classes has been sufficient to pull up and stop the currency chariot somewhere on the slope that ends in nothingness.

One of the reactions of a paper currency resembles the boomerang; for the tax yield continually declines as the money in which taxes are paid depreciates; and at the same time public credit disappears altogether. No one except a lunatic will invest in the loans of a government that meets its bills by printing paper money.

Government in Business

READERS of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST during the past two years have had numerous occasions to observe editorial comment on one or another phase of the restoration of individualism in the conduct of business. For this policy the editor has no apologies to offer; quite the contrary. In every country one of the problems of the after-the-war has been the unshackling of business from governmental control. The vast majority of Americans still believe in individualism, of which the German communist, Kark Radek, now administering soviet government to the people of Russia, has sneeringly remarked that we are a land "where every bootblack still imagines that he will become a dollar magnate."

The most recent development in the relation of government to business has taken place in Australia. The chief exports of agricultural Australia before the war were wool, meat and wheat. During the first three years of the war the availability of these products to Great Britain was reduced by distance, scarcity of ocean tonnage and submarine danger in the Mediterranean Sea. Europe found it better to buy from North and South America. The British and Australian governments coöperated in a system of state control of wool, meat and wheat. Prices were fixed and the products taken over, in effect.

Following our entrance into the war the scarcity of ocean tonnage became still more desperate and the submarine menace more dangerous. American credits made it advantageous to buy as much as possible in the United States, and as little as possible in Australia. The close of the war found a large volume of agricultural products dammed back in Australia.

When American credits to the ex-allied countries were withdrawn Australian products again appeared upon the competitive markets of the world. Ocean carriage became plentiful; for a year tonnage has exceeded cargoes in the world. Ocean freights were decontrolled, and rates fell heavily. The governments were able to effect the liquidation of the largest part of the accumulated Australian products. The last of the mutton was sold on credit to Eastern Europe and Russia. One by one commodities were decontrolled. Only a wheat pool was retained in West Australia for the crop of 1922.

Meats were decontrolled in the United Kingdom last year. Heavy importation of feeds resulted in increase in production of home-fed beef. Denmark and Holland resumed their shipments of meats and dairy products to the United Kingdom. At the same time, continued unemployment in the British Isles kept down the national income and delayed the return to a higher meat consumption. During the war the consumption of meats and dairy products was greatly lowered in the United Kingdom, outside of the military forces. A higher intake of meats and dairy products is clearly the desire of the British, but that must await industrial recovery. The cumulative effect of these circumstances was a heavy fall in the price of beef in the United Kingdom.

These lowered prices were naturally not to the liking of the Australian stockmen. Cattle were not sent to market and the packing houses were practically shut down. This was followed by appeal to the government.

In the meantime Argentine meats were freely sold in the British markets, whose prices were too low to attract Australian carcasses. The ocean haul is shorter. Incidentally the Argentine meats are prepared in modern packing houses, largely owned by Americans. In these plants overhead had been rigidly reduced and efficiency in operations improved. A trade war has helped prices downward. British sentiment for Australia was not strong enough to overcome the difference in price, and the meat from the Plate excluded the meat from the Dominion.

It is now announced that the government of Australia is to grant a subvention to the producers of cattle. As stated, this subsidy will work out at something like a half cent a pound for the dressed carcass. Beyond that, the beef must meet the world price. It is not a minimum price but a flat subsidy per unit, and apparently the government has obligated itself for the present to pay this price on all cattle whose meat goes into international trade.

One of the elements in the case is the wage of farm labor. During the war an agricultural wage board became intrenched in Australia. Wages of farm workers in that continent have not been reduced, as in this country. Wages of land workers have been reduced in Argentina, and this and the shorter haul to market remain the principal reasons for lower costs of production of meat in Argentina as compared with Australia.

This subvention will run into large figures of money. If paid with paper notes it will constitute an inflation. If paid for by issue of bonds it will represent a tax on the next generation: If paid for out of current revenue it will result in direct tax increase. Australia is so heavily rural that the costs cannot be passed to urban industries. To a considerable extent the ultimate effect will be to take money out of the right pocket of the stockmen and place it in the left.

The international aspects of such policies are disturbing to a degree. Germany already grants subventions to producers of potash and other commodities, despite protests of the Reparations Commission. Why should not the gold mines of the Rand, the wool ranges of New Zealand, the sugar plantations of Cuba, the tin mines of Bolivia, the iron mines of Styria, the nitrogen plants of Norway and the vineyards of France all receive doles from the state? The possibilities appear endless! But all such moves will end in the same place—disorganization of trade and insolvency of government. Of course there is no doubt that the cattlemen of Australia are in trouble, but this solution of present difficulties only postpones and magnifies the ultimate adjustments to a new equilibrium.

The Short Workday in Germany

A MOVEMENT is under way in Germany to return to the nine and ten hour workday. When the present government took over the country after the enforced abdication of the Hohenzollern family the workday was shortened to eight hours for all occupations, and to seven and six hours for certain arduous occupations. It is now proposed to add one or two hours to the workday. This policy is not one forced on the workers. The government of Germany is still a workers' government. The labor leaders have seen the necessity for the longer workday. The present salvation and the future hope of Germany depend on increased industrial production. The output per hour of the German industrial worker has not yet risen to the prewar level. With a low output per hour and a shortened workday, the position of the country appears hopeless. It seems agreed that increase in output per hour is not to be attained, on account of the physical state and morale of the working classes. Therefore the only way to increased production is to work more hours per week. A domestic servants bill to limit the workday to thirteen hours per day, with full pay for holidays, has been rejected by the government. If Germany is to pay her debts and rehabilitate her industries overtime is necessary for pretty nearly everybody; and it must be overtime without time-and-a-half pay.

Germany is learning by experience that shortening of the workday below a certain figure develops into a problem of disposition of the free time. When a twelve-hour day is shortened to ten the disposition of the two hours does not constitute a problem. But when this free time is extended from two to four or even six hours a day a civic and economic problem arises. The usual and natural social doctrine is that the free time of the shorter day is to go into the family life, recreation, study—in short, to enable the workman and his family to cultivate qualities valuable to the family, society and the coming generation.

Unfortunately, in Germany, as elsewhere in Europe, the free time is to a marked extent devoted to one or another form of waste. The waste is often economic, in that the free time is devoted to trivialities that reduce the family income for necessaries. One of the named frivolities in Germany is beer drinking. In a word, the fact is that the free time has, with many, not been devoted to social, cultural or economic ends. It is believed that for this state of affairs the postwar psychology is to a large extent responsible. But whether resident in postwar psychology or in common human triviality, the Germans seem to have made up their minds that the reconstruction of their country demands use and not waste of time. It is a matter of no little disquietude in the United Kingdom that the average workday is becoming longer in Germany and not in the United Kingdom.

Comrade Lenine's Compromise

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

Uncovered to be Photographed. Clothes and Heat are Unknown Luxuries

THAT anybody should fail to see or refuse to acknowledge that farming is essentially a capitalistic and individualistic industry is a puzzling thing to me. I wish very much to believe in the mental honesty of the Bolsheviki, but the best I can do in this connection is to believe that they are influenced chiefly in what they do by a singular obsession. In applying their principles to the reconstruction or the remodeling, rather—of the Russian social organization their procedures have certainly served to indicate that they regard themselves as being capable of disproving proved essentials, eradicating fixed human tendencies, and annulling the laws of Nature. It is only because these things cannot be done that the situation in Russia is that which we now behold; an important fact in this situation being that one of the most outrageously outraged elements in it is the agricultural element, the small farmers.

I came out of Russia about a week after the Bolshevik delegation to the Genoa Conference had taken its somewhat spectacular departure from Moscow, and when I arrived in Riga I found society there still entertaining itself with stories about what the different delegates had said and done. And when I refer to society I have in mind not only the circles dominated by foreign relief organizations and diplomatic missions; not only the interesting groups of Russians of the aristocratic and bourgeois classes who have taken refuge in Riga, but the Latvian citizens as well, who manage to maintain in their beautiful old city a very attractive social atmosphere even in the midst of extreme and extraordinary difficulties and in spite of the sense they suffer of never-ending peril as Soviet Russia's next-door neighbor.

The Latvians are a most interesting and likable people, and, by virtue of their possession of the greatest port on the Baltic Sea and a consequent age-long contact with the entire world of commerce and culture, they are curiously cosmopolitan. The man who is likely to become the first president of the Latvian Republic was for many years professor of economics in one of our own great Western state universities, and in his eager interest in the world at large and his intelligent grasp of its broad problems he is quite typical of his class in his own little homeland. Also he is typical of his people in his bitter hatred of everything that Bolshevism stands for. It was to Latvians that I did most of my talking in Latvia, because I was anxious to know what their attitude might be toward their colossal and menacing neighbor, so it is of certain Latvians I am thinking when I say I found society in Riga still entertaining itself with stories about the Russian delegates to Genoa.

The Trustful Eighty

I MAY not mention any names for fear of exposing someone to retaliation. It is necessary always to bear in mind the peculiarities of the Bolshevik disposition and to remember that freedom of discussion is one thing the Bolsheviki will not tolerate. This is rather cramping to one's style. It would simplify matters considerably to be able to follow a direct line to a given point and say that Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So told me this or that, but nearly everything that Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So told me in connection with the subject of Russia was told in rather appealing confidence so far as his or her identity was concerned. I went through my entire Russian experience promising individuals to forget that I had ever met them, which is another kind of commentary on the situation.

In any case, the Latvians in Riga talked to me, as did the Americans and the British and the Russians and others, and it was a Latvian who told me the story about the Russian-American farmers.

There were eighty of them. They were going through Riga on their way into Russia just as the Bolshevik delegates were going through in the opposite direction on their way to Genoa, and they were carrying with them something like eighty thousand dollars' worth of American farm machinery, together with such other belongings as they happened to possess. They were described to me as Russians of a fine, sturdy and purely agrarian type who had been induced by the communist agitators and rainbow painters in the United States to pool all they had labored separately for years to achieve and accumulate, and to return to Russia for the purpose of establishing an agricultural commune on one of the big confiscated estates. All of which may be perfectly all right except that it is their money and not their communistic faith that the Bolsheviki are interested in and that they are likely to discover a vast difference between the promises that were made to them and that which they will eventually realize.

One of the most widely celebrated of the Bolshevik delegates in discussing them with my Latvian friend revealed the official attitude toward them when he said: "We have exhausted every financial resource that we know of except the church properties and the Russian-Americans, and now we must concentrate on these for a while. A great many Russians have gone to the United States and have succeeded in making small fortunes, many of them actually owning valuable properties and the means of production. We are doing everything in our power now to induce these people to come back and bring their American money with them, and those eighty farmers are the first to come across. There will be plenty more. Out of the half million Russians in the United States there ought to be at least fifty thousand, who together would represent a large amount of capital, and it is their duty to share their prosperity with their own people."

Determining Whether or Not He is Eating More Than He Should

How They Treat Comrades

THE man who told me this was a government official and he went on to say that he was reminded of a Russian-American he had recently been called upon to befriend and who was then working as a laborer on a Latvian farm for Latvian wages which amounted to about two dollars a month. He had lived in the United States twelve years, and, working as a tailor in a big Western city with a small pressing and renovating shop, had accumulated something like eight thousand dollars. The American Bolsheviki took him in hand and, through a process of filling his mind with communism in its rosiest aspects, induced him to believe that he could return to Soviet Russia with his little American fortune and become a leading citizen. He yielded to their hypnotic influence and eventually embraced the Red flag with great enthusiasm, his story afterward being that when he reached the Russian border on his way into the poor man's paradise he was met by soviet officials who began by hailing him as *tovarish*—which means comrade—and ended by relieving him of every cent he possessed and sending him on to Moscow with nothing but an assurance that in the communistic state he would have no need for money, that all Russia was his as it was everybody's, and that he would be taken care of.

When he reached Moscow he was still *tovarish*, but he encountered at once the communistic principle of "no work, no food" which at that time was occasionally being applied, and suddenly found himself in a gang of conscripted laborers on his way to somewhere and something he knew nothing at all about. He was hungry and cold, worried and weary, and immeasurably homesick for his little American tailor shop. This was the way he told it.

He escaped from the gang of laborers and made his way north to the border of Finland, begging

(Continued on Page 37)

THE VAN ROON

(Continued from Page 21)

"One of Uncle Si's best customers, I suppose?"

"Doesn't often come here. But he has wonderful taste."

"In daughters?" said June sardonically.

"In everything. Only last night I read in the paper that there isn't a better judge of pictures living."

June merely said, "Oh!"

"He's one of the trustees of the National Gallery, you know."

"Oh!" said June.

"And owns a very fine private collection of the Flemish School."

"Does he?" It was June's turn now to be impersonal: in fact it was up to her to let him see that it would take more than Sir Arthur Babraham and a private collection of the Flemish School to impress her.

"I suppose his daughter's what you'd call rather fetching?" She had once heard the term on the lips of the admired Miss Banks at a charity bazaar.

But in William's opinion it was not adequate to the occasion.

"To my mind," he said, and his voice fell, "she's a none-such."

June stopped midway in the act of bestowing upon him a second helping of tapioca.

"She's a what?" she demanded fiercely.

"A museum piece, Miss June." His enthusiasm was restrained but none the less absurd. "She's hall-marked. She walks in beauty." A blush, faint yet becoming, slowly overspread William's delicately tinted complexion.

June snorted. Had it been within the province of eyes to slay, this gaby would have had no use for a second helping of tapioca.

"Glad to know that!" said June homicidally. "As you are so set on beauty you must have had an interesting morning."

A disgracefully impersonal silence was William's only answer. The deadliness of the observation seemed completely lost upon him. But was it? That was a question for gods and Woman. Such a silence might mean anything.

"I suppose you'd say she had wonderful taste?"

"Miss Babraham?"

"No, Joan of Arc," said Woman venomously.

"Her taste is very good indeed—that is, in some things."

"In hats, I suppose."

"I meant in old china," said the impersonal one. "I've never known her make a mistake in old china."

"That's interesting." It was a weak remark, but June had seldom felt less conversationally brilliant.

Silence came again. A third helping of tapioca pudding was politely declined. June then pushed across the cheese. William removed its cover and disclosed an extremely meager piece of Leicestershire.

"Please may I give you a little?" he asked with his inimitable air.

"There'll be none for yourself if you do. Besides, I don't want any. No, thank you." She remembered her manners, although that was not easy just now. "I'll go out presently and buy some more. I'd clean forgotten the cheese."

"Please—please take this tiny piece."

"When I say no I don't mean yes," said June, tempering strength of character with calm politeness. "I can't imagine Miss Babraham eating a piece of Leicestershire cheese in a dirty overall. Can you?"

The remark was so irrelevant that it was grotesque.

It was quite open to William to follow the line of least resistance and ignore the question. A William less true-blood, a William less a gentleman right through to the core, might, without dishonor, have done so. But this was a William of a nobler clay.

"Miss June, your overall isn't dirty."

The rich sincerity of these six and a half little words seemed gravely to imperil the whole sublime edifice of his impersonality.

He was contradicted flatly for his pains; yet she knew in her heart that whether the overall was dirty or whether it was clean the renegade was already half forgiven.

"What did you think of her dress?"

This new onrush of irrelevance was despicable, but she seemed quite to have lost control of herself.

"It was perfect. To my mind, nothing is more becoming to a tall lady than a dress of soft dark blue silk."

The sawney! As though it was not his clear and obvious duty never even to have noticed whether Miss Babraham wore a dress of soft blue silk or a muslin with spots or a gray alpaca or just a plain serge. Times there are when the stupidity of the human male has really no limit.

"Must have cost a pretty penny," said June acidly.

William shook his head and boldly affirmed that it couldn't be bought for money.

"That's just nonsense!" said June. "There isn't a dress in the world that couldn't be bought for money."

"What I really mean is, to have a dress which looks like that you would also have to buy its wearer," said William the Amazing.

June expressed a ripe scorn by vehemently beginning to clear the table. High time, certainly. They had been discussing cold mutton and pickled walnuts and tapioca pudding and Leicestershire cheese and things and women for one solid hour by the Queen Anne clock, a real antique, in the middle of the chimney-piece, for which S. Gedge, Antiques, had lately refused the sum of forty guineas.

She Told Him Plainly That Much as She Disliked Her Present Address She Did Not Propose to Change It Until Her Lawful Property Had Been Restored to Her

XIX

IN THE course of the afternoon June found herself immersed in the crisis of her fate. It began with a desire to own a dress of soft blue silk, which was insane.

Not a shade of excuse could be found for this vaulting ambition. But it was fixed so firmly in the center of her mind that when she set out soon after three to order the cheese she could think of nothing else. The grocer was at the end of the street and a couple of minutes did her business with him. And then in the toils of imperious desire she marched boldly down to Charing Cross and took a bus to Oxford Circus.

A yearning for a dress of blue silk was upon her like a passion. It was madness, and yet it was very delicious. What could a blue silk dress avail when at any moment she was likely to be cast adrift? That thought hit hard as she sauntered slowly along the Street of Streets, gazing wistfully upon its long array of too fascinating drapers' windows.

Her store of worldly wealth was nineteen pounds and a few odd shillings. It was as certain as anything could be that she was about to enter upon the most critical period of her life, and this was all she had to tide her over. But do what she would to act like a reasonable being she was now at the mercy of a demon more powerful than common prudence. She was haunted by a passion for a blue silk dress, and no matter what happened to her afterwards she must satisfy that craving.

It was a rather thrilling business to rake these forbidden windows in quest of a thing it was sheer madness to buy, yet within one's power to do so. Why was she going to buy it? Because she wanted it so badly? Why did she want it so badly? That was a question she could not answer.

Had she been really pretty this folly might have seemed less amazing. But she knew she was plain. At least, she always felt and always passed for plain at Blackhampton. But her pilgrimage along Oxford Street, which in the middle of a bright afternoon of early October seemed the Mecca of fashion, beauty and good taste, went some way to change the attitude she had taken up in regard to her personal appearance.

Plain she might be, her clothes might be severely provincial, their hue depressing, but she was clearly informed by the sixth sense given to woman that she was not wholly unlooked at. It was nice to feel that such was the case; indeed it was stimulating, yet so deeply was she occupied just then with large affairs that she didn't think much about it.

After many windows she had seen, she found herself drifting with the tide into a store of regal aspect. Here she was received by young women, elegant and gracious, with a courteous charm that made a search for five yards of blue silk fabric in its least expensive form a perfectly simple and yet delightful adventure. Moreover, it brought in its train a great idea. Was it necessary, after all, that domestic servitude should be her lot? Might it not be possible to become one of these smart and pleasant ladies in their neat black dresses?

Expenditure of spirit, anxious care went to the final purchase of four and a half yards of cotton-silk material, more cotton than silk, at eight and eleven pence three farthings a yard; and then the new thought gained such a hold upon her that before leaving the store she took an inventory of her person in one of the huge mirrors that made the place so enchanting. Standing boldly in front of the great glass, surveying herself with a curiosity that was half fear, she went over her points as might an Eastern merchant who buys a slave.

She was taller than she supposed. That was thought the first. And if she wore shoes with high heels, as so many girls did, she could look still taller. She might pass for slender. That was her second thought; and her chest was something to be proud of. She might not have much grace, and she might lack style, yet she didn't lack dignity.

But when all was said it was her hair that was important. This she had always known, but in the strong and subtle lights of the best mirror into which she had ever gazed it ministered considerably to the sum and total of her charms. Perhaps her friend, Mr. Boultby, the druggist, had not overshot the mark when he compared her hair to the Empress Eugénie's, and said it ought to be painted by an R. A.

A mop of russet-gold hair was little enough for a girl who stood in her particular shoes. She felt that as she gazed upon it; felt it, moreover, with something akin to resentment. But even a self-criticism, cool and stern, must allow that she made a better showing in the store mirror than could have been expected. She was far from being beautiful, but that hair in its subtle-tinted abundance saved her somehow from being ordinary. And today she looked very much alive with the bloom of youth and health

Four and a half yards of blue material under her arm, she went out into Oxford Street, feeling rather better equipped for the battle of life. She drew back a pair of shoulders that were really not so bad, and defiantly lifted a chin that had looked uncommonly square in the mirror. It was good to feel that she had underrated herself. She must learn to dress in the London way, and then she might be able to hold her own.

(Continued on Page 26)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

A heaping plateful every time!

And you can eat Campbell's Beans without wondering whether they will agree with you. For they are slow-cooked and so easily digested that you can indulge yourself to your heart's content. It's news to many people that they can now eat beans plentifully; they can be certain that Campbell's Beans will be as wholesome as they are delicious and satisfying.

Serve hot **Serve cold**

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

Walking slowly back to Oxford Circus, head higher now, she began quite to like this new idea of becoming a shop assistant. At the worst, it would be a far easier and more dignified way of life than domestic service. So much was she engaged by it, and so great the pressure of her thoughts that at first she didn't notice that a man was following her.

The knowledge overtook her by degrees. Stopping to look in various windows, each time she did so brought a vague feeling that the eyes of a man were upon her. She crossed the Circus, but the feeling was still there. And at the corner of Berners Street, without knowing how, surmise entered the region of fact. Moreover, she even contrived to learn the style of man he was.

Out of the tail of an eye, as she stood by the edge of the curb, she saw that he was pale and dark, neither short nor tall, that he had a slight mustache, and wore a hat of peach-colored velours. His presence gave her an odd feeling; in fact, it might be said to frighten her just a little, although there was certainly no reason why it should in broad daylight. But she had an idea that he was going to speak to her and that he was seeking an opportunity to do so.

Hastily she moved on, determined to give further shop windows a miss for the present. However, she had not gone far when it occurred to her that she was in need of a cup of tea, and that it would be very pleasant to have one.

Just across the road was a tea shop. The fear of pursuit still upon her, the sudden dash she made for this bourn was so ill-timed that her sovereign faculty of keeping her head in a crisis was needed to save her from being run over by Bus 13, which was going to the Bell at Hendon.

With quite a sense of adventure she went to one of a row of vacant tables at the far end of the shop. She ordered a small pot of tea, a scone and a pat of butter. And then she realized that a pale dark man, neither short nor tall, with a slight mustache, and wearing a hat of peach-colored velours, had followed her in and was just about to take a seat at the table next her own.

XX

JUNE was not a timid girl. She had no lack of courage; and now that a chance had been given her to reason things out, a feeling akin to fear promptly yielded to mere annoyance. And even that emotion took wings when she had had time to glance at the hat of peach-colored velours. Its owner looked harmless enough. He was a man of thirty or perhaps a little more; he wore a well-cut black jacket, a pair of rather baggy trousers of a light gray check, a silk collar, a flowing bow tie, a diamond ring on the little finger of the left hand. The general effect of what to June was a decidedly interesting personality was to fulfill her preconceived idea of an artist.

As soon as the man felt the gaze of June upon him he swept off the hat of peach-colored velours with a gesture at once easy and graceful, fortified it with a smile at which it would have been impossible to take offense, and said with a slight lisp, "Miss Graham?"

"I am not Miss Graham," said June calmly.

She always prided herself upon her self-possession. Just now it seemed to help her considerably.

The man carried off his question with such an air of tact that it must have ranked as a bona-fide mistake had not June been aware that he had crossed the road and followed her into the shop. Rather strangely, as soon as he took it upon himself to speak to her the lingering sense of vexation gave way to curiosity. The mere look of the man had the power to excite an immediate interest, but June was careful to keep strictly upon her guard.

He ordered a bottle of ginger beer, and when the waitress had gone for it he turned to June and said with the companionable air of an old friend, "It's funny, but you are exactly like a girl I used to know."

"Why funny?" asked June bluntly.

The nature of the question and the look of June's keen eye made the man smile a little. Evidently she was a bit of a character. It appeared to stimulate him.

"It's always funny when you mistake someone for someone else."

"Is it?" said June warily.

"Don't you agree?" he said with a laugh that sounded decidedly pleasant.

"It's a thing I should never think of doing myself."

"You are lucky." He was amused by her bluntness. "I wish I had your good memory."

The tea arrived, and June poured it out in a spirit of thankfulness. As soon as she had drunk half a cup, which was quite reviving, she forgot all about her annoyance in a new feeling of exhilaration tempered by quiet amusement.

"You are most remarkably like a Scotch girl I used to know in Paris," said the man, taking up the conversation after having drunk a little, a very little, ginger beer.

"Am I?" said June coolly.

"She was an artist's model. Sometimes she used to sit for me."

"Are you an artist?" said June, allowing herself to become interested, for the reason perhaps that she simply could not help it.

"Of sorts," was the answer. "I studied several years in Paris before the war."

From the moment he had sat down at the next table and June had been able to get a clear view of him she had somehow known that art was his calling. He looked an artist so emphatically that there would have been something fatally wrong with the cosmos had he turned out to be anything else.

In spite of a determination to be very cautious indeed she was not equal to the task of repressing an ever-growing curiosity. Art had lately come to have a magic meaning for her.

"What kind of pictures do you paint?"

"Portraits and the figure chiefly."

"Do you ever paint landscapes?"

"They are not quite my line of country," said the man. "Portraits and the figure are what I go for as a rule. I am looking for a model now. Would you like to sit to me?"

"I don't know." June spoke doubtfully. "I don't think I could."

"Haven't you ever sat?"

"No, I haven't."

"Time you began. You are just the sort of girl."

"Why am I?"

"For one thing, you have personality."

This was a surprising and rather thrilling corroboration of Mr. Boultby. At the back of her mind the old druggist had always figured as a bit of a gas bag with a ready flow of conversation and a gift of easy compliment. But it would seem that this estimate did him less than justice. Mr. Boultby was better informed than she had thought. And at this moment a phrase he had used came back to her with a force that was a little startling. "A girl as good-looking as you can always get a living," Mr. Boultby had once said.

"I suppose you mean my hair?" said June naively.

He showed two rows of very white and level teeth in a smile which piqued her curiosity.

"Partly your hair and partly your figure," he said, taking a second tiny sip of ginger beer. "Why not come and try? I have a studio in Haliburton Street, just out of Manning Square."

June shook a doubtful head. She then gave a glance sideways at the imbiber of the ginger beer. Her knowledge of the world was slender, but she was not a fool, and there was something about this forthcomingness which even exceeded that of Mr. Boultby himself and that warned her to be careful.

"You'd be well paid, of course."

"How much?" June had no false modesty when it came to a question of money. This was an aspect of the matter that had not struck her until then.

"I'd pay you five shillings an hour," he said lightly, "and ten for the altogether."

June's heart gave a leap. To a girl in her position it was a princely reward. Such an offer seemed most tempting. But a moment's consideration of the issues it raised brought on a sudden fit of shyness.

"I don't think I could," she said.

"Why not?" The eyes of the man were now fixed intently upon her face.

"Oh, I don't——"

"Not enough, eh?"

She felt his eyes so forcibly upon her that she colored hotly.

"It isn't that."

"What's your reason then?"

"I've not been used to that sort of thing."

He smiled broadly.

"It's only a matter of keeping still. Of course I shall not press you to sit for the altogether if you had rather not."

"The altogether" was Greek to June.

However, she did not confess her ignorance, but was content to make a mental note to ask William what it meant. And at the moment she did so the thought of William brought the Van Roon to her mind.

"I suppose you know a lot about pictures?" An idea was forming already in that practical head.

"Perhaps I know as much about them as some people," said the man, beginning to roll a cigarette.

June could not help feeling that his answer was in piquant contrast to what William's would have been had such a question been put to him. It had a self-complacency which even if it implied deep knowledge was also open to criticism.

"What do you think a Van Roon would be worth?"

"A Van Roon?" he said off-handedly. "Well, you know, that might depend on many things."

"They are very valuable, I suppose," said June, trying to look innocent.

"Very valuable, indeed, at the present time. Privately, I think they are overrated. The Flemish School is being run to death; but of course that's only my opinion."

"Would it be worth a hundred pounds?"

"What? A Van Roon?" The man laughed. "My good girl, you might multiply a hundred pounds by a hundred, and then think you had got some bargain if you found yourself the owner of a Van Roon."

"This mightn't be a good one."

June spoke cautiously. She saw at once that it would be wise to go slow.

"All Van Roons are good, you know. But some, of course, are a bit better than others."

"I've been told it is one of the best," said June after a moment's deliberation.

"Which are you talking about? The one in the National Gallery, I suppose. That's the only Van Roon in this country. The Americans have robbed us of three within the last ten years."

"Yes, I've heard so," said June with a wise air.

"In my humble opinion it can't be compared with the chap in the Louvre, and they say that its stable companion, which was cut out of its frame back in the '90's and has never been found, is even finer."

"Still you think it's very valuable?"

"The one in the National Gallery? Sure! It wouldn't be there, you know, if it wasn't. The Flemish School is booming these days, and Van Roon is the pick of the bunch, and the least prolific. Tell me" the man's small and rather furtive eyes began to twinkle—"why are you so interested in Van Roons? Is it, by any chance, that you've got one for sale?" And he laughed very softly and gently at what he evidently considered to be a rich joke.

June looked at him gravely.

"It so happens that I have," she said with a caution that seemed to give the value of drama to a simple announcement.

XXI

ADOLPH KELLER was the man's name. And, as June was to learn later, he had never felt more amused in his life. It was really a jest that he should follow a countrified-looking girl into a tea shop, get into conversation with her, and then be quietly told that she had a Van Roon to sell. There was something rather pathetic in a girl of her class making such a statement. All she could mean was that somehow she had got hold of a more or less dud copy of Sun and Cloud, that much-lithographed work in the National Gallery which in consequence was now familiar to the big public.

"So you've got a Van Roon for sale, have you?" said Adolph Keller, who was hardly able to keep from laughing outright. "Good for you! What's the size of it?"

"Sixteen inches by twelve," said June with the patness of one who prided herself, and with reason, upon a most excellent memory.

"Without the frame?"

June nodded.

"Yes, that's about the size," said Keller. "It's called Sun and Cloud, I suppose?"

"It's not called anything at present," said June, "as far as I know, although sun and cloud are in it."

"Bound to be—if it's a Van Roon."

"And there are trees as well."

"Trees, are there? A copy of the one in the National Gallery, I expect. Is there a windmill in the left-hand corner?"

There was no windmill in the left-hand corner, June declared with confidence. She remembered that at first William had thought there was, but had changed his opinion later.

"Then that washes out the National Gallery. I dare say it's a copy of L'Automne, in the Louvre. By the way, how did you come by it?"

"It was given to me by a gentleman, a friend of mine," said June after a moment for reflection.

"A very good friend too." The tone of the laugh had a little too much banter to be pleasant. "Isn't everybody, you know, who gives a Van Roon to his best girl. A bit of a plutocrat evidently."

June didn't know what a plutocrat was, but she was too proud to say so. She made a mental note to look up the word in the dictionary.

"How did your rich friend come by it? Do you happen to know?"

"He isn't rich," said June with a wish for perfect honesty. "He found it in a shop."

"Where was the shop?"

"It was at a place called Crowdham Market."

"Down in Suffolk. Sounds a funny place to find a Van Roon."

"It was ever so dirty when it was found. And another picture seemed to have been painted on the top of it."

"Queer." The eyes of Adolph Keller narrowed in their intentness. "Who told you it was a Van Roon?"

"The man who gave it to me."

"Who told him?"

"He found the signature." June's quiet precision owed something to the fact that she was now fully and rather deliciously aware of the effect she was making.

"What! The signature of Mynheer Van Roon?"

"Yes," said June.

The incredulity of Keller had yielded now to a powerful curiosity. He looked at June with a keenness he tried hard to veil. This was a very unlikely story, yet he knew enough of life to appreciate the fact that that was no reason why it should not be true.

Besides, this girl had such an ingenuous air that it was impossible to believe her tale was a deliberate invention. At the same time it had elements which were particularly hard to swallow.

"Why was the picture given to you?"

"I asked for it," said June, whose simple honesty now involved a telltale blush.

Mr. Keller looked her steadily in the eye, and then he laughed, but not unsympathetically.

"Your best boy, I suppose, and he could deny you nothing."

"That's it," said June awkwardly. This audacious irony was new to her, and she did not know how to meet it.

"By the way, what is this young chap of yours? An artist?"

"Yes," said June. "I suppose he is—in a way. He studies art and renovates pictures, and he knows a lot about them."

"Not so much as he thinks," said Adolph Keller, "else he would not be such a fool as to go giving away a Van Roon, even to a girl as nice and pretty as you are."

He had lowered his voice to a soft whisper that had rare sweetness and carrying power. There was something about him that was powerfully attractive; at the same time a look had crept into a pair of rather furtive eyes that was oddly repellent.

"Do you say you really have this picture in your possession?" His intentness when he put this question made June feel a little uncomfortable.

"Yes, it has been given to me."

"Could you let me see it?"

June hesitated.

"I think I could," she said after a pause.

"Well, suppose you bring it round to my studio for me to look at?"

Again June hesitated.

"As you like, of course," said Keller carelessly. "I was only thinking it might be worth your while, that's all. You see, I happen to know one or two dealers and people, and I might be able to find out for you just what it's worth."

June saw the force of this. She was in desperate straits, and this man had the appearance of a friend in need.

"Perhaps I will," she said.

"Very well," said the man. "When will you come?"

For a moment June thought hard. "I couldn't come before Thursday."

"That'll suit me. What time?"

June continued to think hard. "It would have to be between three and four." She spoke with slow reluctance. "That's the only time I can really get away."

(Continued on Page 28)

C A D I L L A C

There is no subtle nor secret explanation for women's preference for the Cadillac.

Delving straight to the heart of good motoring, women demand the rarest, the most unusual trait in an automobile—utter dependability.

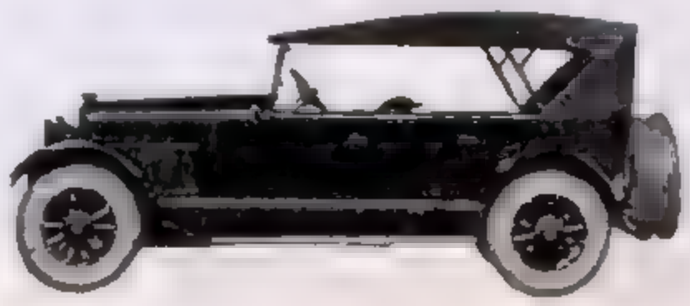
They require that the motor car of their choice shall be so sound mechanically that they need never give it a moment's thought, save of admiration for its consistent, flawless performance.

In addition, they require that it be safe, simple, and easy to drive. Exquisite beauty, elegance of appointment and embellishment, restful travel, they expect as a matter of course.

But first, foremost, and fundamentally their demand is for complete trustworthiness; for the sureness that alone spells satisfaction, the constancy of performance that promotes peace of mind.

Granted that this is what women demand in an automobile, isn't it perfectly logical and natural that they should show unmistakable favor for the Cadillac?

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation



Jim Henry's Column

A Lesson from the Nursery

Reflect on how a baby is cared for. The tiny body floats, you might almost say, in fairy-like coverings of talcum powder, sheerest linen and wool and silk, resting on eiderdown. Every precaution is taken to protect Baby's skin from irritation.

That is because it is recognized that discomfort in babyhood not only checks growth but is instrumental in developing a nervous petulance which may be a characteristic through life.

The point is that comfort is just as necessary for you as it is for a baby, and discomfort is just as harmful.

When you are uncomfortable—when your skin itches and clothes stick to you and the acids of perspiration irritate—your nerves get scratchy and you are unhappy and comparatively useless.

If you had a nurse to look after your comfort, she would keep your skin well covered with Mennen Borated Talcum in hot weather, just as millions and millions of babies have been protected by Mennen's.

That's what Mennen Borated Talcum is—a protection—an almost invisible, mildly antiseptic film which covers the skin and prevents friction.

You'll see what I mean if you will borrow the nursery Mennen Talcum tomorrow and shake it all over yourself after your bath. Your street clothes will feel loose as pajamas. You'll get through a hot day with less nervous strain. Keep it up all Summer and you will admit the importance to health of skin comfort.

About all I need to say about the quality of Mennen Borated Talcum is that it is almost certainly the kind they use in your nursery—the one place in your house where there is never any compromise on quality. Baby always gets the best.

Mennen Borated Talcum costs a quarter at all drug stores.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 26)

"All right," said the man briskly. "You'll find me at the Haliburton Street Studios up till five o'clock on Thursday. Number Four. Give a good ring; the bell is a bit out of gear. My name is Keller. Can you remember it or shall I write it down for you, with the address?"

"Write them down for me, please."

The man tore a leaf from a notebook, and wrote his name and address with a fountain pen: Adolph Keller, 4, Haliburton Street Studio, Manning Square, Soho. When he had done this and given it to her, he tore out another leaf and asked her to write down hers.

This she accordingly did, and then the sudden thought of William's tea caused her to rise abruptly.

Mr. Keller wished to pay her bill, which was fivepence, but she declined to let him.

"*Au revoir!* Thursday afternoon. Manning Square is only about three minutes from here. Don't forget," were the words with which he took leave of her. "Bring it along. I dare say I'll be able to tell you whether it is genuine, and perhaps give you an idea of its value."

He laughed slightly, and then offered his hand in a very friendly manner. She took it with a reluctance she was rather ashamed of showing. He was so kind, so agreeable, so anxious to be of use that there seemed no warrant for the subtle complexity of feeling he had aroused in her.

XXII

JUNE'S way home to New Cross Street was fraught with questioning. Much would depend on what she did now. She felt that her whole life was about to turn on the decision she had to take in a very difficult matter.

There was no one to guide her, not a soul on whose advice she might lean. But before she had returned to the threshold of S. Gedge, Antiques, she had made a resolve to get immediate possession of the picture and to let this Mr. Keller have a look at it. She did not altogether like him, it was true. But the feeling was irrational; she must be sensible enough not to let it set her against him without due cause. For he was a friend whom Providence had unmistakably thrown in her way, and there was no other to whom she might turn.

William was a broken reed. With all his perception and talent he was likely to prove hopeless now that Uncle Si was setting his wits to work to obtain the picture for himself. William's devotion to his master's interest would be simply fatal to her scheme. For the sake of them both June felt she must take full advantage of the heaven-sent opportunity provided by this Mr. Keller.

Other decisions, too, would have to be made. As soon as Uncle Si knew the picture was hers he would almost certainly carry out his threat of putting her in the street; at least she was no judge of character if the event proved otherwise. A means of livelihood must be sought at once. That afternoon's experience of Oxford Street had opened up new vistas, which, however, might lead nowhere. But even if she could not get employment in a shop Mr. Keller's offer of work as an artist's model at five shillings an hour must not be lightly put aside.

The first thing to be done, however, was to clinch William's gift of the picture once and for all. She made up her mind that it should be consummated then and there, before the return of Uncle Si from Newbury.

As soon as William had been given his tea she broached the subject. But when she asked for immediate and exclusive possession his crest fell.

"I was still hoping, Miss June," the simpleton owned, "that you'd let the dear old master have this lovely thing. It has come to mean so much to him, you see. I will get another one for you."

"Not another Van Roon," said June sharply.

"No, I'm afraid I couldn't promise a Van Roon." A cloud passed over William's face. "But I might be able to pick up something quite good, which perhaps you would come to like as much."

June shook a disconsolate head.

"I don't think," she said in a slow voice as she fixed her eyes on the wall in front of her, "there is another picture in the world I should value so much as that one. I simply love that picture."

William was troubled.

"The old master loves it too."

"But you gave it to me, you know." June was painfully conscious of a swift deepening of color.

The plain fact was not denied.

"You mustn't think me very hard and grasping if I hold you to the bargain."

"No, Miss June. If you insist of course the picture is yours."

"To do with just as I like?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

June proceeded to take the bull by the horns. "Very well," she said. "After supper I shall ask you to hand it over to me, and I will put it in a place of safety."

William sighed heavily. He seemed almost on the verge of tears. June simply loathed the part she was playing. The only consolation was that she was acting quite as much in his interest as in her own.

Uncle Si came in shortly before eight. He sat down to supper in quite a good humor. For once the old man was in high conversational feather.

It was clear that his mind was still full of the picture. Without subscribing for one moment to William's preposterous theory that the thing was a genuine Van Roon, he had had a further talk on the matter with his friend, Mr. Thornton, with whom he had traveled down to Newbury; moreover, he had arranged with that gentleman to bring his friend, Duponnet, the famous Paris expert who was now in London, to come and look at it on Thursday afternoon. M. Duponnet, who knew more about Van Roon than anybody living and had had several pass through his hands in the last ten years, would be able to say positively whether William was wrong and S. Gedge, Antiques, was right, or—with a devout gesture for which June longed to pull his ugly nose—vice versa.

The time had now come for June to show her hand. Very quietly indeed her bolt was launched: William had given the picture to her.

The old man simply stared at her. It was clear, however, that his thoughts were running so hard upon M. Duponnet and the higher potentialities that just at first he was not able to grasp the significance of June's bald statement.

So that there should be no doubt about the position June modestly repeated it.

"Given it to you!" said the old man, a light beginning to break. "How do you mean—given it to you?"

Calmly, patiently, June threw a little more light on the subject. And while she did so her eyes were fixed with veiled defiance upon the face of Uncle Si. The thought uppermost in her mind was that he took it far better than could have been expected.

"Given it to you," he kept on saying to himself softly. There was no explosion. "Given it to you," he kept on. He grew a little green about the gills, and that was all.

At last he turned to William. "Boy, what's this? Is the girl daft?" The mildness of tone was astonishing.

William explained as well as he could. It was a lame and halting performance, and at that moment June was not proud of him. But she was even less proud of herself. The part she was playing, gloss it over as one might, was ignoble. And William's embarrassment was rather painful to witness. He stammered a good deal, he grew red and nervous; and all the while the voice of his kind and good master became more deeply reproachful, and melted finally in a note of real pathos.

"How could you do such a thing?" he said. "Why, you know as well as I do, my boy, that I would have given you anything in reason for that picture—anything in reason."

And there he sat at his supper, the very image of outraged benevolence and enthusiasm, a Christian with a halo!

"Old serpent!" said the fierce eyes that June fixed upon his face. For a moment it looked as if the old wretch was going to shed tears. But no, he was content with a mild snuffle, and that was all.

XXIII

BY BEDTIME, when June went to her attic, she had fully made up her mind that there must be no half measures now. She feared Uncle Si more than ever. There was something in that snuffle at the supper table, in that whine of outraged feeling, in that down-gazing eye that was far more formidable than any mere outburst of violence. Here was such a depth of hypocrisy that she must look out.

A light was showing under the studio door. June's knock met with a prompt invitation to enter. William was affectionately lingering over a few final touches, which should prove beyond a doubt the authenticity of this masterpiece.

"Have you got it really clean at last?" said June, trying to speak lightly, yet not succeeding.

Emotional strain could not be so easily concealed; and—uncomfortable thought—her acting was not so finished as that of the old crocodile.

"Yes," said William with a little thrill of rapture. "And how wonderful it is!"

June agreed. "Yes, wonderful!" Also with a little thrill of rapture, yet loathing herself because her tone was so vibrant; the old crocodile was not to have a walk-over after all! "And now if you don't mind I'll put it in a place of safety."

He flashed one swift glance at her. "But, Miss June, isn't it quite safe here?"

"I should just think it wasn't!" leaped to the tip of her tongue. But Uncle Si's masterly snuffle recalled to her mind the value of meiosis. Thus she had recourse to a gentle "I think I'll sleep better if I take care of it myself," which sounded quite disarming.

With one of his deep sighs which made her feel a perfect beast, William handed over the picture.

"If you only knew, if you could only guess what pleasure this exquisite thing would give the dear old master ——"

Overcome by a kind of nausea June fled headlong to the room next door. She groped for her candle, found and lit it; and then proceeded to bury the treasure at the bottom of her trunk. Heaping and pressing down as many things upon the picture as the trunk would hold, she locked it carefully and put the key in her purse. Then she undressed, knelt and said her prayers; she then blew out the candle and crept into bed with a stifling sense of disgust, tempered by grim satisfaction.

XXIV

NEXT morning at the breakfast table June looked for developments. To her surprise, however, things went their accustomed way, except that if anything Uncle Si was a little more amiable than usual. He made no reference to the Van Roon; but it was referred to in his manner, since he bore bacon and coffee to his lips with the air of a known good man deeply wounded in his private feelings.

Not a feather of this by-play was lost upon his niece; and no doubt, what was of more importance, it was not lost upon William. But its impact was very different in the two cases. While June simply longed to hit the old crocodile upon his long and wicked nose William seemed hardset to refrain from tears.

About midday, however, while June was in the back kitchen preparing a meal, Uncle Si came to her.

"Niece," he said in the new voice whose softness June found so formidable, "you remember the other day I told you to look for a job?"

June nodded.

"Have you got one?"

"No, I haven't."

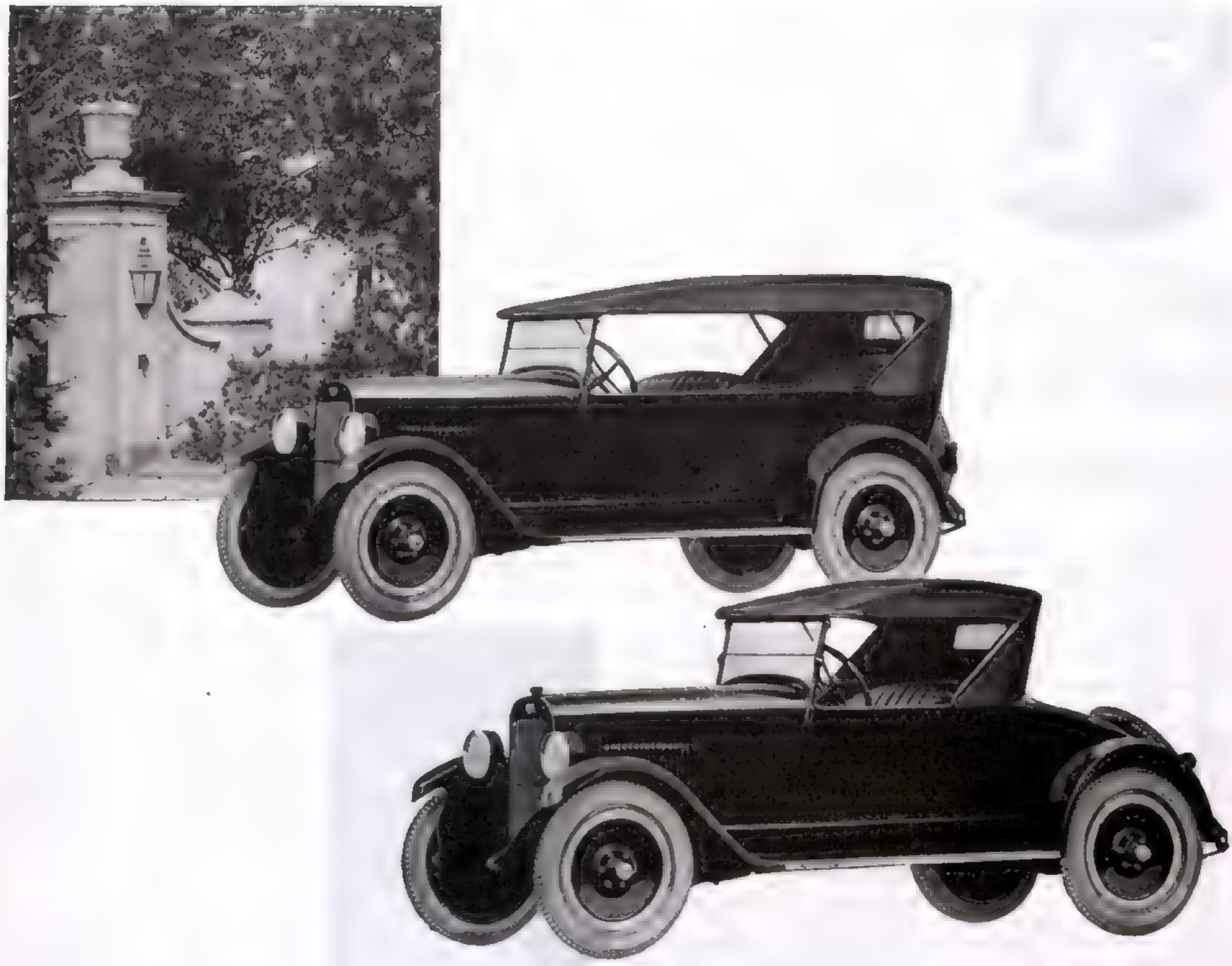
"Well, Mrs. R. is coming back on Monday, so the sooner you get fixed up the better. Your best plan, I think, is to go this afternoon and have your name put down at a registry office as a cook-general. Cook-generals earn good money, and they live all found. Your cooking won't be the Carlton or the Ritz, of course"—a gleam of frosty humor played upon that subtle face—"but you seem strong and willing, and you know how to boil a potato, and no doubt you'll improve with experience."

June felt inclined to curtsy. The old wretch plainly felt that he was giving her a handsome testimonial. But at the back of her mind were anger and contempt, and it was as much as she could do to prevent their peeping out.

After dinner, as soon as the table was clear and the pots washed, she proceeded to take Uncle Si at his word. She decided to go out at once and look for a place, which however, except as a last resort, should not be domestic service. To begin with, she would try the shops, or perhaps the dressmakers, as her mother always said she was handy with her needle; or, failing these, she might consider the exciting proposal of becoming an artist's model.

Fixing her hat before the crazy looking-glass the thought of Mr. Keller recurred to her mind. Had the day only been Thursday she could have taken the picture to him

(Continued on Page 30)



Every day, in a sound, substantial way, the good Maxwell is proving how worthy it is of the warm good will which is being bestowed upon it. Today its name stands as high for rugged, reliable service as for surpassing beauty.

Cord tires, non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels, demountable at rim and at hub; drum type lamps; Alemite lubrication; motor driven electric horn; unusually long springs; deep, wide, roomy seats; real leather upholstery in open cars, broadcloth in closed cars; open car side-curtains open with doors; clutch and brake action, steering and gear shifting, remarkably easy; new type watertight windshield. Prices F. O. B. Factory, revenue tax to be added: Touring Car, $885; Roadster, $885; Coupe, $1385, Sedan, $1485.

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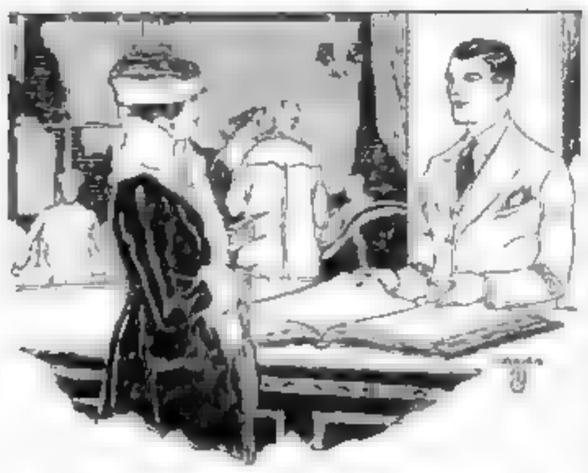
MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The Good

MAXWELL



KEENAN
Hotel
SYSTEM

Acknowledged Leadership

In Milwaukee, Toledo and Fort Wayne you will find a leading hotel—one with all the cheerful comforts of home—one where the best people meet—one of better service—and you will find that this leading hotel is a Keenan Hotel.

The beautiful, home-like appointments, the friendly atmosphere and the courteous and willing service of an efficient staff cause people to return to our hotels each year, and give Keenan unchallenged leadership.

Keenan Hotels are leaders because it is the creed of the Keenan System to give the guest every courtesy, service and consideration possible, to want you to get a little more attention than you expected, so that when you leave you will feel fully satisfied that we have given service supreme.

You will also find the dining rooms of Keenan Hotels very popular. Our cuisine service is such as to meet the requirements of the most particular guest, and our prices are moderate.

Sales managers should note when routing their salesmen that only those itineraries which take in these cities are made out to the best advantage when they include the Keenan Hotels.

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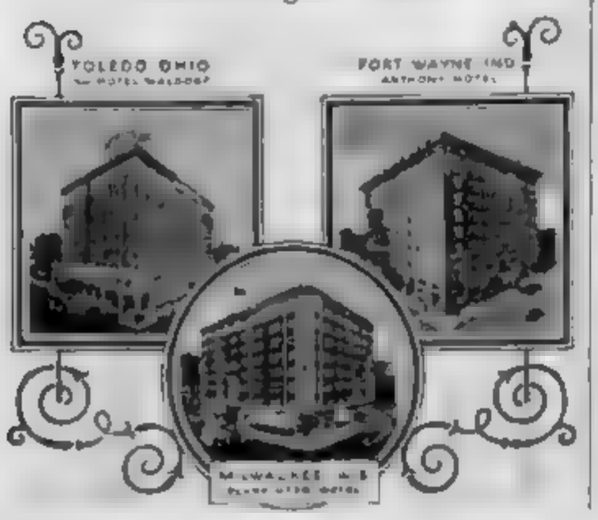
Milwaukee

THE WALDORF
Toledo

THE ANTHONY
Fort Wayne

Acknowledged Leaders



(Continued from Page 28)

there and then and had his opinion upon it. Not that such a course would have been altogether wise. She knew nothing about this new and rather mysterious acquaintance beyond the fact that if speech and manner meant anything he was a gentleman. Certainly, to talk to he was most agreeable.

Before setting out on her pilgrimage she had to make up her mind as to whether it would not be advisable to take the Van Roon with her and put it in a place of safety. So long as it remained under that roof it was in jeopardy. Uncle Si was not to be trusted an inch. The fact, however, that she had nowhere to take the treasure decided her finally to let it stay where it was until the next day.

Anyway, it was under lock and key. That was something to be thankful for; yet as she came downstairs and passed through the shop into New Cross Street, drawing on her neat black gloves with a sinking heart, instinct told her that she was taking a grave risk in leaving the picture behind.

No, S. Gedge, Antiques, was not to be trusted for a moment. Of that she was quite sure. By the time she had gone twenty yards along the street this feeling of insecurity took such a hold upon her that she stopped abruptly and faced about. To go back or not to go back? Indecision was unlike her, but never was it so hard to make up her mind. Could it be that Uncle Si was as wicked as she thought? Perhaps she had now become the prey of her own guilty conscience. In any case, she knew of nowhere just then in which to place the precious thing; and this fact it was that turned the scale and finally settled the question.

She went on down to the Strand, and took a bus to Oxford Circus. That Mecca, alas, did not prove nearly so stimulating as on the previous afternoon. As soon as she came really to grips with that most daunting of all tasks, the looking for a job, her hopes and her courage were woefully dashed. Real pluck was needed to enter such a palace as David Jones, Limited, to go up without faltering to some haughty overseer in a frock coat and spats and ask if an assistant was wanted.

Three times, in various shops, she screwed herself to the heroic pitch of asking that difficult question. Three times she met with a chilling response. And the only gleam of hope was on the last occasion.

"There is one vacancy, I believe," said Olympian Zeus. "But all applicants must apply by letter for a personal interview with the manager."

Sooner than renew the attempt just then, June felt she would prefer to die. A girl from the provinces, new to London and its ways, without credentials or friends or knowledge of the ropes, must not expect to be taken on—at any rate in Oxford Street.

Much cast down she returned to her tea shop of yesterday. Seated at the same table her mind went back to the fascinating acquaintance she had made there. Was it possible that a career had been offered her? Or was the suggestion of this new friend merely the outcome of a keen interest in the picture?

It could not be so entirely, because she clearly remembered that Mr. Keller had proposed her sitting to him as a model before she had mentioned the picture at all.

She went back to New Cross Street in a state of gloom; her mind was dominated by a sense of being up against it. And this unhappy feeling was not lessened by the discovery she made as soon as she entered that cold and uninviting garret: In her absence the lock of her trunk had been forced and the picture taken away.

The tragedy was exactly what she had foreseen. But faced by the bitter fact she was swept by a tempest of rage. It could be the work of only one person. Her fear and dislike of Uncle Si rose to hatred now.

In a surge of anger she went downstairs and in the presence of William charged Uncle Si.

"You've been at my box!" she stormed.

He looked at her with a kind of calm pensiveness over the top of his spectacles.

"If you lock away things, my girl, that don't belong to you I'm afraid you'll have to stand the racket."

So lofty, so severe was the old man's tone that for the moment June was staggered.

"It's stealing!" she cried, returning, hectic, to the attack.

Uncle Si waggled a magisterial finger in her face. "Niece," he said with a quietude which put her at a disadvantage, "I must ask you not to make an exhibition of yourself. Have the goodness to hold your tongue."

June maintained the charge. "The picture's mine. William gave it me. You've broken open my box and stolen it."

S. Gedge, Antiques, after a mild side glance in the direction of William, proceeded to fix a glacial eye upon his niece. "What I have to say is this." His tone was more magisterial than ever. "At present, my girl, you are under age, and as long as you live with me the law regards me as your guardian. And, as I have told William already, in my opinion you are not a fit and proper person to have the care of a thing so valuable as this picture may prove to be. Mind you"—the old fox gave William a meaningful look—"I don't go so far as to say that it is valuable, but I say that it might be. And in that case I can't allow a mere ignorant girl from the country, who, in a manner of speaking, doesn't know the letter A from a pig's foot, to accept it from you, my boy. It's very generous of you, and I hope she's thanked you properly, but if I allow her to take it some unscrupulous dealer is sure to bamboozle her out of it. That's assuming it's valuable—which, of course, I don't go so far as to say that it is."

"Thief!" stormed June. "Wicked thief!"

However, she knew well enough that it was a real pity to let her feelings get the better of her; it enabled the old crocodile to shine so much by comparison. He addressed himself to William in his most sanctimonious manner. For the good of all concerned, such a bee-yew-ti-ful thing—it sickened June to see the old humbug lift his eyes to heaven—must be cared for by him personally.

An uneducated malkin could not hope to appreciate a work of art of that quality, and if anything happened to it, as in such hands something inevitably must, William's master would never be able to forgive himself; he wouldn't really!

The old man spoke so gently and so plausibly and hovered at times so near to tears that William would have been less than human not to have been moved by his words. Uncle Si had not the least difficulty in making clear to the sawney that he was swayed by the highest motives. His own private regard for the picture—which of course William must know was intense—did not enter into the case at all; but wisdom and experience declared that until M. Duponnet of Paris had seen the picture it must remain in responsible hands.

"But I tell you the picture's mine, mine, mine!" cried June.

No, the picture was William's. That outstanding fact was softly reaffirmed in his master's disarming voice. Was he not William's guardian also in the eyes of the law? Not for a moment could he think of allowing the young man in a fit of weak generosity to give away a thing that might prove to be a real work of art.

June was a little disappointed by William's attitude in the matter. The way in which he submitted to Uncle Si did him no credit. Surely the picture was his to do with as he chose; yet to judge by Uncle Si's handling of the affair the young man had no right to dispose of it. June deplored this lack of spirit. He should have fought for his own. At the same time, her mind was tormented by the unpleasant thought that he really wanted to revoke his gift.

The more she considered the position the less she liked it. She could not rid herself of a feeling that she was playing an unworthy part. It was all very well to regard her actions as strictly in William's interest. But were they? She was haunted by a sense of having descended perilously near to the level of Uncle Si himself.

Anyhow she had tried her best to outwit S. Gedge, Antiques, and he had outwitted her. There was no disguising it. Both were playing the same game, the same crooked game, and it seemed that Uncle Si, as was only to be expected, was able to play it much better than could she. The artful old fox had bested her with her own weapons. Were they not equally unscrupulous? Was not William the toy of both?

■■■

IN THE course of the next morning June was informed by Uncle Si, with his most sanctimonious air, that he could not pass over her impudence and that she had better pack her box and go. Moreover, that force might be lent to this ukase he sternly summoned William from the lumber room and ordered the young man to help her down with her box as soon as it was ready; and then he must fetch her a cab.

This was more than June had bargained for. She was expecting to be kicked out; but she had not looked for the process to be quite so summary. It did not suit her plans at all.

"Get a room for yourself in a decent neighborhood," said the old man. "Mrs. Runciman will know of one, no doubt. You've money enough to keep you while you look for work."

June's swift mind, however, saw instant disadvantages. Secretly she cherished the hope, a slender one no doubt, of being able to discover where the picture was hid. Once, however, she left the house that hope would vanish. And it was painfully clear that it was Uncle Si's recognition of this fact which now made him so determined to be quit of her. The old serpent was fully alive to what lay at the back of her mind. He knew that so long as she slept under his roof the picture could never be safe.

She was shrewd enough to size up the position at once. Reading the purpose in the heart of Uncle Si, she told him plainly that much as she disliked her present address she did not propose to change it until her lawful property had been restored to her.

"You are going to leave this place within an hour, my girl, for good and all."

"I shall not!" said June flatly. "Until you give me the picture I don't intend to stir."

"The picture is not yours. You are not a fit person to have it. And if you don't go quietly your box will be put into the street." *(Continued on Page 33*

PEERLESS

JULY 1922

Humanizing the Motor Car

A really fine motor car attracts an eager and an appreciative market in America as surely as a magnet attracts steel.

Of all the conveniences and commodities of modern civilization, it is still the one most desired.

But it must be truly fine, in the strict and literal meaning of the word—and that fineness is the fruit of a combination of elements rarely attained.

Engineering genius is not enough, nor metallurgical skill, nor mastery of design, nor scrupulous choice of materials, nor fine manufacturing equipment, nor unlimited financial strength.

After all these have been supplied, the history of the past twenty-five years has proven time and again that something else must be superadded which spells the difference between the ordinary and the exceptional.

That something else is almost like a transmutation of the lifeless metals which enter into the construction of the car.

It endows the completed product with an entity as much its own as the personality of a human being.

Neither technical skill, nor scientific accuracy, nor soundness of theory, nor all of them combined, *necessarily* confers this peculiar identity upon a motor car.

Motor cars are built for human beings, who re-act to them continuously, in brain and body, with every pulse of the motor and every turn of the wheel.

It is important, therefore, that engineer, and designer, and metallurgist, and manufacturer, alike, shall warm the cold processes of theory and practice, with constant remembrance of flesh and blood.

When such a car is achieved, it is not merely mobile in the highest sense of that word, but instantly obedient to every demand of human ease and enjoyment.

It is only achieved when the individual craftsman submerges the ego of his genius and unites with his fellows in harmonious group-action under intelligent direction.

When such group-action and direction are assured, and when the hard mechanical processes are mellowed, and softened, and humanized—then, and only then, does a motor car become the perfect personal servant.

The rug on the floor is Gold Seal pattern No. 514. In the 9x12 ft. size the price is only $16.20

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Be Sure to Look for this Gold Seal

It is printed in green on a gold background and is your protection against inferior floor-coverings. This Gold Seal is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Rug and on every two yards of Congoleum By-the-Yard. None others are genuine.

Dealers who sell genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum usually display this same Gold Seal—in large size—in their show windows. Look for it.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
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Philadelphia New York Chicago San Francisco Boston
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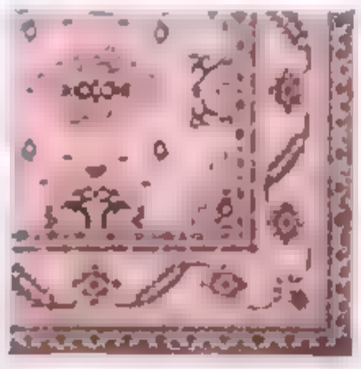
Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 516.



Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 321.

The Room that Smiles a Welcome—

"And isn't my rug a beauty? It actually makes the room over—and it does away with so much work. Going over it now and then with a damp mop keeps it spotless."

What woman doesn't want to avoid the dusty sweeping that woven rugs and carpets require? *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs eliminate that wearisome work once and for all. These waterproof, sanitary rugs are wonderful time-savers.

Patterns for Every Room

And the patterns are a joy to every woman of taste—rich, colorful, Oriental and Chinese designs for bedroom, living-room, and dining-room—trim conventional ones for kitchen and bathroom.

Need No Fastening

No fastenings of any kind are needed to make Congoleum Rugs lie flat—they never curl or turn up at the edges.

If there's a room in your home you want to make more attractive, don't fail to see these rugs. They bring the charm of artistic floor-coverings at amazingly low prices.

Note the Low Prices

6 x 9 ft.	$ 8.10	9 x 9 ft.	$12.15
7½ x 9 ft.	10.10	9 x 10½ ft.	14.15
9 x 12 ft.	$16.20		

The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in patterns to harmonize with them

1½ x 3 ft.	$ .50	3 x 4½ ft.	$1.50
3 x 3 ft.	1.00	3 x 6 ft.	2.00

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted

Write for "Modern Rugs for Modern Homes," showing all the beautiful patterns in full color

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

(Continued from Page 30)

"Dare to touch my box again and I shall go straight to the police."

Uncle Si didn't care a straw for the police. She had not the slightest claim upon him; in fact, she was living on his charity. As for the picture, it had nothing whatever to do with the matter.

At this point it was that William showed himself to be true-blue. He had been standing by, unwilling witness of these passages. Anxiously concerned, he could no longer keep silent.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he said, stammering painfully and flushing deeply, "but if Miss June leaves the house I'm afraid I'll have to go as well."

This was a thunderbolt. S. Gedge, Antiques, opened his mouth in wide astonishment. He gasped like a carp. The atmospheric displacement was terrific. Slowly the old man took off his selling spectacles and replaced them with his buying ones. Certainly the effect was to make him look a shade less truculent, but at the moment there was no other result. "Boy, don't talk like a fool," was all he could say.

William, however, was not to be moved. He never found it easy to make up his mind; for him to reach a decision in things that mattered was a slow and trying process. But the task achieved, it was for good or ill. His stammers and blushes were a little ludicrous; he seemed near to tears, but the open hostility of his master could not deflect him an inch.

"Never in my born days did I hear the like!" S. Gedge, Antiques, seethed like a viper's nest. "Boy, you ought to be bled for the simples to let a paltry hussy get round you in this way."

"Give me the picture, Uncle Si," cried the paltry hussy with a force that made him blink, "and I'll take precious good care you don't see me again."

The old man whinnied with rage. But he had not the least intention of giving up the picture; nor had he the least intention of giving up that which was almost as valuable, the services of his right-hand man. William was irreplaceable. And the instant his master realized that this odd fellow was very much in earnest he saw that there was only one line to take. He must temporize. With all the tact he could muster—and on occasion the old man could muster a good deal—the old crocodile proceeded to do so.

The firing of his niece should stand in abeyance for the time being. He gave solemn warning, however, that she must get a job right away, as his mind was quite made up that he was not going to find house room for the likes of her an hour longer than he could help.

As for the boy, of whom he had always held such a high opinion ever since the day he had first picked him out of the gutter, and upon whom he had lavished a father's kindness, he was really quite at a loss—with a snuffle of heart-melting pathos—to know how to put his deeply wounded feelings into words.

For June, all the same, the upshot was victory. The inevitable packing of her box could be postponed to her own good time. But well she knew that the reprieve was due to William, and to him alone. It was his splendid, unexpected intervention that had enabled her to win the day.

The previous evening harsh thoughts of the sawney had crept into her heart. After giving her the picture, surely it was his duty to take a stronger line upon the rape of it. But that phase of weakness was forgotten now. He had come out nobly. At a most critical moment he had fought her battle; and he had fought it with magical effect.

All was forgiven. He was true-blue.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE HERO

(Continued from Page 8)

reproach into this confession, and when she ignored the remark he added: "Just been stung for a cold thousand bucks—got to make up for it somehow."

She met his eyes again. "You'll be harder to sting after you've spent a while at Mrs. Fenton's."

Her lips shut neatly. He informed himself that he'd underestimated her nerve, after all. She wasn't going to crack at a hint or two. He'd have to use stronger methods to make her come through.

He considered the problem deliberately as the train slid over the flat, depressing marshes. Perhaps it would be better to have it out with her alone—he'd go to Mrs. Fenton's on pretext of inspecting the rooms and sampling the fare. He'd get a chance, there, to bring her to terms. A public place like this wasn't suitable for such interviews.

"What's the box for?"

He might as well continue the attack on her self-control in the meantime.

"Lunch. I save time that way."

She spoke absently, absorbed in her reading. He scowled. This wasn't getting anywhere at all. He hadn't counted on such professional hardness. He'd better come out flat-footed. These roundabout approaches were no good.

He was still experimenting mentally with accusing phrases when they reached Wonalancit, aware of a mounting impatience with his absurd timidity. The town surprised him by looking rather nice, with its little row of stores on each side of a wide somnolent road, its widely spaced houses set in shaded lawns and gardens. There was a pleasing feel in the air, too, he decided; it was perceptibly cooler than the city, and he had a sense of its cleanness after the diluted smoke which was Pittland's atmosphere.

He'd go through the motions of looking at Mrs. Whatshername's rooms—stay for supper, maybe. And after that he could settle things with this girl—get the money out of her somehow. No sense bringing things to a head just yet. Let her worry and wonder a while. Serve her right to have a few bad minutes.

He continued to procrastinate during the short walk to the white frame house under the graceful elms. Here, as he stared blankly, Edna Rowan opened the leather lunch box and removed a folded napkin, nothing more. She left it on the marble-topped, knock-kneed table in the front hall, and departed to fetch the proprietress. He made sure that it was empty. She must have got rid of the money during the afternoon, after all. He agreed absently with Mrs. Fenton's favorable comments on the upper room she showed him, his thoughts dwelling gloomily on a new view of his late behavior.

He'd given her all the chance in the world to get away with that money—she could have left the office a dozen times during the afternoon without his knowing it; she could have mailed the bills away without even leaving her desk; she could have turned them over to some accomplice summoned by telephone for the purpose. And now it was going to be a mighty ticklish job to prove that she'd taken it at all—he realized that he'd already convinced Amos Harlow that Ollie Rand was the thief. His only chance was to catch Edna Rowan herself in some revealing blunder. And to do that, he decided abruptly, he'd better live where he could watch her as closely as possible. Besides, he'd have to live where it was cheap till he recovered the loot and could count on his weekly forty again.

"I'll take it," he said suddenly. "Move my stuff out tomorrow."

Mrs. Fenton archly admitted that her guests usually settled their bills in advance. He gave her two of his five-dollar bills, and went down to supper prepared for the worst. But the food wasn't bad, and there was plenty of it, and the other boarders were pleased to meet him, and he was, moreover, given the chair directly opposite Edna Rowan's.

He decided not to say anything to her tonight. As things stood there was no reason for haste; it would be better to wait till he could back up his accusation with hard facts. He took the 8:30 back to town and gloomily packed his belongings. This hero stuff ——

III

OLLIE RAND reflected unhappily that the Old Man wouldn't have taken any such tone in the old days. Barking at him!

"But I'm no good at selling, Mr. Harlow."

Harlow's heavy brows gathered. "Who asked you if you were? I told you to get out and cover city sales till Callum gets back, didn't I? Didn't open a debate about it. And get this too: Covering city sales means bringing in city orders, Ollie, not excuses."

Ollie stood his ground. Harlow thought he was an embezzler, but that didn't make him one. He didn't have to stand for slave driving from anybody. He honestly meant to say exactly that. Something happened to the words on their way from brain to lip.

"But I've got my own work to do."

"Shucks! Any girl in the office can handle a job like that. Get a good one from Miss Laney and break her in. Ought to 've done it long ago."

Ollie inspected the unfriendly face for some hint of the old amiability and found none. Again his intended refusal underwent an involuntary metamorphosis in transit.

"All right, sir."

He went out, aghast at the prospect. He'd always felt secretly sorry for the salesmen. Instead of hunting for pleasant, safe inside jobs they went out looking for trouble. He had never envied even Riker, the star, his commissions. Forty a week and peace was a lot better than a couple of hundred the way Riker had to work.

He permitted three of Callum's customers to flub him off with evasions before he realized that he would presently have to repeat their remarks to the Old Man. Even his guiltless conscience failed to quiet the pang of alarm with which he observed that it was after eleven. He attacked the next prospect with the determination engendered by his memory of Harlow's new tone. It surprised him a little, below his relief, to find himself entering a respectable order; he wasn't a salesman; this was just a piece of bull luck. He consulted his watch. Twenty minutes left before noon—hardly worth while to tackle the next card till after lunch. Still—he might as well. He'd have to get back in time to see what that darned girl was doing with the books. He booked another little order, still impressed with a sense of its purely accidental quality. But after lunch in an armchair restaurant he began to think that he might have overestimated the difficulty of selling goods. These customers seemed willing enough to listen; he reflected that Callum was certainly no mental giant, and Callum had always managed to justify his drawing account.

Harlow, demanding a report, grunted sulkily:

"Thought you'd do it when you had to. Next time don't try to tell me you've got lockjaw."

Ollie hesitated. "Do I get the regular commission on this business, Mr. Harlow?"

Harlow looked up. "Get credit for it—on that shortage. Pay it back quicker that way. Being pretty easy on you anyhow."

"But ——" Ollie had harbored a pleasing vision of going back to the club, and it faded reluctantly. "But ——"

"That's all!" barked Harlow. "Try to argue with me, will you, when by rights I'd ought to be prosecuting you this minute? Don't you have the impudence to talk back to me! I'm a fool not to collect from the bonding company and let them sweat it out of your hide."

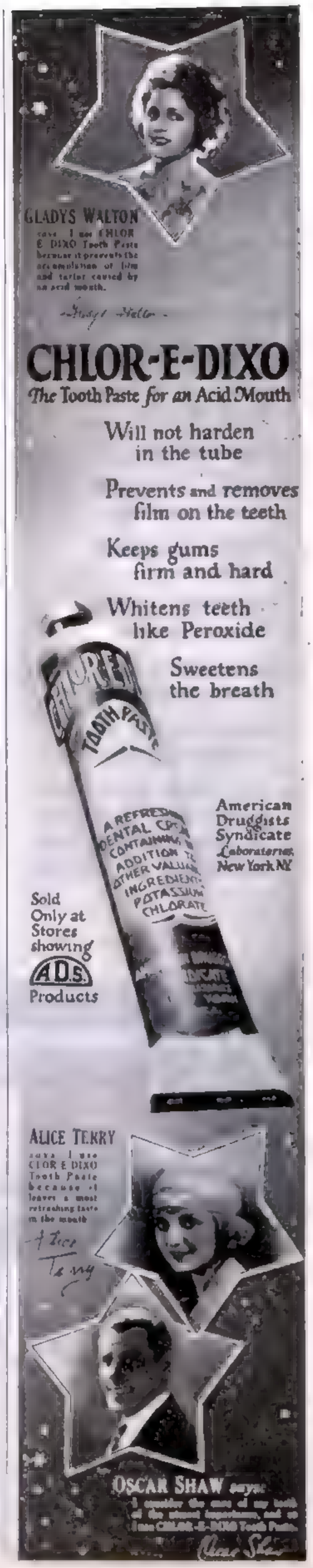
Ollie retreated on tiptoe. After six weeks of surveillance he had nothing definite on Edna Rowan, and every day of those forty-two had helped to solidify the case against him. He would have taken a little comfort in criticizing the work of his new assistant, but even this was denied him. She'd handled it exactly as he had told her. He indulged himself in a little grumbling as he rode out to Wonalancit with Miss Rowan, but she listened without sympathy.

"I should think you'd be glad to pick up the extra money, you're always talking about being so hard up."

Ollie scowled. She knew perfectly well why he was hard up. Not that he'd told her in so many words as yet, but of course she must guess that the Old Man was holding him responsible for that missing thousand. He wavered on the edge of downright accusation, and drew back. Better wait; she'd give herself away sometime or other. If he said anything now she'd only sit tight and challenge him to prove it.

"Of course I can see why you hate it—selling, I mean." She folded her paper neatly. "It takes more—more nerve than

(Continued on Page 35)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(Continued from Page 33)

sitting behind a desk and doing girl's work for girl's pay."

He always hated her when she used that tone—brisk, cool, superior, as if she had a right to patronize him. He chuckled.

"Guess I've got as much nerve as the next fellow," he said. It seemed a lame retort. "I can sell if I want to. Got as much business today as Callum could have."

She shrugged. The skeptical gesture irritated him.

"You watch if you don't believe it. I'll be covering city sales till Callum gets out of the hospital, anyway."

"And then you'll go back to filling pay envelopes and running errands to the bank." She opened the paper again. "There's no accounting for tastes. You must like living at Mrs. Fenton's and commuting."

"Don't you?" He opened his eyes at the sudden intensity of her tone.

"I don't. That's why I'm doing it. I'll be through with it that much sooner for every dollar I can save."

He shrugged. "It's not so bad, as boarding houses go. And I kind of like living out of the city this way."

"Boarding houses!" Again her voice puzzled him. "Wait till you've lived in them as long as I have! I was born in one—my mother ran it. I've never lived anywhere else! But I'm going to some day! I'm going to! I'm going to!"

He was interested now. This was his first light on her motive for stealing that thousand. If he encouraged her, diplomatically, she might give herself clear away.

"Tell me," he said. "I wouldn't mind a change myself."

She laughed grimly. "Oh, you don't hate them enough. It's different, anyway. You're a man. You don't know how a woman gets to hate living with a lot of strangers—how I'd just about steal, sometimes, to have a place that belonged to me—my own stove to cook on, my own things ——" She stopped. "Now laugh. I know it's funny."

He shook his head slowly. "I don't see it. Sounds good to me. Never thought much about it myself, but I can see what you mean. It isn't natural, when you come right down to it, living around in a rented room this way. I'd sort of like to be back in the old house again myself always wanted to get a dog, but you can't do it till you get a place of your own."

He was startled by the glow in her face. "A dog! I'm going to have the ugliest, noisiest Airedale alive, and two big cats and a parrot and ——"

"I like a collie," he objected. "We had one when I was a kid, that could just about talk—brainiest dog there is, if you get the old-fashioned kind. None of these modern flat-headed ——"

In the heat of the debate he forgot to draw the inference that this girl had robbed his desk to bring that shaggy Airedale a thousand dollars nearer reality. And when it did occur to him, after supper, he saw nothing absurd about it all. After all it was a poor business, this living in a hired room and eating in public. No wonder she hated it. He discovered that he was good and fed up with it himself. But she was all wrong about the dog—a collie was what she wanted; he'd have to argue her out of that Airedale idea.

He had to force his thoughts back to the main issue. She'd put that stolen thousand in with her savings, of course; that was perfectly clear now. He could make her give it back; probably she was already sorry she'd taken it. Just a crazy impulse when she saw it lying there on his desk—and no way to return it once she'd taken it. All he'd have to do would be to ask her for it probably. She wasn't so hard as he'd thought.

He decided not to be in a hurry about it. She wouldn't spend it. And it was going to be a mean job, anyway, making her give it back. He'd pick the right time. Too bad he couldn't afford to forget it; a girl that wanted a home and a dog bad enough to steal to get them

He began to contemplate a new, preposterous benevolence. After all, he'd already borne the blame of that theft; and he'd paid back pretty nearly two hundred of the amount, counting the commissions on today's orders. If he kept on selling at anything like that rate he'd be almost square with Harlow by the time Callum was fit for duty again. He laughed at himself for even considering such a crazy stunt. Let that girl get away with a cold thousand—a thousand that came right out of Ollie Rand's pocket! He'd better look up an alienist; he must be going dippy or he wouldn't even have thought of it!

He'd have a showdown with her the first thing in the morning. On the train. He'd been a blithering sentimental ass long enough about this thing. A girl he didn't even like—a girl who openly despised him as a weak sister, a cold-footed, cinch-hunting quitter.

He had almost convinced her about the collie matter by the time they left the train in the morning. He'd open the other topic, he decided, when he could talk to her alone. The train was no place for such talk, anyway. And there wasn't any hurry, now that he knew where the money was.

IV

"CALLUM'S not coming back till spring. You let that girl tend to the cashier job, and get your back into city sales as if you meant it. You've done all the soft sitting you're going to do around this shop."

Ollie Rand nodded. He had rather enjoyed listening to Harlow's bark lately. The Old Man imagined that he was punishing Ollie by driving him outside, where a fellow could make twice a cashier's pay and only hustle enough to keep his appetite in good shape! If he'd stayed inside all summer he'd still owe half that thousand. As it was—he coughed gently and Harlow looked up from his resumed labors to scowl interrogatively.

"Just wanted to tell you I'm square with the cash drawer, sir. Last week's commissions ——"

Harlow grunted. "S'pose I didn't know that? Think you can lie down on the job now, do you? Just try it and see what happens!"

Ollie shook his head. "I just wanted to—to thank you. I guess I needed a lesson, all right. I got it."

Harlow seemed to relax a little of his hostility

"Well, what is it? Want your old job back, do you? Well, you don't get it—that's final. You can stay outside or you can quit, but ——"

"Not a chance!" Ollie laughed. "Been averaging around a hundred outside. Forty doesn't look good to me any more. That's what I was thanking you for—kicking me out into a regular he-job."

There was another perceptible relenting in the Old Man's look. He surveyed Ollie deliberately and leaned back. Something in his eye disturbed Ollie's complacent mood.

"Ollie, who did you think took that thousand off your desk?"

Ollie stared.

"Why why, I told you—I—I was short "

Harlow chuckled. "You did it a whole lot better the first time. Almost made me believe you, the way you looked and talked, when you came in with your story. Did think you meant it till I counted your cash myself. And by that time I got the idea."

Ollie saw that he must stick to his guns. "I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Harlow. I was short ——"

Harlow shook his head. "Maybe I ought to keep still even now. It made a first-class club, and perhaps I'll need it again, but I'll take a chance that you're cured. Just about ready to quit bothering with you, Ollie, when you came in with that line of movie-hero talk. Tried every way I knew to make you show a little ambition; knew that if I fired you somebody else'd give you another desk job—somebody who didn't care a whoop whether you ever got out of it or not. Didn't want to pass you up. Good blood in you. Shame to let it go to waste. But I was just about through. Darn you, Ollie, I used to do everything but go down on my knees and beg you to work, didn't I?"

Ollie Rand felt his cheeks warming uncomfortably. Somehow his summer's work had infected him with something very much like the Old Man's attitude toward desk jobs. But he was still mystified, still unreasonably afraid that by some hook or crook Harlow had found out the truth. Even in his bewilderment he found a thought to spare for this phenomenon: Why should he be afraid of that? Wasn't it exactly what he wanted?

"Had me buffaloed at first when you pulled that phony confession on me. Couldn't for the life of me see what you were up to. Didn't really guess till you moved out to Wonalancit. Then, of course ——"

Ollie shook his head helplessly. "I don't see ——"

Harlow chuckled. "Well, I did. Only what gets me is why you didn't ask her about it. Been waiting for her to get remorse and own up in the last reel? Ollie, I don't believe there's another one like you on earth!"

He wagged his head admiringly. Ollie, groping in a bewildering mental fog, stuck to his story:

"She didn't take it. I ——"

"Ollie, you're giving yourself credit for being a high-grade liar when you're only telling the low-down truth. She didn't take it, and nobody but you would have thought she did. A girl like that!" The Old Man sobered. "I needed some cash in a hurry—I was sending Simsbury over to Sweden on that hot tip we had about the government contract, and I didn't want to fuss with the safe to get it. Only had time enough to make the train as it was. Just grabbed a thousand off your desk and beat it. If you hadn't been all excited about buying a case of bootleg you'd have heard me. I could hear you, all right."

"I don't see why you let me think ——"

"I told you why. At first I thought you really had helped yourself. Then when I counted up the cash I doped it out right. Always thought you were most kinds of a fool, Ollie, but it hit me right between the eyes to find you were that kind too! Mighty near told you right then, but I happened to think that as long as you believed I had a whip over you I could make you hear it crack. Only chance I ever had to jam you into a job and make you like it."

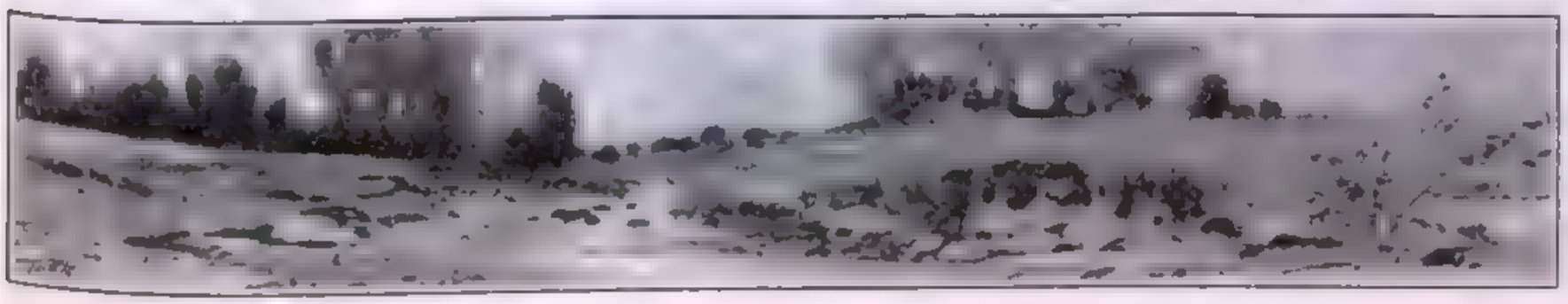
Ollie drew a long breath. He saw the Old Man writing a check which presently touched his own fingers. His order, a thousand dollars! He realized dimly that he had been slaving all summer to scrape his own money together. A thousand dollars—Ollie Rand's thousand. He heard his voice repeating the words. Harlow laughed again.

"They say it's the hardest thousand to get, and the biggest, Ollie. I'd hand you some high-priced advice about investing it, only I know better. I don't need to tell you what to spend it for, do I?"

He administered a thumping slap to Ollie's shoulder blade. For a moment the innuendo of his tone merely thickened Ollie's mental fog. Then, quite suddenly, everything was clear. Ollie even understood, at last, the simple, wonderful, incredible answer to the question that had mystified him from the beginning. He knew why he had done it now!

He filled his lungs again, and deeply. Harlow's last question jogged him into speech. He laughed tranquilly.

"First off I'm going to buy a dog, I guess. A collie ——" He stopped and meditated. "No," he decided. "An Airedale."



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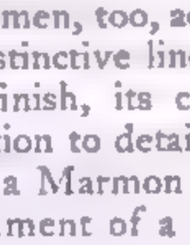

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COMRADE LENINE'S COMPROMISE

(Continued from Page 23)

or stealing food whenever or wherever he could, and for the purpose of riding as often as possible losing himself in the mobs by which the trains on the railroad to Petrograd were constantly beset. In order to get across the Finnish frontier he was compelled to take his life in his hands—as many a Russian can testify who has done the same thing—but under cover of darkness he managed to elude the Red Guards and found himself at last on the free soil of Finland. His idea was to get back to the United States, but during his long residence in our country he had neglected the important formality of acquiring American citizenship, so one after another the American consular and diplomatic representatives had to explain to him his unfortunate position and turn him away.

I forgot to ask how he finally managed to reach Riga, but I did not forget to ask whether or not he had appealed to the American commissioner in Riga. In fact, I asked the American commissioner himself, who verified the story as it was told to me. He had; but the American commissioner could do nothing for him because he was not an American citizen, and under the new laws he could not even qualify as an acceptable immigrant. And there he was! It was then that he appealed to the Latvian authorities, who found employment for him as a farm hand.

This is just one story, and not such a sad story, either, in comparison with many I have heard. My idea would be to bring that chap back to the United States, along with a few other disillusioned exiles, and turn him and them loose in the midst of certain sections of our body politic to act as missionaries in the cause of common horse sense. The only time any of them see red nowadays is when you begin to talk to them about communism and freeing the workers from the yoke of wage slavery. They are antiflubdub to a man, and believe in nothing but every citizen's right to do his best for himself with such equipment as the fates have accorded him.

However, when I was discussing Bolshevism—stories about it, its principles and the dire possibilities of its further development—with the comfortable but wholly insecure and rather terrified people of the little state that knows itself as a buffer state between Bolshevism and all that humanity has achieved in the way of modern civilization, my mind was filled with the horrors I had but recently witnessed. So now I suppose I must journey back into the land of the horrors.

What the Leaders are Up To

Though it might be as well to linger along for a brief space for the purpose of considering what Messrs. Lenine and Trotzky are up to. It is as much anybody's guess as it is mine. There has been a good deal of guessing one way and another. The Genoa Conference, like a beacon fire in a high place calling a world of men to sober council, has flared up and flickered out, leaving behind it only a spark of hope to be kindled anew perhaps in a conference at The Hague; the American Government for the time being stands immovable upon those principles the subversion of which it may neither tolerate in the zone of its own jurisdiction nor condone on the part of any other government, while the star that the wise men of the world have been endeavoring to follow has resolved itself into a perhaps too flaming question mark, filling the whole horizon of the future.

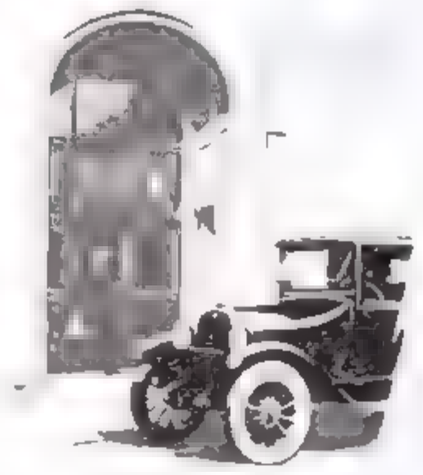
What are Messrs. Lenine and Trotzky up to? It is my belief that at this juncture neither of them nor any of their confederates is sincere in anything but a determination to retain the power of governmental authority at any cost. Mr. Lenine compromises with his communistic conscience and graciously permits the Russian people to drift back into bourgeois practices because there is nothing else he can do, while Mr. Trotzky, being wholly out of sympathy with Mr. Lenine's conciliatory methods, thinks he can scare a billion dollars out of the capitalistic world by threatening to invade Europe with his Red Army.

If Nature should be permitted to take its course the natural consequence of Mr. Lenine's compromise would be the gradual resumption on the part of the people of more or less normal processes, but under the restrictions he continues to insist upon these processes would represent nothing more than the operation of the law of self-preservation as this law influences individual action, and could never result in the upbuilding of a state with which other states could with safety, to say nothing of advantage to themselves, resume friendly relations. If Mr. Trotzky should carry out his monstrous threat to invade Europe and plunge the world once more into devastating conflict there surely could be but one end for the Russian people, and that would be chaos complete; a descent into a maelstrom of suffering and confusion that would make their present situation look almost as promising as the friends of Soviet Russia in the United States would have us believe it is. The higher-class Russians—the intelligentzia and bourgeoisie who have been the chief victims of the Bolshevik triumph—have in their minds some kind of picture of such a finality for themselves when they say: "If Lenine dies God help us!" It is an illuminating circumstance that in Soviet Russia Nicolai Lenine has come to be regarded as a safe conservative.

The Biggest Obstacle

There is nothing new in Comrade Lenine's compromise. He began his retreat from absolutism in the application of communistic principles early in 1921, but in comparing his utterances of those days with his recent declarations and reading both in the light of the course pursued by the Bolsheviki at Genoa, one cannot see that he has proceeded very far. Considering that he has been able to impose his doctrines upon a people more numerous by at least 50 per cent than the people of the United States, it is exceedingly interesting to follow his utterances from their lurid stage of mere class denunciation, of vituperation and diatribe, on through his experiences as a man burdened with overwhelming responsibility, and thence to the point where the actual as differentiated from the wholly imaginary gets to be too much for him. He suddenly decides to cut out the polemics and get down to an examination and analysis of economic facts, and the first thing to which he gives his sobered attention is the condition created by the failure of the peasant population to perform according to proletarian dictation and to do its duty as the most important contributing factor in the life of the communistic state.

He charges his hungry people with being rather confused in their expressions of opinion with regard to this condition and seeks to comfort them with an assurance that it is merely incidental to an unavoidable period of transition from capitalism to complete socialism. Though one cannot fail to observe that he himself is not altogether clear on the subject. He attempts to define the word "transition" in its applicability to the problem which confronts him, and gets rather mixed up in the elements that go to form the Russian social order. He grants the time-honored patriarchal character of peasant economic management first place among the obstacles to be overcome in the process of consolidating a communistic régime and all but couples it with petty industrial production—home industry, that is, in some form or measure of which nine-tenths of the peasants and semiproletarians of Russia have always been engaged. The small landowning peasants and producing craftsmen of various sorts are classed as petty bourgeoisie and referred to as the chief enemies of socialism, after whom come the private capitalists and owners of large estates; these being easier to handle because they represent something that can readily be got hold of through confiscation and nationalization. You cannot nationalize a man's ability to make good felt boots in his own little workshop, nor a woman's skill in making fine thread lace at her own fireside. Nor can you prevent such individuals from selling their product as long as there is a medium of exchange. There being no medium of exchange they might eventually



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This car represents a new and important achievement in commercial transportation.

For the first time in motor car history, business men are enabled to buy a closed car, the body of which is built throughout of steel.

The advantages of this all-steel construction—reserved until now to open cars—are particularly marked in a coupé built to weather the wear and tear of hard commercial usage.

Immediately you will be impressed with the beauty and lightness of this coupé. Time will convince you of its unusual stamina. The doors snap neatly shut. Body squeaks are eliminated. Dodge Brothers enamel is baked on the surface of the steel—a permanent lustrous finish, impervious to wear.

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DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

Making Oil Barons

ALTHOUGH I may be ostracised by some of our oil barons, I shall herewith reveal how American motorists may curtail the consumption of oil and reduce the flow of gold into the coffers of the gusher millionaires.

It is rumored that in the United States today there are 10,505,660 motor cars and trucks, including a few one-lunged relics of the horseless carriage age.

Some genius with an eye for figures (no, not a movie director) has estimated that one out of every 20 of these vehicles is limping along, trailing a stream of smoke behind—all due to overweight, misfit, oil-pumping pistons which cause more misfires than wet powder on a duck hunt.

You know, of course, that where there is a leak something decamps. That's true of a bank, a milk pail or a hip-pocket flask. It is also true of a motor. And if your pistons are worn, or inclined to be lopsided, there is bound to be a leak of oil past them into your motor. Hence the smoke screen.

Then you get that weak feeling—in the motor, of course—and your compression is like that in the pioneer pump which succeeded the old oaken bucket.

The genius with the eye for figures hasn't had time to measure all the oil that is wasted in the 525,283 vehicles in the United States said to be suffering from piston ailments.

But suppose each one of these cars wastes only one gallon of oil every six months. That means 1,050,566 gallons of oil gone to the bow-wows each year.

And if this oil sells for only $1.00 a gallon, can't you see why I am taking a pretty big chance of being severely admonished by some of these oil barons?

At the risk of losing the friendship of these plutocrats, I'm about to disclose a bit of information that should reduce oil dividends a fraction. It's simply this. Get piston wise—Spencer-Smith Piston wise.

Have your garage man regrind the cylinders in your motor and replace your old, worn, overweight pistons with Spencer-Smith lightweights. Instantly your motor will stop filling with carbon, will stop fouling spark plugs, will stop exhibiting all the costly pranks of an oil pumping motor.

The postscript below tells you why.

There are about umpsteen additional reasons why Spencer-Smiths are known as the world's standard replacement pistons. These have been compiled, boiled down, and turned into a frank, easy-reading masterpiece entitled, "Making Your Pistons Pay a Profit." The boss wrote it—so it must be good. No—this is one time you get something for nothing. Just drop me a post card, care of Spencer-Smith Machine Company, Howell, Michigan, and I will see that the booklet comes forward without handing your name to the accounting department.

SpenSmith

A Patented Oil Drain Groove

Notice that oil groove and oil holes. They stop pumping and prevent carbon from being burned on. Oil is drawn up by the connecting rod in the cylinder through the holes back into the crankcase.

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SPENCER-SMITH PISTONS

Built by the largest manufacturers of pistons exclusively

adjust themselves to a system of commodity exchange; but suppose a woman who makes fine thread lace wishes to exchange some of it for calico with which to make herself a dress, how much calico would she be entitled to for a yard of fine thread lace? Who is to fix the values of the multiplicity of commodities that a people produce in anything but money?

In the beginning and through the transition period nationalization amounts to nothing more nor less than state capitalism, but somehow or other, according to Mr. Lenine, state capitalism is to fade away and communism consolidated is slowly but surely to emerge. He says that an overwhelming majority of the people are petty producers of commodities, defines bread monopoly as the envelope of state capitalism, and accuses the peasants of breaking this envelope through clandestine dealings with private speculators, the sole object of whose speculation is bread. It all sounds very confusing to me and I am not at all surprised that he begins by charging his own people with being confused.

He scolds immoderately and calls names. Calling names is a Bolshevik specialty. The Bolsheviki invariably address one another as *tovarish*, but otherwise they are not any too soft-spoken in their association, while to refer politely to an opponent would seem to be, in their opinion, something in the nature of a betrayal of the cause. Mr. Lenine is a gentleman, you know. By which I mean that he is well born and well bred. Being high-class bourgeois himself he has acquired in his remarkable career a very broad culture, but perhaps he realizes that the average mind to which he addresses himself is better attuned to rudeness than to courtesy. In any case, whatever, to his way of thinking, is not quite sufficiently red is invariably yellow, while anyone who has the temerity to oppose or even slightly to modify his views is either a social traitor or a muddle-headed fool. Though I will say for him that he is much more reasonable in his method of expressing himself than most of his colleagues. To listen to what a great many of them have to say, or to read what they have written, is inevitably to feel that you have drifted into bad company.

This may be why the more or less polite and orderly minded nine-tenths of common humanity has made such a poor showing in its contest with the fanatic minorities. The average, good, everyday citizen will back away from abusive language as from any other manifestation of abnormality, and refuse to argue with the individual who uses it. He may disgustedly invite the demagogue to rave on, but that is about as much as his code of manners will permit him to do.

Interviewing an Educator

This is just a vagrant observation in passing, but it reminds me of an experience of my own. I was talking one day in Petrograd with a Russian-American Red, one of our ordinary and not in any way distinguished deportees in whom the revelations of life in Russia had not yet killed the Red revolutionary venom which cost him his privilege of residence in the United States. And when I speak of such persons as Russian-Americans I bestow upon them the honorable hyphen solely by way of indicating that at one time or another they have lived among us and been identified with our own social order. They are not American in any sense or degree, and I am tempted to write long roundabout sentences for the purpose of avoiding a suggestion that they are, but the hyphen is a convenient short cut to an acknowledgment of our association with them—perhaps to a certain extent of our responsibility for them.

This man in Petrograd was a madman if ever a man went mad, yet he was occupying an important position in the department of the soviet government that has to do with the education of the youth of the country. I had no wish to get into an argument with him. I went to him for some information with regard to certain institutions of learning that were supposed to be functioning in at least a minor degree and that were appealing to the American Relief Administration for food. My questions must have been irritating, because suddenly he got wild-eyed, brushed aside the question of the starving student bodies, and began to talk about the horrible conditions in the United States that Bolshevism was destined to overcome.

He told me all about how Russia at her darkest was a haven of refuge for the oppressed in comparison with the United States of America; how American police officials commit murder with impunity and hang people up by their thumbs or beat them into insensibility for expressing an honest opinion. He said that Ellis Island was a hideous hell hole, a sink of iniquity and degradation in which men, women and children were deliberately starved to death and tortured in every conceivable way; that the American Government embodied the most ruthless despotism that had ever been established on the face of the earth; and that the task which inspired the finest fervor in the breasts of Red revolutionaries was the task of bringing about its eventual and inevitable overthrow. This is not his language. Indeed he used the most awful language I ever heard, and in listening to it I knew that with him it was habitual and that he was quite unconscious of the fact that it was offensive. To me it was a liberal education in invective, but it could not possibly be conveyed in print to polite minds.

I was sitting in a deep and luxurious leather-upholstered chair at one end of the big mahogany desk in his handsome office. It was all so extraordinarily incongruous. At the point where he began to attack my Government I stood up and planted my closed fist down upon his desk.

A Revolutionists' Textbook

I was rigid with indignation, but I kept perfectly quiet until he, too, rose up out of his comfortable chair, ran his hand through his tousled and rather repulsively unclean hair and exclaimed: "In your country, madam, there is no such thing as liberty! In your country the masses are ground down and oppressed as they are nowhere else on earth! The American capitalists are fat leeches sucking the blood of the whole world—and then pretending to be philanthropic! Until American capitalism is destroyed and every American millionaire is shot or hung there can be no peace or freedom in this world!"

He used a few vile epithets, but I prefer to eliminate them or to substitute somewhat gentler words. In the main, however, this is the manner in which he expressed himself.

I looked him straight in the eye for a moment, then I said: "And do you mean to tell me you actually believe all that?"

"Believe it!" he shouted. "I don't have to believe it; I know it!"

"Well," said I, "I came here to talk with you about our plans for feeding some of your magnificently free but slightly undernourished students, but now I think I have only one thing more to say to you, and that is that I feel sorry for the Russian boys and girls who come in contact with you as an educator, because in my opinion the only occupation you are fitted for is playing with the tassels in a padded cell."

Whereupon I walked away as quickly as my dignity would permit and got out into the corridor. He followed me to the door, and as I started down the stairs he had the effrontery to call after me, "Give my regards to Broadway and say I'm coming back one of these days!"

I had to answer, "You never will if I can help it!" And that was that.

But to get back to Mr Lenine and his fundamental problem. The introductory declaration of the Communist Party resolution with regard to the agrarian question was that: "No one but the city industrial proletariat, led by the Communist Party, can save the laboring masses in the country from the pressure of capitalism and landlordism, from dissolution and imperialistic wars, ever inevitable as long as the capitalist régime endures. There is no salvation for the peasants except to join the communist proletariat, to support with heart and soul its revolutionary struggle to throw off the yoke of the landlords and the bourgeoisie."

And that declaration seems to me to offer a quite sufficient revelation of the most glaring and important inconsistency in the whole Bolshevik doctrine. How is anybody to reconcile the purpose it sets forth with the fact that all small landowners and land renters, as well as the owners of larger estates, are classed as bourgeoisie? Would they not be expected to resist an attempt on the part of the urban proletariat to destroy them?

If this were all speculation, or argument solely for argument's sake about something that might under certain circumstances take place in the world, it would sound too addle-pated and idiotic for serious consideration. But it happens to be all about something that has already taken place, unbelievable though it may be.

As a matter of fact, the class of small farmers in Russia did resist, as is revealed in this same resolution. It says: "The experience of the Russian proletarian revolution, whose struggle against the landed peasants became very complicated and prolonged, owing to a number of special circumstances, nevertheless, shows that this class has been taught at last what it costs to make the slightest attempt at resistance, and it is now quite willing to serve loyally the aims of the proletarian state. It begins even to be penetrated, although very slowly, by a respect for the government which protects every worker and deals relentlessly with the idle rich."

Which was by way of being communistically optimistic and was intended for proletarian consumption. In the face of the Red Terror to which they were subjected the landed peasants, who in Lenine's own words "constitute an overwhelming majority of the population of Russia," did not begin to be penetrated by a respect for the government, but by a profound depression; a sense of utter hopelessness that expressed itself in an all but universal apathy, in nonresistance and noncoöperation.

This resolution from which I am quoting was adopted by the Communist International and is an article of communistic faith. Its object is not to guide Russian Communists in the way they should go, because when it was passed the Russians were already on their way. Its object is rather to instruct revolutionists in other countries in revolutionary tactics and principles. The Red brethren, who are among us in larger numbers than is perhaps generally realized, are supposed to be making preparations in every country for the kind of *coup d'état* by which Bolshevik rule in Russia was instituted, and it is necessary that they should know just what to do when the great day arrives.

The resolution goes on to say:

"The specific conditions which complicated and prolonged the struggle of the Russian proletariat against the landed peasantry consisted mainly in . . . the low standard of culture and numerical weakness of the town proletariat and in the enormous distances and exceedingly bad transport conditions. As far as these adverse conditions do not exist in the advanced countries, the revolutionary proletariat in Europe and America must prepare with much more energy and carry out a much more rapid and complete victory over the resistance of the landed peasantry, depriving it of all possibility of resistance. . . ."

"Down With the Landowners!"

"The revolutionary proletariat must proceed to an immediate and unconditional confiscation of the estates of the landowners . . . who systematically employ wage labor directly or through their tenants. . . . To this element belong a majority of the descendants of the feudal lords; the nobility of Russia, Germany and Hungary, the restored *seigneurs* of France, the lords of England and the former slave owners in America. . . .

"No propaganda can be admitted in the ranks of the Communist Parties in favor of an indemnity to be paid to the owners of estates for their expropriation. . . .

"The proletariat must put up with a temporary decline in production so long as it makes for the success of the revolution. . . .

"The implements of large estates must be confiscated and converted into state property absolutely intact, but on the unfailing condition that after these implements will have served the interests of the large state farms they should be placed at the disposal of the small peasants gratis, subject to conditions to be worked out by the proletarian state. . . .

"If just at first after the proletarian *coup d'état* not only the confiscation of the large estates shall become absolutely necessary but also the banishment or internment of all the landowners, . . . then later on, in proportion as the proletarian power will be consolidated, not only in the towns but in the country as well, it will be necessary to strive systematically to

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utilize all the forces of the above class, of all those who possess valuable experience, learning, organization talent under the special control of the communist workers - in order to organize large-scale agriculture on socialist principles."

In other words, they propose to confiscate your farm and everything on it, put you in jail for a while, and after you are sufficiently chastened compel you to return to agricultural employment in absolute bondage. I know it all sounds like the ravings of a madman, but there it is; it is real, and a great many supposedly intelligent people have subscribed to it.

When this resolution was adopted the boss Bolsheviki in Russia who framed it knew perfectly well that the principles it embraces could not be made to operate. It was in July, 1920, and within six months Comrade Lenine was devoting his entire time and all his mental energies to conciliation and compromise. Indeed we find him saying that by the spring of 1920 conditions had "acquired such an acute form that most immediate, most urgent, most extreme measures for the improvement of the conditions of the peasantry and the raising of its productive forces" had become imperative. He attributes these conditions mainly to the devastations of the White armies that had traitorously plunged the country into civil war, and to bad harvests. Nevertheless, out of the maze of much talk in which he seeks to conceal his anxieties emerges finally a confession that the wholesale expropriation of farm products with which the Bolsheviki instituted their régime and upon which it was maintained for more than two years, was a great mistake.

He is talking to a turbulent mob of proletarians. The proletariat is the dragon upon which he is mounted, and this dragon may turn upon him and destroy him. There is a note of mollification in everything he says. He is propitiating his unruly god. He deprecates the "military communism" of which he has been the head and front, and excuses it as being the outcome of "extreme penury, ruin and war."

He says: "The peculiar military communism consisted in that we practically took from the peasants all the superfluous foodstuffs and even sometimes not only the superfluous food but part of what the peasant really needed for himself, for the needs of the army and the workers."

He does not refer to the fact that in retaliation the peasants ceased to produce, but he goes on insisting that an improvement in their conditions is a matter of paramount importance. Then he exclaims: "But why only the peasantry and not the workers? Because for the improvement of the condition of the workers bread and fuel are necessary. At present the greatest impediment from the point of view of state economy lies in the lack of those two commodities."

Concessions to the Peasants

Very simple, so stated, is it not? And how simple is his style of oratory when he speaks of "the lack of forage and the loss of cattle which has still further delayed the restoration of transport and industry, preventing, for instance, the transport of firewood, our chief fuel, by the peasants' horses."

He is reasoning with his proletarians and uncompromising revolutionists, preparing them for his limited retreat when he goes on to say: "The dictatorship of the proletariat means the directing of the policy by the proletariat. The latter as the leading ruling class must be able to direct the policy in such a way as to decide first of all the most urgent and most important questions. Those not to be deferred are now the measures which are capable of increasing the productive forces of the peasant economic management immediately Only through these may be attained the improvement of the conditions of the workers, the strengthening of the union between the workers and the peasants and the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat."

Which would seem to make plain enough that Mr. Lenine came eventually to realize that communism can be consolidated only upon a basis of production, that communism as a system can survive only with the consent and through the cooperation of the farmers, and that farmers as a class are a somewhat difficult lot to handle, especially if your purpose is to take something away from them while offering them nothing in return.

The measure he proposed for improving the conditions of the Russian peasants was to substitute for wholesale confiscation a limited levy on farm produce coupled with a grant of privilege to the peasant to trade freely with whatever he had left after he had submitted to the levy. Or, in substance, he proposed a recognition of the fact that farming is essentially a capitalistic industry and a definite reversion to capitalism. If he had been proposing merely a "modification of the food-supply policy" as he called it, without this qualifying compromise, he would not have found it necessary to explain the position so carefully to his proletarian dragon that he had been at such pains to fill with class hatred and with bitter antagonism against everything that capitalism stands for.

And even so, he was too late; much too late. This was in April, 1921, and in August, Maxim Gorky was uttering his Macedonian cry: "America! America! Come over into Russia and help us!"

I was especially interested in the peasants, because it seemed to me to be such a monstrous thing that men who till the soil should starve to death. Men who till the soil cannot establish for themselves a five-day week and a four-hour working day, and that they should have the product of their labors taken away from them—not bought from them, but seized for the benefit of people who have succeeded in ordering their lives on the theory that five days a week and four hours a day is enough time for anyone to devote to the dull business of making a living—I could not fail to regard as being an infamous outrage.

Lo, the Poor Farmer

I had seen starving peasants by the thousands making their way into the towns and cities and throwing themselves upon the mercy of the distracted urban soviets, but I hoped to discover that to a large extent they had defeated the dictatorship of the proletariat in the agricultural villages by holding out on it and providing a certain margin of safety for themselves. However, we have already noted the proletarian dictator standing up in meeting and boasting that "this class has been taught at last what it costs to make the slightest attempt at resistance," while I have observed that their resistance soon began to take the form of nonresistance. They did not provide for themselves a margin of safety; at any rate, not in sufficient measure to avert the disaster of wholesale starvation over wide areas and all but universal distress in rural communities throughout the country.

European Russia—which means Russia exclusive of the Caucasus and the Asiatic possessions—had an area before the war and the loss of Bessarabia, Poland and the Baltic provinces, of 2,075,700 square miles and a population of 131,000,000. The total area of all Europe is only 3,800,000 square miles, while the European population before the war was approximately 444,000,000. Prewar Russia, including the Caucasus and the Asiatic possessions, had an area of 8,600,000 square miles, with a total population, according to the last census of 162,400,000. It was an amazing country, was it not, for the fates to select for such an experiment as has been made upon it.

I have said before that an American in Soviet Russia, groping his way round through the miseries that have resulted from the triumph of fanaticism, invariably imagines himself groping around under similar circumstances in his own country. If such a thing could happen to an almost homogeneous population of still more than 150,000,000 in such a naturally rich and magnificently productive domain as Russia, why could not the same kind of thing be brought about in our own newer land with its vast industrialism, its extraordinary mixture of races, and its incalculable wealth to tempt the revolutionaries to their mightiest efforts?

I did not find it difficult to imagine the breakdown of our great railroad systems under soviet management; I did not find it difficult to imagine our tremendous and constantly developing network of magnificent highways gone to ruin, because the price of the excellence of these is eternal vigilance and unremitting attention to upkeep. I did not find it difficult to visualize American cities and manufacturing centers wrapped in the lethargy of communistic inactivity; I could easily picture to myself the gradual diminution and final cessation of the roar of American industrial life under the blight of a dictatorship of the inexperienced and the irresponsible, and the whole population wandering idly about—as the Russian population wanders about—like lost souls in eternal silence. But I failed utterly in an attempt to imagine six and a half million American farm proprietors, with their millions of dependents, submitting supinely to a proletarian decree that they give up title to their properties, surrender to that troublesome tribe known to them as hired men their most valuable lands, along with their residences and farm equipment, and hand over to a government represented by militarized and absolutely nonproductive small-town communes the entire yield of their acres, reserving for themselves only such quantities of foodstuffs as some proletarian dictator might happen to regard as being sufficient for their needs.

The average American farmer includes a loaded shotgun among his necessary farm implements and I am thinking that, given this set of circumstances to combat—machine guns, rifles, hangmen's ropes and Red Terror notwithstanding—for a time, at least, he would see to it that a large section of the proletariat had one occupation and that would be picking buckshot out of its hide.

The Bolshevik intention—the outcome of unreasoning class hatred and founded upon nothing even remotely resembling common sense or sound economics—was that only the former wage slaves of the farm industry, those who had worked as laborers for the landowning peasants, should be landowners in the communistic state, and it was of this that I was thinking when I referred to the troublesome tribe known to American farmers as hired men.

John Reed—dead now and lying in the shadow of the walls of the Kremlin in Moscow—an American, but in his life as rabid as any Red revolutionist ever got to be, told the Communist International all about the explosive stratum by which our social structure is partially underlaid, and as an advocate of the principles upon which the I. W. W. is founded, called attention to the interesting fact that a majority of the members of that organization are seasonal workers who migrate annually from factories and lumber camps to the harvest fields and from the harvest fields back to the factories and lumber camps. He describes these American citizens and noncitizens—mostly noncitizens, as we all know—with great enjoyment. He is addressing an audience of men and women whose lives are dedicated to the task of overthrowing established institutions and he strives to please.

What John Reed Omitted

He says: "Nothing like the conditions in the harvest fields of America exists in any other country in the world. The harvest begins in the Southern state of Texas in the summer, and with the advancing season a mighty wave of thousands of workers moves north through the great producing Middle States, across the Canadian frontier and up into the immense wheat plains of Manitoba. These migratory workers who reap the harvests come into the fields with nothing but the clothes on their backs. They live on the country as they go, traveling vagabondlike on freight trains or under the cars, begging their food or expropriating it from the farmers' vegetable patches and fruit orchards, living in 'jungles,' some spot in a field or a patch of woods where they lie out under the sky and share their worldly goods together."

He further describes them as being "a rough lot—mostly migratory, unskilled workers who have been the prey of every exploiter, who have grown bitter and violent under the terrible lash of American capitalism." And so on.

Then he says: "This was the class that the I. W. W. set out to organize and to revolutionize!" In parentheses: "Prolonged applause."

He failed to mention that the best the poor devils could do in the way of wages was anything from five to ten dollars a day, depending upon the character of their temporary employment, and that so far as a majority of them are concerned wild horses could not drag them into the ranks made up of settled citizens who lead prosaic but decent lives. Considering the kind of audience he was addressing, however, this is

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WHERE THE OLD DEVOTION LIVES IN GUILDSMEN'S HEARTS

FROM services in the church they came, faces lighted by the glow of wax torches borne aloft, winding in stately procession along the narrow streets. Preceded by their minstrels and wardens, they marched to the feast of brotherhood.

Thus gathered the members of the ancient Guild of Watchmakers. Around long tables in the old guildhall they pledged anew their love for craft and guild.

In their banqueting, as in their daily toil, did the guildsmen foster the spirit of fine craftsmanship which had come down, a priceless heritage, from generations of watchmakers before them.

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not to be wondered at. To have done so would have been to lessen the dramatic effect of his colorful picture and to fail in his purpose, which was to exhilarate minds of the class that derive their only stimulation from that kind of moonshine. He is dead now, but his extraordinary utterances survive him in the literature of the Communist Party and have all the more effect on radical thought, perhaps, because he is dead.

In traveling about Russia, going from Moscow to Samara and from Samara to Orenburg, up to Petrograd and from one place to another, I saw a great many peasant villages, of course, and thousands of the kind of peasants who, being reduced to utter destitution, chose to leave their village homes and join the wandering bands of refugees; terrible people who moved in on the cities in unmanageable hordes.

But I wanted very much to get away from the railroads, out into the open country where the peasant villages are far apart and isolated in the midst of vast acreages. I knew such villages in days gone by. For the most part they are more primitive in a way than any communities I know of anywhere, but they have a curious charm, nevertheless, and their inhabitants, before they became so sad and so pitiable, were extremely likable—as everybody unhesitatingly testifies—and it was a genuine pleasure to come in contact with them.

Spreading Relief Thin

There are two kinds of villages, and in Russian the names by which they are called distinguish them for what they are. One name means a village with a church, while the other means a village without a church. They are built principally of hewn logs and heavy grass thatch, but nearly every house is quite handsomely ornamented with intricately carved wood scrolls surrounding the windows and doorways and hanging from under the eaves. There is hardly ever more than one long street, with a few scattered houses in the outskirts here and there perhaps, while if there is a church it occupies a spacious plaza and is almost invariably quite magnificent with its five bright-colored pineapple-shaped domes, the people being always tremendously proud of its grandeur.

In Samara one day we decided to go out and inspect the village of Alexejewska, where the American Relief Administration was conducting a feeding station for about two hundred and fifty children and from which reports were coming in of adult distress so dire that men wept and grew inarticulate in telling about it. The American corn for adult feeding—purchased with the Congressional gift of twenty million dollars—was due to arrive in the Samara district within two weeks and it was necessary to make up the lists of those who were to receive rations.

There would not be enough to feed everybody, of course, so it would have to be a case—as with the children—of selecting the neediest and leaving the rest to get along as best they could.

This sad fact, however, should not be regarded emotionally. If the men who have to do the selecting should permit the distress of those they must turn away to get on their nerves they would all go mad. Among the requisite qualifications for a successful famine-relief worker are cool-headedness and just a little touch, perhaps, of cold-bloodedness, and the man who does not possess these qualifications soon becomes a famine-shocked candidate for retirement.

It is all a matter of mathematical calculation. You pour into a given area just so much food, thereby displacing just so much food such as it is and making it more easily available for those who have the means left to procure it; and the first thing you know you have raised the level of supply to a point where nobody need actually be in danger of death from starvation, though undernourishment and the distress of perpetual hunger may still be quite general. That is what famine relief usually amounts to. It is not giving the people enough to eat, but enough merely to tide them over the danger of death.

Though as regards the children of Europe the work of the American Relief Administration has been of an entirely different character, the intention having been to provide for them a full and well-balanced ration for the purpose of overcoming the effects of undernourishment and giving them their chance to develop normally. This has been done in Russia as well as in most of the countries of Europe, but when it comes to adult feeding and you hear an American relief worker talking about the danger of spreading relief out too thin to make it effective you may be sure he is making close calculations, dividing the supplies at his disposal by the lowest possible number of calories per man and making them go just as far as they will in the business solely of checking the ravages of actual death from starvation.

The village of Alexejewska—a village with a church and a most important place from a peasant viewpoint; lying in the midst of interminable wheat fields about twenty miles northeast from Samara—had not been surveyed for adult feeding, nor had Mr. Will Shafroth, the director of American relief in the Samara district, inspected the child-feeding station for quite a while, so, as I have said, we decided one day to go out and have a look at it.

The time was mid-February and the terrific Russian winter had not yet given any sign of breaking. I am not meaning to suggest any superior quality in myself when I say that the weather is one of the things I seldom permit to interfere with my plans or to influence my decisions. It may be that this indicates a hiatus somewhere in my mental equipment, but the truth is that I usually find myself in winter where I ought to be spending a balmy summer season, while in summer I am nearly always to be located in some tropical region to the likes of which one might be expected to hie for the purpose of escaping the rigors of winter in the zone we call temperate. I do not follow the sun. I follow the signs that point to manifestations of human peculiarities, so it would hardly do for me to pay much attention to the weather, would it?

Anyhow, it was mid-February in Russia. Old Mother Volga, so far as was indicated upon her broad bosom, was frozen solid, while the soft hills to the westward of her and the vast rolling plains stretching away into the east were lying under several feet of snow. It was very beautiful, but the cold was a cold that bit at one's nerves and was dangerous. It was necessary to remember all the time that ears and noses and fingers and toes become frozen before you know it and that in such a case the consequences are not unlikely to be very serious. However, precautions against that sort of thing are simple enough, and while I was wrapping myself up to the point of suffocation I had visions in my mind of nothing but a long and rather wonderful sleigh ride. It turned out to be all of that.

A Typical Village

When I saw what was referred to as our transportation my optimism got rather oozy and uncertain of itself and I could not conceal the anxiety I began to feel.

"Do you mean to tell me," I exclaimed to Mr. Shafroth, "that we are going to do forty-odd miles today with those animals?"

"What do you mean, animals?" he laughed

"Well, look at them!"

"I don't have to look at them; they're old friends of mine. They are A. R. A. pets and the best-fed horses as to quantity in this district. What they need in the food line is a little quality, but you needn't worry about them. They are not skinny; they are merely wiry. They'll make it all right; and they are not hungry!"

This was comforting and reassuring; but of all the knock-kneed, moth-eaten and dejected-looking beasts I had ever seen they were the worst! In the old days there would have been a troika for us; a deep comfortable sleigh filled with fur robes and drawn by three splendid horses abreast with the middle one galloping under a graceful and brightly ornamented arch. You know the Russia that was destroyed specialized in fine horses; they were celebrated the world over; and the muzhiks who drove them treated them as though they thought more of them than of their next-of-kin. There would have been a joyousness of robust shouts and jingling sleighbells in our get-away, and our hearts would have thrilled for miles on end to the swiftness of our going. There is nothing like that in Russia these days.

Our sleigh was a shallow old paintless contraption with a sack stuffed with hay for a seat and with hay in the bottom of it for the horses to eat. There were low-hung clouds and a strong wind blowing close to the ground and carrying before it eddies and whirls and blinding sheets of fine stinging snow. The road was just one long succession of ruts and bumps and the consequent motion was both neck-wrenching and back-breaking. The expedition turned out to be a good deal of a business proposition, but never mind; it was a most interesting day notwithstanding.

A thing to remember is that Alexejewska is only one among many villages in the Samara district in which the American Relief Administration is conducting feeding operations, but they are so much alike that having seen one of them you really have seen them all.

We arrived just as the little people were finishing their midday meal of corn grits with sugar and milk and bread and cocoa, and as they filed out past us on their way back to their homes each one of them made a little curtsy and said "*Spotsiba*," which means "Thank you." Our little Russians everywhere are always saying this to us. I have actually met children on the street in Moscow who have curtsied to me and said "*Spotsiba!*" One supposes their parents teach them that they must never pass an American without saying "Thank you." It is rather pathetic and was always to me exceedingly embarrassing.

Mercy Among Thieves

We were occupying for feeding purposes the largest of the picturesque wooden houses on the long curving street, a house that had once been a kind of inn or posting station for travelers on the highway and was therefore adequately equipped for preparing large quantities of food. We entered through the kitchen and observed the emptied huge iron kettles buried in the cement top of the big brick stove; then we went on into what must have been a taproom once upon a time and that was then being used as the children's dining room. There were the customary improvised long plank tables and benches, such as have been provided for the children in so many Russian towns; the likewise customary icons high up in the corners near the heavy-beamed ceiling; and that was all. The children had messed things up a bit, but one could see at a glance that the place was kept spotlessly clean, and already two barefoot girls with pails of hot water were attacking the tracks the children had made on the smooth board floor.

We put the cooks and the women who took care of the dining room and kept the accounts through a course of questions with regard to conditions and the details of their work, then Mr. Shafroth said he would like to see their stores. I thought at first that there was some embarrassment about this and that for some reason they were hesitating to comply with his request; but the difficulty was that the storeroom was double-locked, that the head village commissar had one key and some other soviet official the other, and that these men would have to be sent for. Neither of them would ever think of surrendering his key to anyone, nor would either of them permit the other to go to the storeroom alone. Quite solemnly each morning they went together to weigh out the supplies for the day, and having got their two receipts for them from the kitchen manager they locked up and went their separate ways. This is the method by which relief stores are guarded in every village and town in Russia in which the A. R. A. is operating, and although it is said there is not a Russian alive—of whatever class—who would not steal food if an opportunity to do so presented itself, the loss of American food by theft has been negligible. Soviet storehouses, food trains and caravans have been raided time and again, but of anything with the A. R. A. label on it the people seem to say "That is for the children," and they let it alone.

For instance: I am reminded of a little item that appeared one day in the Russian Unit Record, a news bulletin covering relief operations and "the world outside," as it is called, which Mr. Merle Farmer Murphy, chief of the A. R. A. communications service, hammers out on his typewriter once a week and has manifolded for the benefit of the American personnel. This item, under a Moscow date line, says:

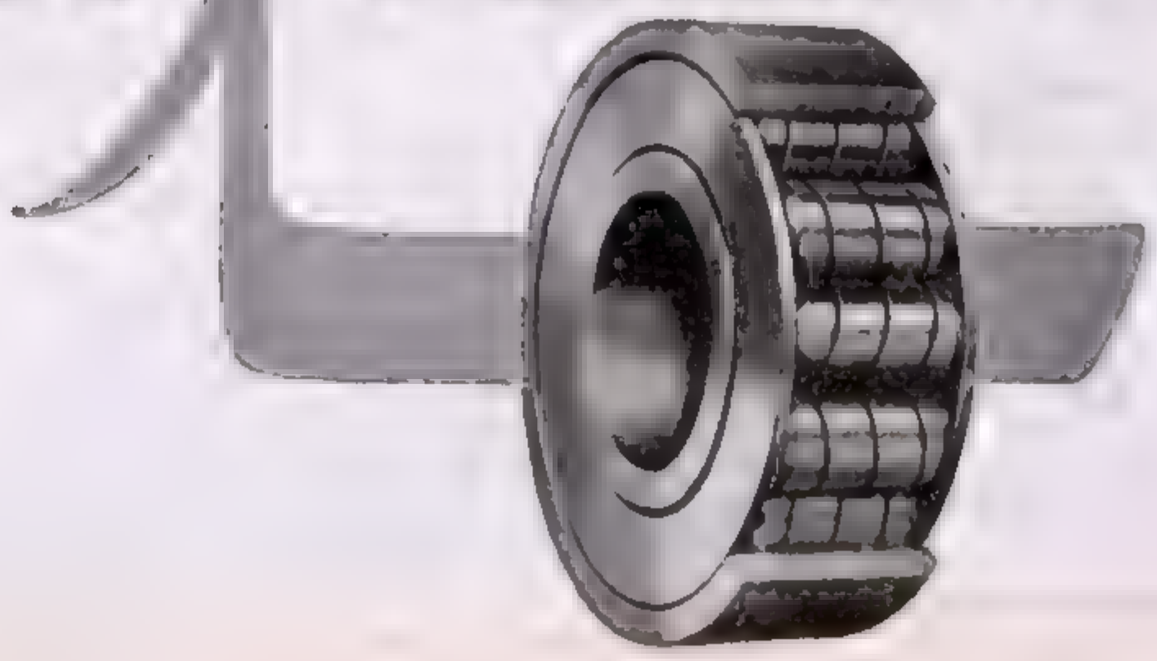
Carl E. Floete, of San Francisco and Pugachov, arrived here the first of the week and brought the first details of the raid of bandits on his adopted city the middle of last month. He says there were eight hundred of them all

(Continued on Page 44)

A dependable truck must have dependable bearings. It can give continuous, trouble-free service only to the degree that its bearings are unaffected by the pounding that comes from heavy going. The number of trucks equipped with Hyatt Roller Bearings is a significant tribute to Hyatt dependability.

Dependable

HYATT QUIET BEARINGS



They pay heavily for it in later life—*Each year over 100,000 men and women still young pay the supreme penalty for uncorrected wrong habits of eating*

STATISTICS show that each year in this country thousands of men and women still under forty die from diseases that come normally only with old age.

It is acknowledged today that the deep underlying cause of this condition is often lack of certain necessary food factors. This lack is largely responsible for the lowered vitality that means early ageing and shortened life.

Today thousands of men and women are getting these essential food elements by eating Fleischmann's Yeast, for yeast is the richest known source of the vitamin B. Fleischmann's Yeast also supplies abundantly the factors that repair the body tissues, and because of its freshness it helps the intestines eliminate waste matter. It increases appetite, improves digestion and keeps the body more resistant to infections.

It is recognized that laxatives cannot remove the cause of the trouble. Fleischmann's Yeast by its very nature as a wholesome food is admirably suited to the stomach and intestines. In tested cases it has restored normal functions in periods of time ranging from three days to five weeks.

Hundreds of men and women who have long been in bondage to laxatives are now free. The addition of Fleischmann's Yeast to their daily diet has restored normal action of the intestines.

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. It is a corrective food which has given remarkable results in treating these ailments.

The ways they like to eat Fleischmann's Yeast

Many like to nibble Fleischmann's Yeast from the cake a little at a time. Some prefer it spread on crackers or bread. Others take it in water, milk, fruit juices, coffee or cocoa. It is very nourishing with malted milk drinks. You will grow to like its distinctive flavor just as you grew to like the taste of olives or oysters.

Begin today by eating Fleischmann's Yeast—2 or 3 cakes every day. Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will see that you are supplied. If you prefer, you may buy 6 cakes at a time. They will keep fresh for two or three days if kept in a cool, dry place.

Send for free booklet telling the fascinating story of "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet"—what it has done for others—what it can do for you. Use coupon, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 615, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

Fleischmann's Yeast protects your health by correcting these faulty habits of eating

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY,
Dept. 615, 701 Washington Street,
New York, N. Y

Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." (Please write plainly)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 42)

told. The band was composed of both men and women, all dressed in sheepskin coats and all riding black horses. Each carried two rifles. The town and government officials had notice of their coming and, possessing a highly developed sense of prudence, withdrew to the westward. The band arrived about eight o'clock in the morning, looted all the government warehouses and left the A. R. A. storehouse absolutely untouched. The leader of the force, a tall man with the regulation piratical black beard, made a speech in the public square in which he called the American representative by name and said he would like to speak to him. The leader had evidently full information about the American work and had undoubtedly given orders that it should not be molested, for even small wagons carrying our provisions on country roads were not touched by the raiders. They left Pugachov in the evening after having cut all telegraph and telephone wires and smashed the instruments.

When I read this I was a tenderfoot in Soviet Russia and thought it was pretty awful, but I learned afterward that it was nothing to get excited about.

The men came hustling along very shortly, and after we had inspected the supplies, of which there were enough on hand for another two weeks, we told them we wished to make a survey of the village for the purpose of determining the amount of adult relief that would be required. The simple statement of the commissar was that every grown-up person in the entire community was starving, and I came afterward to believe that this was actually true.

We trudged out into the deep snow, and with heads down against the bitter wind walked all over the place, going from house to house and making our own choice of those into which we decided to intrude. I must not forget to say that Mr. Shafroth speaks Russian and that therefore we did not have to have anything sifted to us through the mind of an interpreter. As we went along he translated for me into my own kind of English everything that was said.

I did not like going into these Russian peasant homes. It seemed, somehow, a very impertinent thing to do and I felt apologetic. One could not cover it with any kind of pretense or put on an air of pleasant sociability. It was just a grim business, the most awful kind of inspection that can possibly be imagined.

Bone-Meal Bread

We went into one house after another, finding the completest emptiness I have ever seen anywhere. The houses nearly all consist of just one fair-sized room and a kind of shedlike lean-to covering the back entrance. In one corner of the room there is always a large brick stove with a flat top which serves as a bed for as many of the family as can crowd upon it, while a table and a bench and a couple of chairs, perhaps, make up the rest of the furniture; not forgetting, of course, the inevitable icon in a corner. Ordinarily the lean-to would be hung with dried vegetables and meats of various kinds and piled high with fuel. But we saw nothing in any of them except a few sticks of firewood, while we found family after family—men, women and young people; fourteen years being the age limit for American child relief—in extremes of distress, huddled together on the tops of their stoves or sitting about in utter dejection—absolutely helpless and hopeless.

The whole village was living on a variety of imitation bread that was new to me. I have seen plenty of bark bread and bread made of leaves and roots of different kinds, but as a substitute for food this had everything I had ever seen looking like a delicacy. It was made of pulverized bones—bone meal they called it—mixed with ground-up leaves and other ingredients I failed to identify. An old woman in the first house we went into introduced me to it.

Then she brought out the thigh bone of an animal of some sort along with the pestle and mortar with which she did the pulverizing and endeavored to explain to us exactly how she made the awful little cakes. She offered me one of them and I tasted it, but I couldn't swallow it. It tasted and smelled like something badly decayed.

When we told the people of this community that there would be corn for them in sufficient quantities within two weeks, that it had been unloaded at the ports and was already on the railroads coming slowly but surely their way, we had all we could do to keep them from falling on their knees to us—even the soviet officials. But how it did light them up! I found myself wishing that some American congressmen who had voted to give them twenty million dollars could have seen them.

The sight of them then would have made these congressmen prayerfully glad that they had acted so promptly and so generously.

One old man began to cry in a happy kind of way and said: "Well, in that case we must all make up our minds to live. We can live two weeks. There is seed grain coming from America too. The Americans have said so. We men will all be needed for the planting. Our women are terribly spent."

I thought to myself when Mr. Shafroth had interpreted this for my benefit: "Yes, and there is not much left of you either!" Then I remembered that they had practically no farm animals or implements left, and wondered how they were to get their planting done.

They told us that in their district, which covered a good many square miles, they had managed to get in about a thousand acres of fall wheat and that they could have put in more but for the fact that the confiscations and the drought had left them without seed grain.

Governed by Inferiors

By that time we had gathered together in the home of the village commissar and were having a regular meeting, and when this bit of information about the fall wheat came out a shaggy and sour-looking old man standing over in a corner growled as though he were very much annoyed about it: "Yes, and if it were not for our American friends there would be mighty few of us left to see that wheat turn green in the spring!"

Everybody laughed quite happily. It was only his way of displaying his profound emotion and expressing his deep disgust with the situation in general.

At this meeting I got my first satisfactory impression of the workings of the soviet system in a small community. It is all organized from the top of course. That is, the peasant village communes are under the definite and really established dictatorship of the urban proletariats, that in their turn are dominated by the central soviets. It is much more complicated than that, but that covers it simply and sufficiently for my immediate purpose. The point I wish to make is that it is the inferior citizen everywhere who exercises authority. The boss communists in this village were the inferior citizens, though I must say there was nothing very bossy about them. Indeed they did not seem to me to be at all happy in their jobs, and we were told that even in the face of danger of death from starvation they spent most of their time snooping around, spying upon each other and everybody, seeking to gain favor for themselves in the eyes of their own bosses higher up. It amounted merely to a new kind of politics.

I noticed that they permitted themselves to be considerably browbeaten by more-substantial-looking citizens, however. There was one tremendously bewhiskered old giant of a farmer who enlivened the meeting by frequently interrupting the commissar, to whom Mr. Shafroth was addressing his questions, and calling him down for misrepresenting things. The room was filled with men standing round the walls and occupying every available space, while we and the soviet sat at a small table in a corner. One of the officials would be engaged in explaining something to Mr. Shafroth when the big fellow would break in with a declaration that he was not telling the truth. Whereupon he would launch forth with his version while all the others except the discomfited wielders of authority would side in with him and say: "*Da-da-da! Da-da!*" which means: "Yes-yes-yes! Yes-yes!" It was a most extraordinary scene.

And one thing sure and certain: Such people as these hate the soviet system with a mighty hatred, and to a man. But it is the only system they have now; it has been ruthlessly imposed upon them and relentlessly maintained. They must just make the best of it and get along with it any way they can.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.

This Beautiful All-Year Sedan is Priced at

$875 F.O.B. Flint, Mich.

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

The World's Lowest Priced *Quality* Automobiles

Touring	$525
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Never before has any automobile manufacturer producing a line of cars equal to Chevrolet in quality and equipment, reached such a great volume of production, achieving first place among manufacturers of standard automobiles.

This leadership has been accorded to Chevrolet because of wide-spread public recognition of the fact that in Chevrolet a dollar buys more automobile than it has ever been able to buy before.

A thousand a day now buy Chevrolet.

Therefore Chevrolet can apply quantity production methods in the making of quality cars.

This beautiful 4-door Sedan is built on the famous New Superior Chevrolet Chassis, the outstanding features of which are: a powerful valve-in-head motor—standard three speed transmission—strong, quiet, spiral bevel gears in rear axle—complete electrical system, with starter, storage battery, Remy ignition and electric lights—demountable rims and cord tires.

Upon this chassis is mounted a fine Fisher body—durable, elegant in line and finish, with deep upholstered seats finished in velour, dome light, sun visor, and plate glass windows with Turnstedt window regulators.

Not only is this Sedan remarkably low in first price, but in operating cost it is equally as economical.

No matter what car you drive or are thinking of buying, you should see this New Superior Chevrolet Sedan.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

World's Largest Manufacturer of Low-Priced QUALITY Automobiles

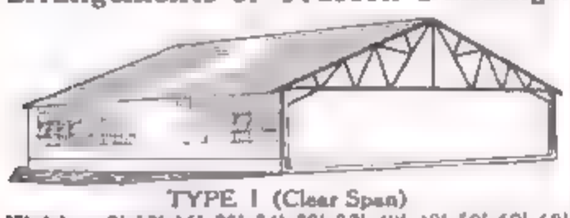
There are 5,000 Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations Throughout the World

Applications will be Considered from High Grade Dealers in Territories not Adequately Covered

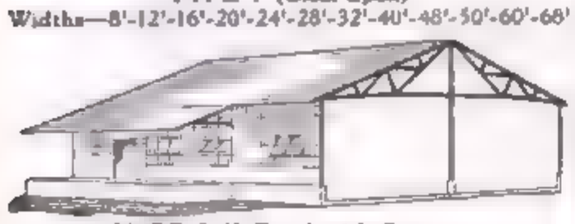
TRUSCON STANDARD BUILDINGS

All Types and Sizes

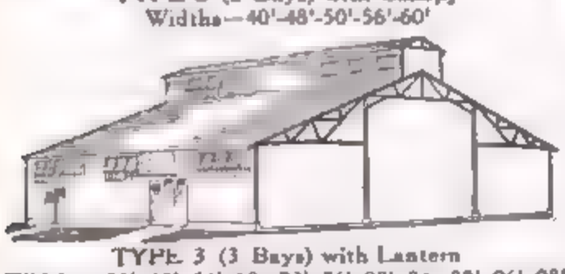
Sectional views below show typical arrangements of Truscon Buildings.



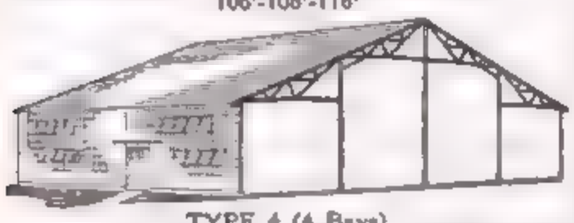
TYPE 1 (Clear Span)
Widths—8'-12'-16'-20'-24'-28'-32'-40'-48'-50'-60'-68'



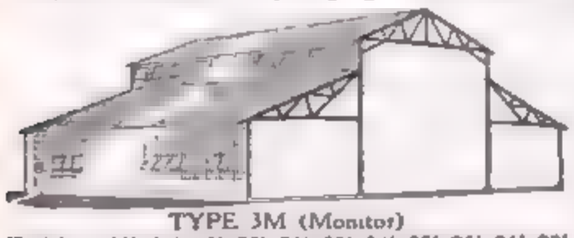
TYPE 2 (2 Bays) with Canopy
Widths—40'-48'-50'-56'-60'



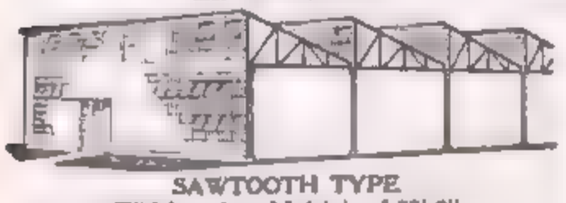
TYPE 3 (3 Bays) with Lantern
Widths—56'-60'-64'-68'-72'-76'-80'-84'-88'-96'-98'
106'-108'-116'



TYPE 4 (4 Bays)
Widths—80'-100'-112' (4 Bays @ 20'-25' or 28')



TYPE 3M (Monitor)
Widths—60'-64'-68'-72'-76'-80'-84'-88'-90'-96'-98'
[illegible]'-106'-108'-116'



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Types shown can be combined or varied.
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Any desired arrangement of doors and windows.

You get an individual building to fill your exact needs, because the combination of standardized units makes possible an infinite variety of sizes and arrangements. This is an all-steel, permanent, fireproof building at very low cost; a building that can be readily dismantled and re-erected in a new location with 100% salvage. That is why 10,000,000 sq. ft. of floor area of Truscon Standard Buildings are now in successful use for factories, warehouses, foundries, shops, cafeterias, offices, garages, service stations, and many other purposes.

Write for Details

If you are planning to build learn how Truscon Standard Buildings can serve your needs. Return coupon or write us for suggestions, catalog and prices.

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Send useful building book and suggestions on building to be used for _____

Type____Length____Width____Height

Name_____

Address _____ Dept 99

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Ballade of Mrs. Grundy

I'D GLADLY look in siren eyes
If siren eyes were not taboo;
Gladly I'd hear their songs and sighs
And dare their worst enchantments too.
I'd live the gay life, entre nous,
If only I could have my way.
There's much that I desire to do—
But what would Mrs. Grundy say?

I want to whisper loving lies
To Amaryllis and to Prue.
I think 'twould be a sweet emprise
With these fair maids to bill and coo,
And ditto with some other few.
I could so joyous be and gay
If there were naught to reck or rue—
But what would Mrs. Grundy say?

To dance and play my spirit cries;
Rapture and revel are its due.
Prudential maxims I despise
Within my soul as much as you.
I hate to have my whole life's hue
A sober and a somber gray.
I'd like to join a pirate crew—
But what would Mrs. Grundy say?

L'Envoi

O Priestess of the Laws of Blue,
I am a victim of your sway!
I yearn to drink and smoke and chew—
But what would Mrs. Grundy say?

—Thomas Lomax Hunter.

Song

AND shall we build a little nest
In Arcady, in Arcady,
Where we can settle down and rest
In sweet security;
A place where sunbeams cast their spell,
And shadows play, and shadows play,
Where you and I and Love can dwell
Forever and a day?

And shall we go there, you and I,
In poppy time, in poppy time,
When fluffy cloudlets dot the sky
And clustered roses climb?
And shall we watch the seasons wane,
And come and go, and come and go,
And welcome April's golden rain,
And hail December's snow?

And will no other ever find
Our garden spot, our garden spot?
And shall we leave the world behind
And count it well forgot?
There boundless peace can come to us,
But trouble can't, but trouble can't,
And shall we live forever thus?
You bet your life we shan't.

—Dorothy Parker.

Fifty-Fifty

A MAN in Savannah was passing a negro shack off Abercorn Street when a darky woman popped her head out of a window and shouted, "Ferdilizer! Ferdilizer!"

"Are you calling someone, aunty?" he asked.

"Yeah, sah; Ise callin' our youngest nigger."

"Why did you name him that?"

"'Cause we thought maybe he'd be our las', sah, so we named him after bof uv us. Mah husband's name's Ferdinand an' mine's Eliza, so we jes' naturally called him Ferdilizer."

A Slum Flower Shop

JUST a breath of fragrance in the welter
of the slums,
Just a ray of sunlight from the country
far away;
Roses in a tawdry vase and daisies in a
jar,
Ferns from some cool forest spot where
little shadows play.

Just a sense of sweetness in a dingy crowded
place,
Where the heat hangs sullenly above the
shouts and cries;
Just a bit of loveliness and color in a spot
Where all life seems painted drab to many
weary eyes.

"Happiness and joy and peace"—words the
flowers say—
Seem like notes of music here, like music
soft and sweet,
Drowning, by its radiance, the anguish of
the soul,
Touching, with a vivid hand, the squalor
of the street.

"Love and hope and dreams come true"—so
the message rings,
Bluebells and forget-me-nots, pinks and
mignonette;
Teaching pallid lips to smile and tired feet
to dance,
Teaching frightened hearts to pray and
promise and—forget!

Just a breath of fragrance in the tumult of
the slums,
Beauty—creeping poignantly where pain
and sorrow are—
Just a sense of sweetness in a dingy,
crowded place.
Roses in a tawdry vase and daisies in a
jar! *—Margaret E. Sangster.*

Ballade of Art and Love

THE Indian wears the gay tattoo,
And calcimines his countenance
With streaks of crimson, green and blue,
Believing that it does enhance
His pulchritude, and much advance
The high ambition of his heart,
To be a hero of Romance—
He seeks to cozen Love with Art.

The savage of the southern seas
Adorns his face with bits of glass,
Arranged with taste and graceful ease,
And hangs his nose with rings of brass,
And stains his teeth as green as grass,
And spares no labor to improve
On Nature, somewhat crude and crass,
To please the sweet caprice of Love.

The modern flapper has attained
A skill of far more witching grace:
Her lovely lips are carmine stained,
A peach-blow pink is on her face.
She hasn't overlooked a place
Where Art its very best may do
To cover Nature's smallest trace—
She's garnished up for me and you.

L'Envoi

Prince, this is not all vanity,
As once I wrongly said, in haste,
But is, as now I plainly see,
A criticism of our taste.

—Thomas Lomax Hunter.

Nothing Doing

OLD Mose carefully knocked the ashes from his corncob and put it on the mantelpiece.

"Mandy," he remarked, "I thinks Ise gwine put on mah bes' clothes an' go down to de theayter ternight to see de chorus ladies dance."

His wife turned a stony eye on him.

"Mose," she said slowly, "lissen heah! If dat am what yuh thinks, then yuh'd bettah think agin. Niggah, yuh ain't gwine put on nothin' to go no place no time to see nobody do nothin', never, nohow an' not at all. Does yuh understan'?"

The Little Things

EVER so little means so much
In the little world of workaday:
The lips that smile and the hands that touch—
The easier things. Not many such,
Easy or hard, in the common way!
Ever so little means so much
In the little world of workaday!

Ever so little, but how they aid:
The kindly glance and the friendly word!
The flash of an eye, and a debt is paid;
A syllable uttered—a friendship made
Or ever the syllable's clearly heard.
Ever so little, but how they aid:
The kindly glance and the friendly word.

Ever so little, but they will last:
The least of the deeds that your hand can do!
Open your heart door freely, cast
Windows wide on the starry vast—
And God's good face comes shining through.
Ever so little, but they will last:
The things that are best in the best of you.

—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Strong on System

AT A CERTAIN coal mine down in New Mexico the superintendent was greatly annoyed from time to time by employes moving into and out of the company's houses without due notification of their frequent changes of domicile. It became quite impossible to keep the rent accounts straight on the office books, and finally the superintendent, in his exasperation, resolved upon stringent measures. He therefore posted the following notice:

july the 11

Notis to all them imployed:
anny Person or Persons what Moves into A House Without My Consent shall be Put Out Without anney Cemmony.
Dam it I Must and Will have some Sistom.
(Signed) HEN FELKER.

Flathead Lake, Montana

Had Your *Iron* Today?

Raisin Pie

2 cups Sun-Maid Raisins
1 cup [illegible] water
[illegible] cup sugar
2 tablespoonfuls corn starch
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
1 teaspoonful grated lemon rind
Juice of 1 orange
1 teaspoonful grated orange rind
1 cup chopped walnuts

Cook raisins in boiling water for 5 minutes, pour into it sugar and corn starch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired. All measurements for this recipe are level.

Not Merely Delicious

This Raisin Pie Supplies Quick-Acting Energy to Tired, Hard-Worked Men

HE'LL thank you for its luscious flavor, but more for the *refreshment* in this incomparably good dessert after his long business day. A man's food is of paramount importance.

Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound. They are 75 per cent *natural fruit-sugar*, and *this kind* of sugar is in practically predigested form.

So it doesn't tax him, and he is conscious of its nutriment almost immediately. With such refreshment he feels fit—and ready for anything you want to do that evening.

Raisins are rich in food-iron also—good for the blood.

Wise women cater to these needs of men.

Pie is man's ideal dessert, and Sun-Maid Raisins from California's sun-bathed valleys make a pie de luxe.

Tender, meaty, thin-skinned fruit-meats. The juice forms a luscious sauce. Add these features to your pie crust and then taste the result.

There's a recipe above if you want one. Try it if you haven't a favorite of your own. See what *he* says when he tastes pie like this.

Little Sun-Maids

Between-Meal Raisins

Luscious little raisins full of energy and iron—sold in 5c packages everywhere.

Revive you when you're tired. Taste good when you're hungry.

Try them. At all stores—5c.

Blue Package (seeded) best for pie and bread

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Sun-Maids are selected raisins produced from California's finest table grapes.

The Seeded Sun-Maids, called Muscats, are sterilized and wrapped in wax paper, all ready for your use.

Always ask for Sun-Maid brand and get the finest raisins grown. Raisins are 30 per cent cheaper than formerly—see that you get plenty in your food.

Send coupon for free book containing 100 tested recipes for delicious raisin foods.

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers
Membership 13,000
DEPT. A-1407, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers
DEPT. A-1407, FRESNO, CALIF.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

and full-bodied—

OIL

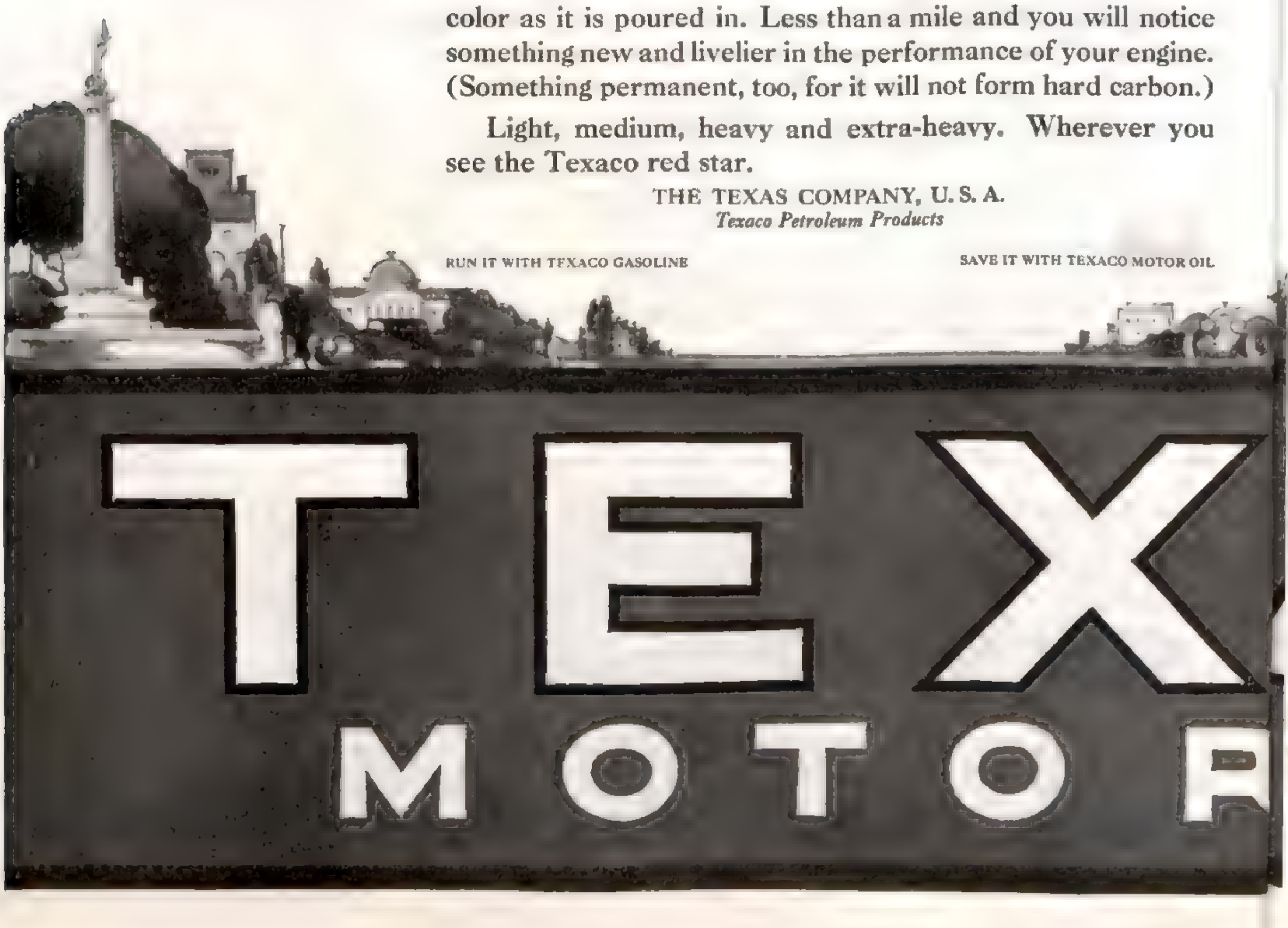
NO one thing you can do for your car will make so much difference, so immediately, at so little cost, with so little trouble as this: Drain out your crank case, and refill with Texaco Motor Oil. Clean, clear, full-bodied—watch its golden color as it is poured in. Less than a mile and you will notice something new and livelier in the performance of your engine. (Something permanent, too, for it will not form hard carbon.)

Light, medium, heavy and extra-heavy. Wherever you see the Texaco red star.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

RUN IT WITH TEXACO GASOLINE

SAVE IT WITH TEXACO MOTOR OIL



TEXACO
TEXACO
OILS

Do 19 out of 20 persons have "Acid-Mouth"?

Is it true that only 1 person in 20 is free from "Acid-Mouth"?

The chances are you have "Acid-Mouth"

It is said that only one person in twenty is free from "Acid-Mouth," the condition that causes early tooth decay. So you have but a small chance of being free from this condition—unless you take steps to guard against it.

"Acid-Mouth" is doubly treacherous because it works unseen and unfelt. The first warning of what "Acid-Mouth" is doing comes with the twinge of pain that tells you a tooth is decaying. Soon other teeth decay and ache—victims of "Acid-Mouth."

To combat this destructive enemy, thousands of men and women clean their teeth night and morning with Pebeco Tooth Paste.

Pebeco is the tooth paste that counteracts "Acid-Mouth" by stimulating the flow of normal alkaline saliva—nature's own mouth wash, and the most effective means of neutralizing mouth acids.

In addition to checking "Acid-Mouth," Pebeco keeps the teeth clean and firm, and leaves the mouth delightfully refreshed.

To the last squeeze, Pebeco rolls out of the tube fresh and creamy.

How to tell if you have "Acid-Mouth"

First, send for Litmus Test Papers and big trial tube of Pebeco

Then moisten a blue Litmus Test Paper on your tongue. If it turns pink, it indicates an acid condition of the mouth. Brush your teeth with Pebeco and make another test. The paper will not change color, thus demonstrating that Pebeco counteracts "Acid-Mouth."

Fill in the coupon now, enclose ten cents and mail to us at once. The Litmus Test Papers and big trial tube of Pebeco will be sent you immediately.

LEHN & FINK, INC
635 Greenwich Street, New York

Enclosed find 10 cents, for which please send me your Litmus Test Papers and large trial tube of Pebeco.

Name_____

Street and No._____

City or Town_____

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LEHN & FINK, INC.
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Ask your Druggist for the Pebeco Tooth Brush—
It cleans every part of every tooth

Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, 10 McCaul Street, Toronto

OUT-OF-DOORS

More Cow Brands Than Ever

WE ARE disposed to believe that the cattle business of old now is past or rapidly passing, and that the old ways of the open range are now no longer needful. As a matter of fact, there are more different brands for cattle today than ever were known before. It is said that there are thirty-five thousand different brands registered in the state of Colorado alone, and that five or six hundred new brands are filed every month. Of course it is getting so that it is hard to invent a brand which some other fellow has not already adopted, and it always was hard to invent one which some ingenious brand blotter could not alter. Most of the brands today run in only one letter or figure, not very many have three or more letters or figures. This requires considerable originality, hence geometrical designs or figures of animals or articles now also are seen in brands up to date. There are still brand experts who comb the stockyards for tampered brands, and in many ways the old cow industry survives. Sometimes cattle have to be driven, even today, a hundred miles or so to reach the rails, and road branding or even stockyard branding for shipment to feeding ranges is by no means unknown even today. The study of the books of the registered-brand department in any Western state capital is a curious and interesting one. I observe that the writer in a Colorado paper making these statements also states that the legislature of Colorado collects a brand tax every eight years and discards all brands on which taxes are not paid—this in the intention to keep down the voluminous registration work.

A Trout Secret

I HAVE often wondered what made trout take the bucktail fly so eagerly, as they quite often do—that is to say, the bucktail fly as I tie it myself, with rather a long wing of brown or black hair. Last spring I was fishing on the Prairie River in Wisconsin, and in opening my trout I found they were feeding on hellgramites and small crawfish. In parts of the stream where this was going on, and in other near-by streams, I found the bucktail deadly, although that is country where the small dry fly is pretty nearly a religion today. Then one day, when standing on the bank near the end of a submerged log, I saw that the surface of the log was well-nigh covered by a lot of oblong objects which were swaying lightly in the current, but holding on. These, of course, were the little cylinders made of bark and sand, concealing the larvæ which after a time would hatch into flies. I cut off the bucktail from my leader, waded out and stuck it just lightly in the bark. The long hairs of the wings looked rather darkish, and swung just a little here and there in the current, but hung on.

I thought then I had discovered the secret of the bucktail. I believe the trout take it for the hellgramite, or for a larva, or for a small crawfish.

Cleaning Fish

AWHILE ago I was on a Western trout stream where there were two Austrian fishers, and I watched them clean their trout. First they cut off the head of the fish, then cut a big notch at the vent, and then ripped it open. Another Austrian had a way of cutting off one end of the gill attachment and yanking it all out. There are different ways of cleaning trout, but one of the best is practiced by most of the friends with whom I fish. You can use either a sharp knife or a pair of scissors. Make two cuts at the throat of the trout, the first detaching the gills where they fasten at the angle of the lower jaw, the second cut back of the gills and through the throatlatch just back of the point. Now rip your trout open along the belly as usual. Take your thumb and finger and tear off the detached gills from their fastening at the roof of the mouth. Then you can strip back the entrails and not get anything very much messed up. You will still have left the black streak along the spine of your fish. If you are going to eat your trout right away take your thumb nail and scrape that out. If you are going to take him home and keep him two or three days, for the love of Mike leave that black strip in until just before you cook him! Don't wash that trout again, don't handle him any more, but leave him alone until you are just ready to put him in the pan. All of which I think worth repeating.

Of course you know how to clean perch. Last spring the trout fishing was not good, so with some friends I went perch fishing in a mill pond. We caught some small minnows and cut them into little chunks for our bait and caught all sorts of perch—while fishing in just this way one of my friends two weeks earlier had caught a five-pound rainbow trout, which sort of took the curse off the perch fishing. In cleaning our perch, which I wanted to take home to the city, we first run the edge of a sharp knife round back of the gills and back of the first big fins just back of the gills. Then with the point of the knife we split the skin from the shoulder back to the tail, running another split on the opposite side of that long, bristling back fin which Mister Perch sports. With the thumb and knife blade for a pincers we then stripped off the tough skin on each side, cut off the tail and the ventral fins, pulled out that bristly back fin, cut off the head and dragged out the entrails attached to the head. True, we did not have very much meat left, but it is all the meat there is to a perch, and you do not eat the fins and the head.

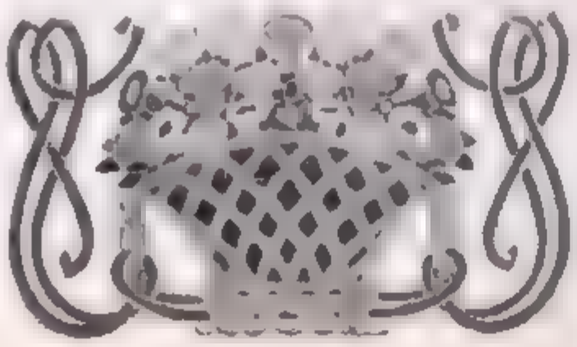
Our perch were rather small. At home I took these fillets and had them dropped into screeching hot grease to cover them, and fried thoroughly. I thought them very much worth bringing home.

We even got so low as to catch three or four bullheads by mistake on that perch-fishing trip, and in these days when porterhouse is a dollar a pound a bullhead is worth skinning. Of course you know how to skin a bullhead. First, you kill him by severing the spine at the back of the head. Always be sure to do that. Better lay him down sideways on a board and then cut off that top spine, which is disposed to be poisonous; also his side horns. The pincers do this best. Run the knife blade back of his gills and those two spines in front, and rip him down the back as you do a perch. Then again take the little pair of pliers which you ought to have in your tackle bag, catch hold of the corner of his hide on top of the shoulder where the two cuts meet, and yank off his hide. Cut off the tail, head and big fins as from the perch, and clean likewise. You have not got much bullhead left, but it is very good when porterhouse is a dollar a pound—or any other time.

By the way, about frying fish: Of course you know that when a fish is very fresh it will curl up in the pan and be much harder to cook than it is if you let it lie overnight. An absolutely fresh trout will sometimes curl up and break almost to pieces in the pan. Last summer I was at a ranger station in one of the national parks, and one of the rangers and I brought in a basket of mountain trout averaging ten to twelve inches. We wanted a panful of these for supper, and I noticed that one of the rangers—of course they are all bachelors, and every fellow has to do his own cooking—put a kettle lid on top of our fish as they lay in the big skillet. The lid was too small for the skillet, and it is not generally considered desirable to put a lid over a skillet of frying trout; so I asked him for why.

"Oh, that's to keep them from curling up," said he. "I just use that lid to hold them down level."

It was another of those discoveries that you never make at home. I found that the light weight of this pot lid was enough to keep the fish flat in the pan, and we fried them beautifully, the texture of the fish holding together so we could turn them over in the pan without breaking them to pieces. Of course you know that the way to cook any fish is to cook him slow and to cook him plenty, and with plenty of grease to keep him from burning to the bottom of the pan. When a fish is done the tine of your big fork will go into it anywhere easily, and without any grating—which also is worth repeating and remembering.



Mending Rubber Boots

OF COURSE you know how to mend your rubber boots when you get a hole in them. In your tackle bag you should always have a little pure rubber sheeting or perhaps some of the patching material which is rubber with a drilling back; also a little tube of the rubber cement which all tackle dealers have. You also should have a small piece of sandpaper in your tackle bag. Sandpaper all round the anagged hole and rub on the cement, waiting until it does not shine any more—two or three minutes. Treat your patch the same way, and repeat once or twice. Then put on your patch and squeeze it down hard, or tap it down with a hammer or knife handle if you can get something smooth and hard to put inside of the boot under the hole. This is the usual way of mending a boot on the stream.

Since the days of the bicycle and the motor car even better ways have been devised for stopping a crack to keep the water away. In any garage you can get a tin box of small, hard, round rubber patches, which can be used very quickly and efficiently. To use them you must have gasoline. Wash round the hole in the boot, dip the patch in gasoline, slap it on and press it and tap it on tight. It will stick. I have five of these patches on the leg of one rubber boot, and some have been there for years.

The hardest place to mend a rubber boot is just at the edge of the sole. Down in Louisiana last winter I got a break in a boot in just that ticklish place, and my patch came off so that the boot leaked again. The plantation manager, himself a good all-round man, scoffed at my method.

"I'll fix it so she'll stay," he said.

He went out into his garage and came in with a piece of heavy, thick, red tire patching or tubing, and some of his tire cement, which he used in mending the tires on his car. This patching material had a canvas backing. He put on a patch; and believe me it did stick, although it lapped over on the sole, where the greatest wear would come.

Again last spring, with that same pair of boots, which now began to look like Joseph's coat, I sprang another leak along the sole, this time up in Wisconsin. I went to a garage and we put on a round patch such as I have described, and over that a thin, very elastic patch, which the garage man said was inner-cushion stuff. It was very thin, very stretchy, pure rubber, and it stuck for fair. Over it all we put a canvas-backed patch, and I went merrily on my way.

Last summer out in Montana this same pair of boots—which must have been more than a dozen years old—went wrong again along the soles, and I went to a garage again. We put on a big slab of rubber with gasoline preliminaries, but the old boots still leaked a little. I found that one heel was coming off. Entertaining certain suspicions which could be verified only in one way—you know you have to skin a cow critter to look at the inside of the hide before you can really tell whether or not a brand has been blotched—I cut the feet off both my boots and dissected them clear down to the sole to see where the leak was. I now found that the inner part of the sole had become detached from its original connection with the lower sole. The water was working in at the heel and in between these two soles of the boots. There seemed to be no way of fixing this, especially since I had cut the legs off the boots, so I gave the legs away to a chap who sometimes has to wallow around the snow in the wintertime. The moral of all of which is that if you want to patch a rubber boot today go to a garage.

STONE
Rim Parts
LUGS BOLTS NUTS

Dealers:
Get this Display Cabinet FREE by ordering an assortment of Stone Rim Parts. The Display Board is also Free with smaller assortment.

Rim Parts for YOUR car—in this cabinet—at your accessory dealer's

To spend a few cents for spare Stone Rim Parts is to invest in safety and satisfaction. You ease your mind, save your time and guard against accident and loss. There's a store conveniently near you where the Stone Rim Parts Cabinet or Board is on display. That's the place to buy rim lugs, bolts and nuts. You'll find the right shapes and sizes for *your* car. Stone Parts are *GUARANTEED*. They fit perfectly, stand hardest strains, give longest wear. Buy them *before* you need them.

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Stone Rim Parts are of toughest malleable iron. They are standard staples—finished products of first quality. Stone *Oversize* Rim Parts take up wear spaces and cure noisy rims. Our line meets the needs of every car on the market. Find the Stone dealer nearest you. Look for the Stone Cabinet or Display Board in accessory stores, garages and hardware stores. Dealers supplied through jobbers.

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You can change a tire in a jiffy on a Stone Interchangeable Rim. It's standard, perfect fitting, easy-operating Interchanger with 20 different makes and types of rims used on popular cars. No loose parts. No hinged joints.
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At last!

A quick, safe way to rid your home of insect pests

NOWADAYS everybody knows the danger of allowing flies to swarm unmolested about the kitchen or dining room. As a disease-carrier the fly ranks first.

The only question is: "How can I keep my home free of them?" The answer is: "Flyosan," science's latest contribution to disease prevention.

Flyosan kills flies by the roomful.

You spray this wonderful liquid into the air of a closed room. A dozen pumps of the ordinary garden sprayer (which comes in the introductory package) will do the trick. All flies and mosquitoes present will struggle toward the windows. Inside of five minutes every last one will be dead.

In spite of the fact that it is so fatal to insects, Flyosan is absolutely non-poisonous to animals and human beings. Think what a relief this means, especially if there are children in the house.

Flyosan is pleasant to use. It leaves no unpleasant odor. It will not stain or discolor.

Flyosan is equally effective against flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, bedbugs, ants, lice, moths, fleas and most other insect pests.

If your drug, department or hardware store does not carry Flyosan, send us a dollar and we will send you an introductory package containing a pint of Flyosan and a sprayer. If Flyosan doesn't do all we claim for it, we will refund your money without argument.

To Dealers

We have a remarkably effective window display which will help you sell Flyosan. If you ask for one we will send it with your order. Dealers' price list mailed on request.

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PRICES:	
Pint	$ .75
Quart	1.25
½-Gallon	2.25
Gallon	4.00
Introductory Package (pint and sprayer)	1.00

KILLS FLIES BY THE ROOMFUL

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THE FOLLANSBEE IMBROGLIO

(Continued from Page 19)

Parr had quite a thrill when he came to the little old woman in the wide silks on the top floor.

"Did I hear anything?" she repeated in a grieved tone. "Why, I saw it! All! In a measure, I was really the cause of it. I suppose my enemies will begrudge me even this satisfaction." She smoothed out her silks between her bony fingers. "Captain Avalone," she said with a little bow to Parr, "had just tied up at the wharf. He hurried to me directly—he said it was all he could do to wait. The captain was such a gentleman! He brought me a roll of stuffs. Blanche thought they were for her, poor child! We were standing in the corridor by the ladies' entrance—there was about to be a scene. I love scenes!" She threw back her head with a little laugh. "I can always carry them off so beautifully! Brent was coming down the staircase. I saw him throw up his hand to his face, and when he fell he ——"

"Who are you, woman?" demanded Parr. "What are you talking about?"

"I am Estelle de Morney, sir, at your service," she said, essaying a curtsy.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the man hunter. The creature was regaling him with an account of the Donald Brent murder, of the '70's. This hag to write Finis on that frail beauty who was the center of it all!

Going out he was met by Pelts, who leaned forward and said in low tones: "I've found the voice, sir."

"Eh? Found the voice! What the devil you driving at?"

Pelts held up for his inspection a wad of some plastic substance.

"What do you make of that, sir?" he asked.

"The same as I make of this," said Parr, producing a bit of his own. "It looks like the wax they made those old talking-machine cylinders of."

"That's what it is," agreed Pelts. "It's all over the place—pounded to crumbs. See, this piece was hammered out of shape by a candlestick. I've got the candlestick."

Parr started back to the chamber at a sharp pace.

"Just a moment, sir!" said Pelts. "I've got the cylinder."

He produced a bulky object, at sight of which Parr scowled with the utmost ferocity. It was not an old-fashioned music roll. It was an up-to-date dictating-machine record.

"All the others were smashed," said Pelts. "This one—rolled under the davenport—escaped him."

Parr nodded. He put his glass on the roll; it was bitten by a fine spiral line.

"I identified that bunch of scrap iron in the fireplace," Pelts was going on. "It was the dictating machine. It was mashed to a pulp. I put enough of it together to identify it. It was an Acme, sir."

In five minutes Parr was hurrying south on Broadway, the magic "P. D. 2" on the number plate of his car winning him right of way through the crush of traffic. In a store off Liberty Street dealing in rebuilt typewriters and other mechanical impedimenta of the business offices of this section, he requisitioned an Acme, and in another ten minutes sat alone with it in his inner office, adjusting the needle, conscious of a rare thrill. If this should prove the living voice of the dead woman it would be indeed something new under the sun of crime.

"I swear," he said to Oliver in relating this, "my hair stood on end when she began to talk. And when I heard that 'No, no, no, no, no,' I honestly thought it was a cry from another world. I hooked over the needle and put that jelly roll through again. Then I gradually got my feet back to earth. It was a fragment of the forthcoming installment of the Imbroglio. That was the way she wrote. She didn't write—she talked it off to the machine. That was the chatter, the confused talk they heard. That was why we couldn't find a scrap of writing. I wonder how many rolls that fiend destroyed. If we had them, Oliver, he'd find me sitting on his doorstep when he gets out his latchkey to-night."

The man hunter smiled grimly; eying Armiston, he pried out of a bulging pocket a box from which he produced, from a nest of cotton batting, not one cylinder but two. He set them down before the extinct author as carefully as if they were spun glass instead of all that remained this side of the Great Divide of the amazing Nain Gail. Oliver looked questioningly at Parr.

"Two?" he said. "I thought you said one"

Parr nodded.

"Yes; I thought you'd require confirmatory evidence, so I brought two."

When Parr, in the seclusion of his office, had finally got his feet back to earth, and assured and reassured himself that beyond a measure of doubt the embalmed record recited a fragment of a further never-to-be-born installment of the notorious Follansbee Imbroglio, the first thing he did was to send for Pelts, being a great stickler for credit due.

"You are all right, son," growled the deputy commissioner in charge of man-hunting. "Let me give you a tip: Most of these flatties around here take on a press agent, to pin a rose on them, in print. Don't. Where you're going you won't need any. Don't pal with reporters. Don't confide to any of them."

Where Pelts was going immediately was out after the man with the salt-and-pepper hair.

II

PARR himself drove over to the publication office of the Half Moon. It occupied an entire floor in a loft building off Madison Square with windows on four sides, and a hundred girls were occupied in the various departments. Preston Black, the publisher, a carefully dressed man, whose natural expression was one of agreeable surprise—and for very good reason, too—occupied a desk in the very middle of the mêlée, a low rail being the only indication of the seat of the mighty.

Parr sat down heavily, making the merest response to the publisher's greeting. He looked about him, scowling, at the visible evidences of prosperity, with which, to tell the truth, few business concerns were afflicted during this period of slack times. This entire industry was pyramided on the amazing talents of Nain Gail. To the outward eye there was no indication that the wheels had stopped, the end had come. Parr played his cards accordingly.

"I was in two minds whether to send the wagon or come myself," he said, his eyes finally coming back to the publisher.

Preston Black turned from his desk with a smile; he was trying to explain to himself palatably the occasion for this official call.

"You jest, commissioner," he said easily.

"Do I?" said Parr thoughtfully. His little eyes suddenly became fierce. "Was it a jest," he demanded in a low tone, "when Flora West killed herself last spring when you were publishing the concluding pages of the Siege of Peking? Was that a jest? Eh? Answer me! Was it a jest"—he ran up on the startled man with savage emphasis—"that drove the Alstair family out of the country? Or was it something that Nain Gail threatened in The Weak Sister? Do you call that a jest"—he leaned over the desk—"or do you call it blackmail?" he demanded.

Preston Black returned Parr's look straight for a moment across the narrow space. Then with a swift look around he satisfied himself that no one had overheard; the chatter of typewriters, the clucking of adding machines, the buzz of mechanical bookkeepers in their eternal come and go, the fine whine of the motors had not let up for an instant; there had been a little flurry at the entrance of the great Mr. Parr, but that had quickly subsided.

He lit a cigarette, blew a puff or two at the ceiling, then began to talk very rapidly in a low tone.

"I know there was some talk about the Flora West case," he was saying, his eyes roving restlessly about the room. "We had it looked up. We went to considerable pains and expense. There was a similarity. Nothing more. Fiction is built of fact. You know that, sir. And fact has the habit of repeating itself. In life, and in print." He turned to Parr. "I don't know about the Alstair episode. I can't make head or tail of it. There were some letters." He dismissed them with an impatient gesture. "We get bushels of letters. They did move to Paris, I believe. I've read The Weak Sister forward and back—I can't find the answer. Certainly not a sin of commission. Was it omission? A threat? People have

(Continued on Page 54)

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When the signal says "GO" and your motor does not respond with a healthy *rush* of power, chances are you're wasting compression due to *leaky piston rings*. That's *your* signal to install No-Leak-O Piston Rings in your car or truck.

"They won't leak because they're sealed with oil."

A specially cut groove—the "oilSEALing" groove—found only in No-Leak-O Piston Rings—packs an oil film in between your piston and cylinder walls like "packing" in a pump.

This oil "packing" seals in *all* the expanding gas. Every drop *must* work.

The same "film" not only prevents oil from working *up* into your cylinder heads to form carbon but keeps "unburnt" gas and kerosene from seeping *down* into the crank case to weaken lubrication.

Your pick-up is instantaneous with No-Leak-O Piston Rings.

They save you gas, oil and repair bills.

For steady power *always* tell your repair man to install No-Leak-O Piston Rings in your car. They give *perfect oil control and compression in each individual ring*.

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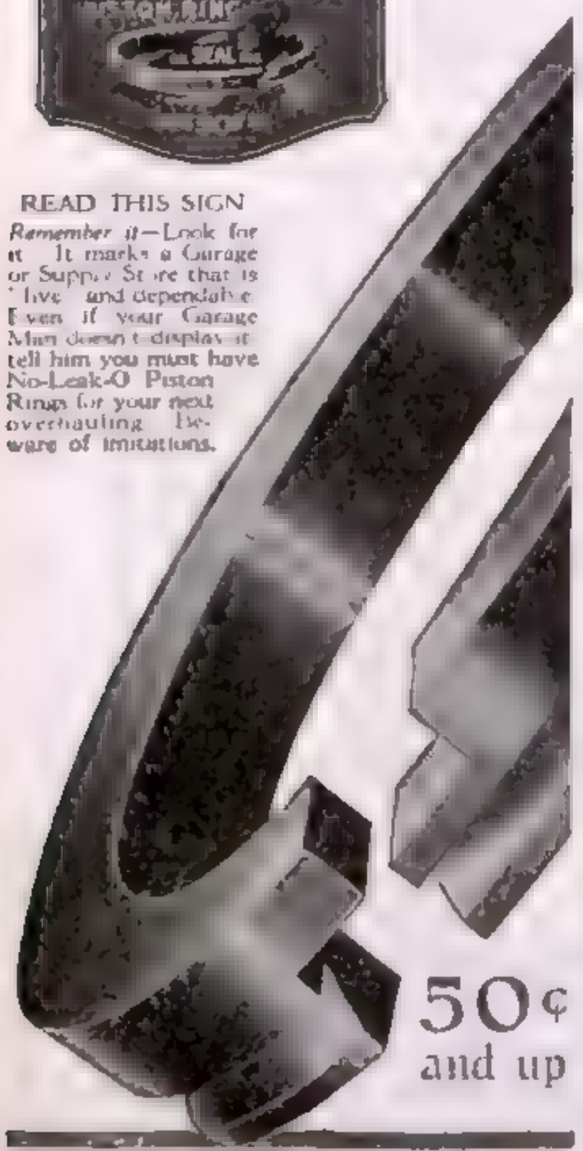

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NO-LEAK-O PISTON RINGS

(Continued from Page 52)

skeletons. And they are occasionally exhumed. Usually by chance. Creatures with a past have a curious egotism. They think everybody is watching them, whispering about them. They think they are original in their sins. But they are not. Man isn't." He had himself well in hand now. "They study our mysteries. They accuse us. Threaten us! As if sin was copyrightable! Anonymously." His lip curled. "And now you come, Mister Commissioner, as if it were a matter for the police. Blackmail? That's an ugly word. What do you mean?"

"You seem to have gone into this business with your eyes wide open," said the deputy dryly.

Indeed it was obvious that the owner of the Half Moon gold mine labored under no delusion as to the nature of the contents of its pay dirt.

"On the contrary," said Black with a queer laugh, "we were born stone-blind, like puppies. But we opened our eyes soon enough!"

"You admit you sail close to the wind."

"We buy the best of advice," replied the publisher comfortably. He half turned, pointing with his pencil. "Do you see that man over in the corner? The little gray-headed man? We took him off a newspaper desk. He knows more unprinted news than any other man in the country."

"Unprintable, I guess you mean?"

"It amounts to the same thing in the end," agreed Preston Black suavely. "He is employed just to read proof. To steer us clear of more Flora Wests and Alstairs."

"He doesn't seem to be occupied today," remarked the deputy sweetly, eying the expert of the unprinted and unprintable.

Preston Black glibly explained that the person was merely a man at the switch; twice a month he ran his eye over the galleys, and drew his pay check—a very nice one.

A silence intervened. There was no doubt that Black, after his first flutter of apprehension, was not displeased to have the affable, if occasionally abrupt and caustic Mr. Parr cast a professional eye over his works. Like all men who make it a practice to buy that expensive commodity, advice, he prided himself on his perspicacity.

"Blackmail?" he said, handling the ugly word with easy contempt. "Just cast your eye over this." He picked up a typed tabulation, one of those last-minute business recapitulations the modern captain of industry keeps handy at all times. This epitome of the momentary monetary value of Nain Gail was indeed an astonishing document. "Aside from the turpitude of it, which we won't consider," said Preston Black, "we would have to be mental defectives to kill our golden goose with blackmail. We are hardly that."

"No, hardly that," agreed Parr, putting the paper down. "I believe," he said, carelessly looking about him, "I'd like to have a talk with this Nain Gail. Do you happen to have him handy?"

Black's answer was to touch a button and ask for a certain file; when it came he handed it to Parr. It was marked "Broadbill Detective Agency," and was a bulky affair made up of reports extending back more than a year.

"You don't know who Nain Gail is?" ejaculated Parr.

"We've spent fifty thousand dollars trying to find out!"

"Is it a man or a woman?"

Black shook his head.

"Look at it!" he cried suddenly, making a sweep of his hand to indicate the swarming office. "All built on a mystery! This is only one office. We've got a dozen—across the country. The thing got away from us in the beginning. We didn't dream of the success of the idea. We were overwhelmed before we could turn around. We had no time to lay our plans. We can't print enough copies. We've got presses running in thirty cities! Where is it all going to end?"

"Where did it begin? That's what I want to know," said Parr tartly. "How did you get hold of this Nain Gail in the first place? There must have been some materialization. Thrillers don't come out of thin air."

But Nain Gail had apparently. The Half Moon was Black's idea in the first place. He had summoned his angels and swung into the current, not heeding the advice of experts that it was no time for a launching. He had to have a sensational seller to go on. He indicated to the literary brokers that he was in the market for first-run masterpieces at top figures; but before he could appraise the wares submitted a truck drove up one day and deposited a romance by Nain Gail.

"A truck?"

Black drew a deep breath. He nodded. "A truck, just that," he said. "I thought they were moving in a piano when I saw the crate." He turned, and with nervous fingers opened a safe door and took out a jelly roll of wax, which he submitted with an air of great mystery for Parr's inspection.

"The crate was filled with these," he said. "Hundreds of them. All nicely numbered and packed in wadding."

Parr's features wore an air of mild astonishment as he turned the record in his fingers. It was a perfect mate for the one recovered by his man Pelts. Preston Black deftly slid the jelly roll into place on a dictating machine at his elbow, affixed the rubber tentacles in Parr's ears and pressed the button.

The roll began to revolve; that same female voice that had so startled him with its reiterated "No, no, no," in his own office but an hour before took up a recitative in measured accents. A sudden vision of that room swam before his eyes. He snatched the rubber tubes from his ears, staring at the overwrought fool hovering over him, the fool who didn't know that at this very moment the house of cards of which he was so joyously boasting was tumbling down about him.

"Don't you see? Don't you get it? That's the way it came. That's the way Nain Gail first materialized!" Preston Black was saying. "It got me! From the first line. The first word, I should say. It was The Fallacy of Fulfillment. Recollect? That was the sensational seller we started on! Gad! It was a sensation!"

Parr recollected it, that strange creepy yarn that had launched Nain Gail and the Half Moon on their amazing careers. Not a bookish person, the deputy's attention had been drawn to the story, The Fallacy of Fulfillment, by the whispered rumor that here at last was a plausible if daring explanation of the tragedy of poor Freddie Kerfoot, an international sportsman who had disappeared from a liner in midocean.

"A woman," said Parr, eying the machine malevolently.

"Probably a secretary," Black replied.

"That was Freddie Kerfoot; you accepted it without investigation?"

"Oh, I made inquiry, you may be sure," cried Black quickly. "But to no avail. It was too good to throw away. It had the tang, the bite, the—I don't know what to call it; there is an elusive flavor to the real thing. It pops out in the first line. It was there." The searcher after the elusive pulled a deep breath as he recollected the thrill of the moment of discovery, discovery of Nain Gail. "There remained, as an objection, only the possibility of plagiarism," went on Black. He laughed outright. "That kind of stuff isn't plagiarized," he said shrewdly.

"Who collects payment for these fairy tales, Mr. Black?"

"That's another curious phase of it," said Black. "At the end of that first tale, tacked to the last roll, we were directed to pay the check, at the usual rates, to the Salvation Army, in the name of the story."

The man hunter shook his head in bewilderment; this was getting beyond his depth.

"It was a great success, as you know—or maybe you don't?" Black was rambling on, reliving the moments of the mystical blooming of his great idea, a great idea that probably had been destined to die a-borning, except for the miracle of that truckload of jelly rolls. "Those records have continued to arrive," he continued. "The first story was entire. Then they began coming installment by installment. We never know till the last roll whom we are to pay. Always some charity. Isn't it weird? Look around you! Imagine this office duplicated in thirty cities—batteries of printing presses running day and night. Sometime I wake up pinching myself, wondering if it is a dream. As I sit here now, relating it to you, I seem to have a premonition that the whole structure is about to come crashing down."

He laughed outright at the absurdity of it—that is, of the premonition; but he picked up the golden balance sheet to reassure himself. He laid the typed statement aside, his look of pleased surprise now in full bloom, and he rubbed his hands together vigorously.

"Might I ask, Mister Commissioner," he said, "just what your interest is at this particular time?"

Parr was staring thoughtfully at that little gray-headed man, the repository of the great unprinted and unprintable, in the corner; the old fellow was poring over a chess problem, one of those gloomy taciturn affairs of white to move and mate in two moves. Parr could use that man. Not yet, not yet. Wait.

"Has something turned up in The Follansbee Imbroglio?"

Parr turned on his questioner. He gave it to Black straight between the eyes: "Nain Gail was murdered last night," he said.

The effect, of course, was volcanic.

"I'd thought he'd gone out for good," said Parr relating this scene to Armiston. "At that, he did go out for a second or so. Imagine the poor devil, with this unbelievable success on his hands, suddenly waking up. I had the very deuce of a time keeping him quiet. You see, I didn't want to disturb the old man over his chess problem over in the corner. I had to take Black out in my car and run him uptown for a turn in the Park. I have just delivered him at his home. He won't believe Nain Gail was a woman."

"Naturally," said Oliver, fingering his single white lock of hair. He picked up the two records, studying them curiously. "This second one is an authenticated segment of the last printed installment of the Imbroglio, I take it," he said.

"Yes; I got that from Black. He said I couldn't take it away. Impossible, but true! I thought you would require it for verification."

"Verification?" laughed the extinct author. "Why, my dear fellow, a young lady who donates fifty thousand a year anonymously to charity and wears secondhand clothes doesn't need verification."

Parr ruffled his feathers.

"You make a great mistake," he retorted. "Plenty of rich women affect model gowns. It's a kind of disease."

"How about your man with the salt-and-pepper hair?"

"We've got him."

"Got him? Good!"

"No; not so very good," admitted the deputy. "Pelts got him. That boy's a wonder—I'd hate to have him on my trail. It was old Josiah Bourne—Bourne & Struthers, lawyers; you know them."

"What! That old reprobate?" snorted Oliver in disgust. "So she was his kind?"

"No—only a client," explained Parr. "He didn't seem to know much about her. I talked with him. It hit him pretty hard—he's an old man. Her real name was Cottrell. She was a queer little nobody, without kith or kin. From what he said I imagine she had a weird mania to be a famous nobody! Do you get the slant of that?" Oliver nodded. That was what he called a fertilizing germ of thought—the thing Henry James was always writing about in his prefaces. A famous nobody! He could write a book on that. "She seems to have had a little money, so she could indulge herself," went on Parr. "When she went to Bourne for help it was about the only time she ever broke cover, so far as we can find out. There were some business matters—and she asked him to get this apartment for her—she had to have references, or at least a show of being respectable, to crawl into that hole in the wall. The old man seems to have helped her out without asking too many questions. At least if he did, it's confidence between lawyer and client, and you know what that is. He's a good deal of a clam."

The eminent firm of Bourne & Struthers, counselors and attorneys at law, were more than clams: they were the quintessence of discretion. One does not realize what a highly specialized profession that of law may be until some chance reveals a legal light risen to dizzy heights in an unsuspected specialty; trade-marks, titles, corporate instruments and a hundred other side lines. Bourne & Struthers conducted what had been facetiously referred to as a nursing home for those incorrigible children of the rich who have nothing more arduous before them in life than unconscionable sums to spend foolishly. The chief task of this brace of cold-blooded men of law was to ease these youthful decadents out of their inevitable escapades with as little

(Continued on Page 59)

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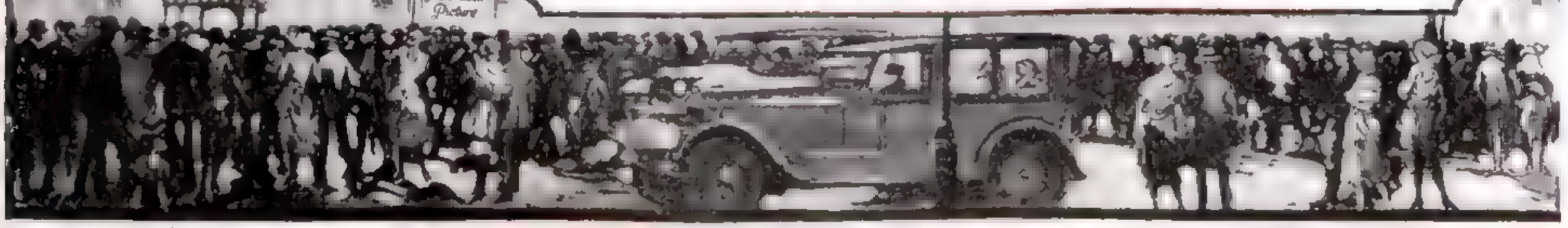

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in "The Young D[illegible]"
by Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "If You Believe It, It's So"
by Perley Poore Sheehan
Directed by Tom Forman

BETTY COMPSON
in "The Bonded W[illegible]"
by John Fleming Wilson
Directed by Philip Rosen

MAY McAVOY
in "The Top of N[illegible] York"

THE LOVES OF PHARAOH
with Emil Jannings, Dagny Servaes, and Harry Liedtke
An Ernest Lubitsch Production

GLORIA SWANSON
in "Her Gilded Cage"
A Sam Wood Production

A William deMille Production
"NICE PEOPLE"
with Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels,
Conrad Nagel and Julia Faye
From the play by Rachel Crothers
Scenario by Clara Beranger

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "Blood and Sand"
A Fred Niblo Production
Supported by Lila Lee and Nita Naldi
From the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibañez and the play
by Tom Cushing
Adaptation by June Mathis

"THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN"
with Alma Rubens
From the story by James Oliver Curwood
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

"THE SIREN CALL"
with Dorothy Dalton
An Irvin V. Willat Production
Supported by David Powell and Mitchell Lewis
by J. E. Nash
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Philip Hurn

JACK HOLT
"While Satan Sleeps"
A Peter B. Kyne Special
Adapted by Albert S. LeVino
From the novel "The Parson of Panamint"
Directed by Joseph Henabery

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
"Manslaughter"
with THOMAS MEIGHAN
Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson
From the novel by Alice Duer Miller
Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson

The Hamilton Theatrical Corp. presents
THE MYSTERIES OF INDIA"

PINK GODS"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production
with Bebe Daniels, James Kirkwood and Anna Q. Nilsson
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Sonya Levien

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"
with Theodore Roberts
Adapted from Denman Thompson's play
by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Woods
Scenario by Julien Josephson Directed by James Cruze

THE FACE IN THE FOG"
by Jack Boyle
A Cosmopolitan Production

F[illegible]ING SANDS"
w[illegible] Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills
A George Melford Production

WALLACE REID and LILA LEE
in "The Ghost Breaker"
Directed by Alfred Green

"THE COWBOY AND THE LADY"
with Mary Miles Minter
and Tom Moore
A John Robertson Production

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell
Supported by W. J. Ferguson and Theodore Kosloff

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"
by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Condon
Directed by Alfred Green

ON THE HIGH SEAS"
w[illegible] Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt
Supported by Mitchell Lewis
by Edward Sheldon
An Irvin V. Willat Production

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "The Young Rajah"
Adapted from the play by Alethea Luce and novel
"Amos Judd"
by John Ames Mitchell
Directed by Philip E. Rosen
Adaptation by June Mathis

ALICE BRADY
in "Anna Ascends"
Directed by Joseph Henabery

A William deMille Production
CLARENCE"
with Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy
Adaptation by Clara Beranger

GLORIA SWANSON
in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"
A Sam Wood Production
by David Lisle
Adaptation by Percy Heath

"ENEMIES OF WOMEN"
by Vicente Blasco Ibañez
Directed by Robert Vignola
A Cosmopolitan Production

A George Melford Pro[illegible]tion
'EBB TIDE'
with Lila Lee and James Kirkwood
Cast includes George Fawcett and
Raymond Hatton

"THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR"
From the story by Peter B. Kyne
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

ELSIE FERGUSON
in "Outcast"
by Hubert Henry Davis
A John Robertson Production
Adaptation by Josephine Lovett

"SINGED WINGS"
with Bebe Daniels
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "Back Home and Broke"
by George Ade
Directed by Alfred Green

AGNES AYRES
in "A Daughter of Luxury"
Adaptation by Beulah Marie Dix
Directed by Joseph Henabery

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"KICK IN"
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell

W[illegible]LACE REID
[illegible]
by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton
Directed by James Cruze

MARION DAVIES
in "Little Old New York"
by Rida Johnson Young
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "A Spanish Cavalier"
Based on the play "Don César De Bazan"
by Adolphe d'Ennery and P. F. P. Dumanoir
Scenario by June Mathis

JACK HOLT
in "Making a Man"
A Peter B. Kyne Special
Directed by Joseph Henabery
Adaptation by Albert Shelby LeVino

ALICE BRADY
in "Missing Millions"

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with Bebe Daniels
by Clara Beranger

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Continued from Page 54

damage to holy family names as possible. Then there were the widows and orphans who had to be protected against the necessity of working for a living; their purse strings were opened and shut with paternal solicitude by the discreet and always judgmatical firm of lawyers. That the mystic Nain Gail was among their clients was of great significance to Oliver Armiston.

"Doesn't all this thrill you?" demanded Parr suddenly.

His friend and oracle admitted that it had its elements—at loose ends, true—nevertheless, elements.

Parr hitched forward in his chair and with a sweep of his arms cleared the desk in front of them as if to make room for the blue prints of the case.

"The situation is this," he began. "She was an actualist, as you say. Her first story, The Fallacy of Fulfillment, was the story—the true story, I verily believe—of poor Freddie Kerfoot, who ended a run of bad luck by jumping overboard. Where she got her facts I don't pretend to say. I was never able to get them in that particular case. But I believe she knew what she was talking about."

Armiston nodded and waited.

"In the Siege of Peking she came so near the true explanation of the West robbery of 1908 that she drove poor Flora West to the confession of suicide," went on Parr. "I thought at the time that Flora West robbed herself to float her campaign in society. Now I know it. Do you follow me?"

"For the sake of argument, yes."

"Thirdly, when The Weak Sister came along the Alstair family picked themselves up and moved across the great water. They are living in seclusion in Paris now. Do you follow me where I am going, eh?"

The extinct author straightened up with a chuckle.

"Perfectly," smiled Armiston; he held up an ominous finger, like Monte Cristo. "Number Four!" he cried. "The Follansbee Imbroglio! Nain Gail goes too far! One of her characters, foreseeing inevitable shame, ignominy, ruin if the story is permitted to run to its logical conclusion steps out of his—or her—part, long enough to brain the lady as she sits gossiping at her desk. That's what you are driving at, isn't it?"

"Good!" ejaculated the ferocious man hunter. He pounded the roll of magazines on the desk. "The whole thing is there! The logical conclusion of the Imbroglio will reveal the murderer of Nain Gail! There is only one man in the world who can bring the loose ends together. That one man is Oliver Armiston!" Dramatically Parr raised a pointing finger and aimed it at the extinct author's head. "Will you finish it for me?" Parr demanded.

Oliver shook his head. But his eyes wavered, fired with sparks. It was a weird idea—a fertilizing germ—Nain Gail struck down, done to death, her lips sealed forever, by one of her own fiction characters she was about to expose to public shame and ignominy. There was actuality for you—with a vengeance.

"Does money mean anything to you?" cried Parr, showing his teeth.

"Not that kind."

"Because if it does," cried Parr with startling emphasis, "I am empowered to offer you the rates paid Nain Gail."

"What's that? Do you mean to say you've come here with a proposition from Preston Black to finish the Imbroglio for him?"

"And why not?" retorted the deputy. "I had to hammer it into his head with a monkey wrench. I suppose I'll have to do the same with you." The man hunter's excitement was rising to the exploding point. "Don't you see?" he urged, lowering his voice to a whisper, "the murderer is priding himself on his cleverness. He alone ran down Nain Gail, finished her, demolished her! Now if she should come to life again with another instalment of the Imbroglio—don't you see? Eh, man? Eh?"

He fell back in his chair, hypnotizing his victim with his bright little eyes.

"It doesn't matter how far you carry it in the next number," he said, returning to the attack. "Mark time, stall—that will give you a breathing spell, to study it, pull the threads together, to snare him! There never was such an opportunity before!"

Armiston was combing his white lock again, a good sign. Parr savagely bit off the end of a cigar.

"Meantime, what are you going to do with your unidentified body?"

"Identify it," said Parr. "That's being done now." He looked at his watch. "As this Cottrell woman—an unknown."

"What about a squeal—an anonymous letter to the newspapers saying it's Nain Gail?"

"The murderer? No! He's written 'Finis.' That's the point. I want to jar him out of his eyeteeth."

"But the old lawyer knows," said Armiston.

"Leave him to me." Parr closed one eye significantly.

"How much time will you give me?" asked the author.

"Four days. Ten thousand words. I've brought a machine for you. You see, everything is to be regular. You write it, then have your wife talk it into the jelly rolls. There mustn't be a slip-up anywhere. Black has typists turn the stuff into copy. Then the telegraphers send it out over the country; then it's set up by the printers, and the presses start. At six o'clock Saturday night the newsboys will be yelling 'Here you are! Get your Half Moon!'" Parr closed his steel jaws with a vicious snap. "Gad! I'd give a year's pay to see him when he gets his!" he cried.

A communing silence followed, measured sedately by the ticks of the old clock, stirred now and then by the rustle of burnt embers on the hearth. The deputy winked in sly triumph at his fat friend and counselor, Buddha. He got up suddenly and went to the street window, where, without a by-your-leave, he ran up the roller shade, and as swiftly yanked it down again, whereupon he resumed his chair and helped himself to a cigar. Shortly Oliver's Jap appeared at the door with the startling message that a squad of piano movers waited without.

"Show 'em in!" cried Parr; and on the heels of the Jap came a blue-blouse squad with heavy crates, which they set down in the middle of the room.

"I thought maybe you'd like to hear it all over again by word of mouth," explained Parr when he closed the door on his hefties. "So you could get the rhythm of it. I've got the Imbroglio here, complete, to date."

He pried up a cover. It was a dictating machine. He pried up another. It was a nestful of wax cylinders, hundreds of them, it seemed to Oliver.

"Here's Number One," said the master of ceremonies joyfully. He slipped Number One into place, plugged the electric wire that actuated the machine into a lamp socket, and touched a switch with his thumb.

"The Imbroglio," piped a squeaky little voice exuding from a rubber tube that hung down to the floor Parr picked it up—"is a misunderstanding involving a great many people." Parr held the rubber tube to Armiston's ear. The lady's voice became full and rich. "Life," she added in a stage aside, "is a misunderstanding involving the human race."

III

SOMEONE suggested that we might impress on the inhabitants of Mars that we are intelligent beings down here by signaling them that two plus two is four. Whereupon someone else arose and remarked that two plus two possibly does not make four on Mars. And recently there has arisen some serious discussion as to the length of a yardstick on which an adventurous soul might elect to go bronco-busting through outer space. That yardstick would shrink, as its speed increased, until finally, at the velocity of light, it would cease to exist, and the gentleman aboard would be astride of nothing. But the bronco-buster himself would not share our horror at his predicament because his ideas of length would be shrinking by inches, so that the pellet of nothing on which he was careering must still appear to be a yard long to him. It is all a matter of point of view.

"I don't seem to get the perspective," said Oliver Armiston. "Maybe I am viewing it from the wrong angle."

For hours he had been locked in the quiet of his study with the living voice of Nain Gail, a voice indeed from the tomb. He had applied himself assiduously with the humor to please his friend Parr, the deputy of police; if he were, from the beginning, skeptical, complacent, ironic, nevertheless he was also compliant. The versatile Parr, he considered, was a great man only so long as he kept his feet on the ground. But when he elected to flap off the earth on the wings of imagination he was an awkward bird indeed.

That the murderer of Nain Gail was to be discovered lurking between the lines of the unfinished Follansbee Imbroglio, that one of her own characters had stepped out of the book long enough to brain the lady with a pair of fire tongs, was not, Oliver mused, an original idea. There were historic instances of imaginary beings coming to life, either with or without the wish of their creators: Galatea was the obvious one; and—nearer home, in the present case—there was the monster of Frankenstein turning, finally, on its fabricator. It was a pretty idea—really quite creditable, for one of Parr's full habit—but it wouldn't work!

Nain Gail's people were not the kind to right their wrongs by slinking through a subterranean tunnel at midnight, to lie in wait with a bludgeon. True, they were human—woefully so. And they had wrongs—horrible ones. But they didn't stoop to violence, as such; they had more sophisticated ways of accomplishing their ends.

Nain Gail's people belonged to the *beau monde*. The lady herself might affect model gowns and slink unknown in the obscurity of a rear tenement. But the world she moved in, in which she exercised her creative fancies—or, it was beginning to appear, her photographic faculty—was inhabited exclusively by what the man in the street calls swells. She was not interested in the simple annals of the poor; she had had no genre colors in her palette; her *métier* concerned itself exclusively with the vicissitudes of high life. That was the secret of her amazing vogue.

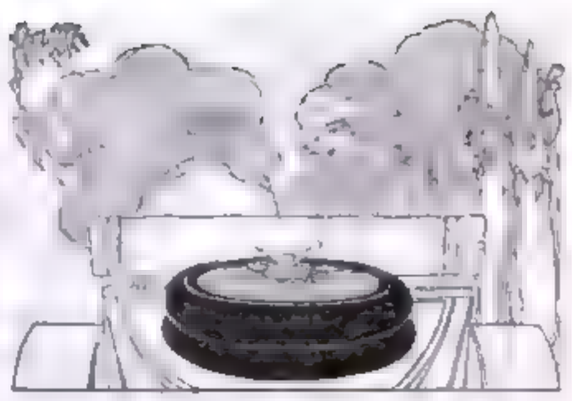
If indeed the lady had been possessed with a mania to become a famous nobody—a distinguished *inconnue*, in the occasional Gallic of the deputy—she could not have chosen a more direct road. For she played on the universal human weakness—envy. There does exist an upper crust, as remote from the humdrum life of the man in the street as the fabled Isles of the Blest—and quite as inaccessible, except in storybooks. Thither she led her readers. She painted the scenes so fair, peopled them with creatures so fortunate, that to those who breathed this rarefied air it seemed there could be no vicissitudes. Then, having achieved this effect, she would lift the hidden clouds above the rim of the horizon and swiftly blot the June valleys with dark shadows.

For there are vicissitudes in high life. The effete dwellers, thwarted, will turn and strike. They—Nain Gail's kind—never step out of the picture; there is nothing impulsive, instinctive, primal about them; they dispense vengeance with subtleties unknown to the lower levels.

Telling himself all this in snatches of thought as those jelly rolls revolved, Armiston pursued his task with a subconscious and growing certainty that once the inherent wave length betrayed itself the mystery would cease to be confusion and become articulate. While Parr was concerning himself purely with the physical fact of murder and the identity of its perpetrator, to Armiston the crime was merely a detail, a connecting link. He was conscious that he was looking through and beyond for something of which The Follansbee Imbroglio had as yet given no hint.

Read a second time or rather given an audition, for he had the whole affair by word of mouth, from its beginning to its abortive end—in the light of murder, and with the knowledge that in the past the revelations of the lawless Nain Gail had driven at least one woman to suicide, and one family to expatriation, it took no great amount of candle burning to determine what the lady was driving at in the present instance; in fact, to set down a complete *dramatis personæ* out of real life, for The Follansbee Imbroglio. But try as he would to put her aside, it was the figure of the drab little nobody, Nain Gail, which obscured the significance of everything else.

Armiston had turned out his reading light; the flickering fire on the hearth now and then explored the shadows of dark corners uneasily; old Buddha sat serene, musing; street sounds were muffled; with garrulous precision the clock chimed the quarter hours. But Oliver did not hear. All he had ears for was that infernal machine. There was something weirdly supernatural about it all—that voice lingering on earth through some freak of chance.



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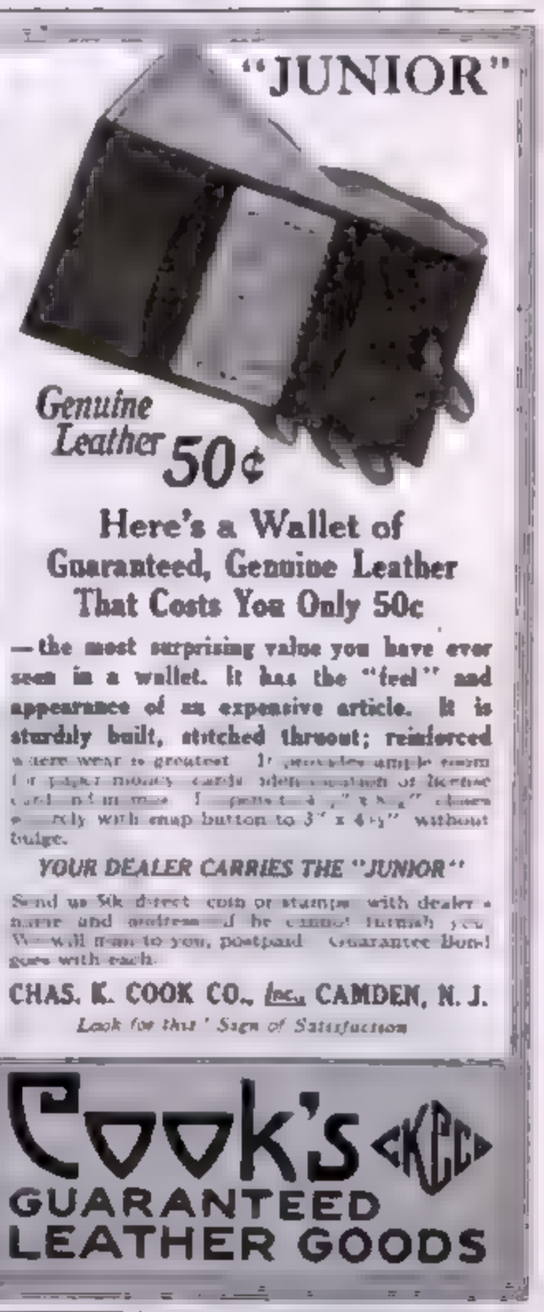

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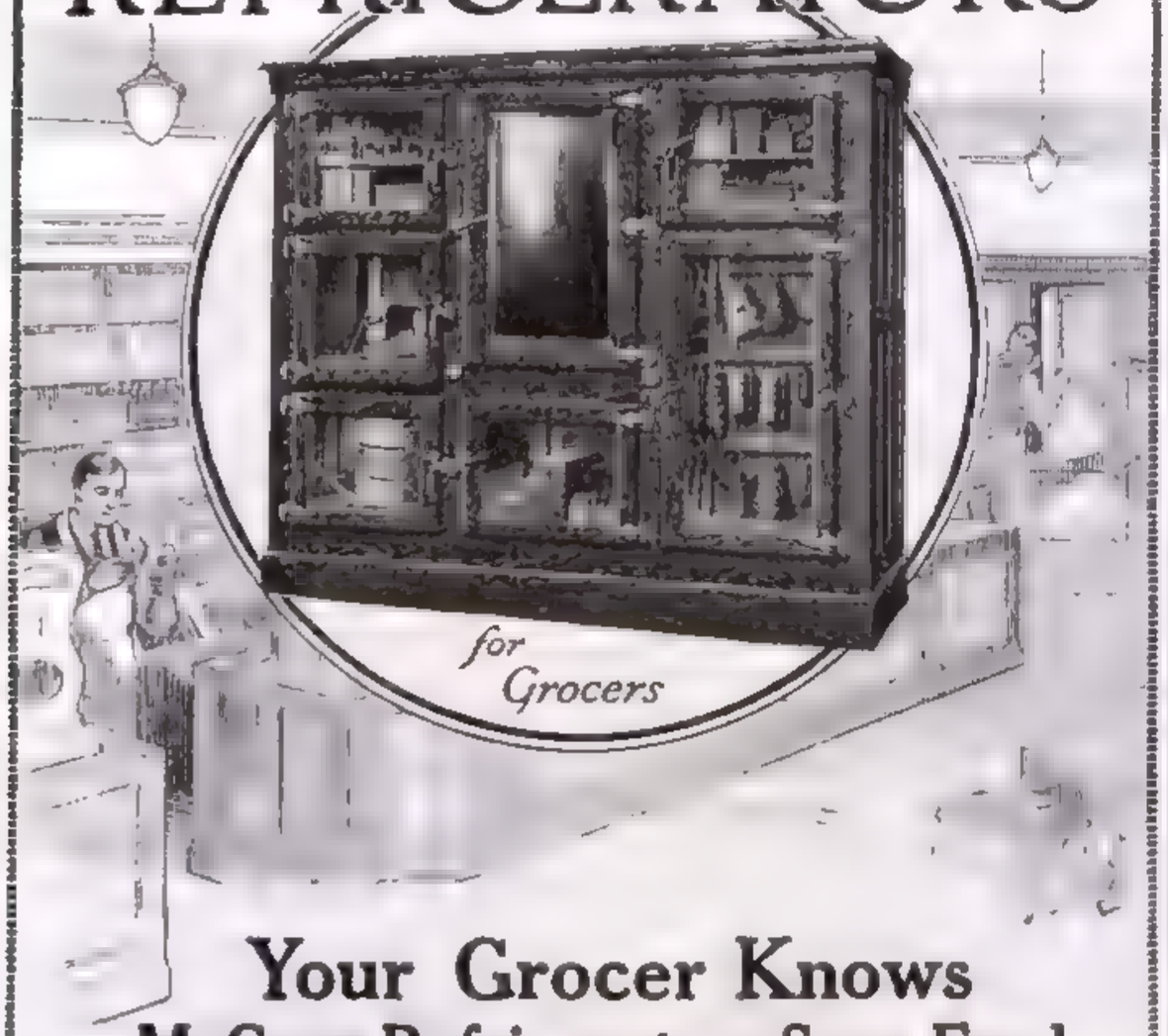

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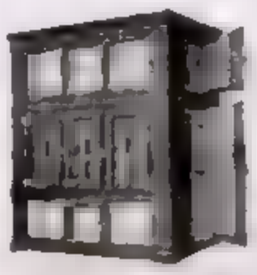
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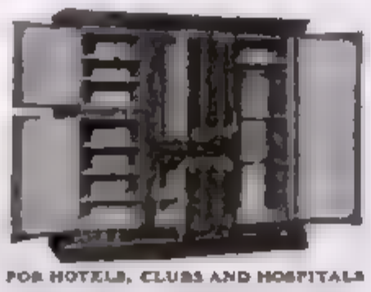
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As the séance progressed more than once Oliver sat bolt upright with a chilly spine, oppressed with the sense that he was not alone, that the owner of that insistent voice was not at this moment secure in a wooden box hurrying west over the prairies to an obscure last resting place. This sense of presentment became ludicrously strong. At times he would have sworn she slyly bent forward and touched his ear with her whispering lips. All through it she had the sly air of whetting his appetite for succulent details to come. The while she hovered there, just beyond the circle of actuality, Armiston was doing his utmost to visualize her, to reconstruct out of this haunting voice a picture of the woman, as a paleontologist might put together a little eohippus out of a prehistoric hock. It is a safe bet that the little eohippus, if it ever came back to earth, would allow—in the words of Truthful James—that its reconstructed brother was, to say the least, peculiar.

So with Armiston and the image he evoked. It was wholly at variance with the image he had somehow conceived between the lines of Parr's recital. Finally he gave it up; it bordered on the mystic. He would return to it later.

Being a craftsman himself, he had to admit her admirable incessancy. She was never at loss for a word, never in doubt which way to turn. Doubtless—and here he conjured her departed shade, saw her sitting at her desk in her rear tenement, weaving her endless skein—doubtless she started and stopped often enough to give her mind a chance to fill up again, like an intermittent spring. But in the jelly-roll rendition one was not aware of these revictualing pauses; there was no break in the sequence.

Sometime along in the middle of the night Armiston began to be aware of elements remotely familiar in the June valleys she was painting; gradually the characters of this last romance of Nain Gail began to take on remembered form, like shapes in a vague dream. In her ingratiating tones she was promising that in the course of this tale she would picture Inez—"who is really the misunderstanding that involves so many people"—in three adventures—with Love, Riches and Renown; and—possibly—in a fourth, with Remorse as the motif, though this was uncertain.

"You might think of Inez," gossiped the lady, "as a sensation of warmth. Just that and nothing else. It satisfies all the demands one could possibly make of her, and explains all the reactions, no matter how grotesque, of those who by chance come within the sphere of her radiance.

"You must know, if you are old enough to read," went on the lady unctuously, as if conscious of the sly smile she was evoking, "that warmth is the single impression to which all forms of life, plant and animal, respond helplessly. The newborn caterpillar crawls out to the end of the branch, not through any sense of direction but of warmth. The sprouting seed pushes its acrospire up through the earth in response to the warm glance of the sun. A tree takes on beautiful form as its tender buds reach out to the alluring rays. One may hoax a stupid seed by burying a hot brick beneath it. One may draw a beautiful tree into a most ugly attitude by shielding it from warmth. The seed will inevitably perish, the tree languish; but their species will never take heed of their dolorous fate; the sensation of warmth will always find them off guard. Note Doctor Sartoris, of our tale. With everything to lose, that wise man revolves on his heel as Inez passes, quite as helplessly as a Jerusalem artichoke craning its neck to the sun. Inez was soft and smooth and round. Once, when she was just out of school and sold flowers at a charity bazaar, someone called her a pink-tinted nun. Early in her life her parents apprehended that she was destined to revive, in her person, the fortunes of their illustrious house, that had been at low ebb for several generations."

The vocative jelly roll proceeded to recite, with the insistence of a clock, Inez's first adventure, that of Love.

It was a tale of idyllic beauty, of young love, that rarest of wares on the manuscript shelves of the harassed editors. It was in the pink-tinted-nun period of her career. She was just becoming acquainted with her emotions; they were a new toy, which as they revealed themselves to her timid heart had the thrilling surprise of an opening bud. She might indulge them—but with the utmost discretion, always keeping in mind her destined career in life. These emotions might have been a divining rod, a water-witch the beauteous damsel held in her hands as she palpitated with eager, wistful, at times fearful anticipation, as the magic thing—after the habit of water-witches made of willow—nosed this way and that, exploring the terrain. Sooner or later, she knew, the fateful wand, putting at naught all her powers of resistance, would direct her, helpless, to the hidden spring—her fate. It did!

"This is love!" said the pink-tinted nun. "It must be!" she reassured herself; for she trembled at his touch, she had soft sighs for him, and only inarticulate words for his incoherent protestations; and she tasted for the first time a vast humility and happiness, and had moments when the veils of all the mysteries were lifted—just for a moment!

He was a very desirable young man, the kind many mothers put at the head of their lists. It had all the aspects of a miracle—not that he should have loved her but that she should have discovered so radiantly and finally that she loved him! Still, she always carried that divining rod along with her, just for safety's sake, when they went a-maying. She questioned it frequently, just for the joy of the answer.

Then one day the thing failed to work. Something went wrong; it didn't point, she didn't thrill, she didn't sigh, the veils refused to lift.

"I don't know why," she confessed to him, a little frightened and abashed at the discovery, "but it seems I do not love you after all."

There was no use to question. She wasn't in love. That was all there was to it. The young naval lieutenant set sail for the Congo, with a firm determination to be bitten by a tsetse fly, an ambition he achieved and expired in. Inez's attitude was that of the victim of a hoax.

Armiston brought the chatter to a full stop by the simple expedient of stepping on the electric switch. He leaned back in his chair, cudgeling his brains.

"Who was that young naval lieutenant who ran off to die on the Congo?" he demanded of his memory box. "And who was that girl? They called her the woman who didn't care."

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, to pace the room excitedly.

"Inez? Inez?" he sought; and then, abruptly, as it dawned on him—"Eva! Eva Baudry!"

The afterthought was still more astonishing. "Berkley! Canon Berkley! Good Lord!" He stared malevolently at the infernal machine. "So that's what you are driving at, eh? Berkley! So that's what you're coming to!"

Nervously he sat down and adjusted the rubber tubes again, and turned on the tractable voice.

"As if old Berkley hadn't paid enough already!" he muttered.

That was what she was coming to eventually. In a clear flash Armiston saw the whole sinister significance. Details he had passed over in the letter-press rendition as of no consequence now stood out like finger posts pointing the way.

Armiston knew the tale from beginning to end. No need now to dig for signals—there was no Baconian subtlety about Nain Gail; she had the candor and spite of a camera, with none of its aberrations. No need either to summon his vaunted power of divination to construct a finished whole out of the beginnings she had laid before him. It was a story that had been whispered in secluded corners of drawing-rooms for the past three years.

Canon Berkley was a beloved master of whom it was related that, so inspiring was his presence, people instinctively rose out of respect when he entered a room. Before he reached the age of forty—the age of prophecy—he had seen most of his visions come true. He had passed the age of fifty when a woman entered his life.

"Inez," recited the jelly roll, "found the door on the latch and entered without knocking."

This was her adventure with Renown. She had had her adventure with Love, in the matter of the water-witch. She had had her adventure with Riches, in the episode of Ursus Follansbee, or the Big Dipper of Wall Street, duly recited here. And now she "found the door on the latch, and entered," intent on her adventure with Renown. Now—except for the incident of the fire tongs—Canon Berkley, under the

(Continued on Page 62

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More Michelin Steel Wheels are used as factory equipment by American motor car manufacturers than all other types of steel wheels combined—and in Europe more than 50% of all present production is Michelin-equipped

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(Continued from Page 60)

thin disguise of Doctor Sartoris, must inevitably step upon the stage! A shudder of disgust swept over Armiston.

The Berkley episode with the wife of the Great Bear of Wall Street was merely another of those famous, or—if you will—infamous tales of real life on which the tainted renown and amazing vogue of Nain Gail rested. Fragments of it had come to the surface of the news now and again, though so meager that the avid public, always on the search for a sensation, was vouchsafed only crumbs for suspicion. It was one of those stories that are filed away in newspaper offices, as unprinted—and unprintable. Proving its truth would only aggravate the offense of giving it publicity.

But no such fear had stayed the hand of Nain Gail. She was about to gratify her readers with the inside story of a notorious event in high life that had been more or less of common rumor for several years past. Canon Berkley's had been one of those classic catastrophes over which the prudes lick their chops and discover smug satisfaction as a justification for their own feeble sins.

Again Oliver Armiston snatched those rubber tentacles from his ears, thrust the machine from him as though it were uttering blasphemy. The roll continued to whir, and the insistent voice, now in a thin far-off whine, ran on, as if it would not be silenced. Angrily he yanked the electric cord out of its socket, and the machine stopped with a last despairing shriek.

There was something devastating about that woman.

First, it had been the widow of poor Freddie Kerfoot; she continued to exist, but utterly forsaken.

Then Flora West—driven to suicide.

Then the proud Alstair family, which for generations had demanded and accepted precedence as its due, had meekly folded up its tents and removed itself to oblivion when Nain Gail scratched the varnish off its escutcheon.

And now it was to be Berkley! A scholar of international fame, who had been dragged from his pedestal by a scheming, vain woman intent only on a new sensation. Oliver groaned aloud.

And Parr wanted him to finish it!

He stared vindictively at those jelly rolls, from whose fragile thread the inspired Mr. Parr had so confidently predicted Armiston the clairvoyant was to uncover the lurking murderer. He was puzzled that he had not recognized what Nain Gail was driving at, in the first reading. Why had he never, until now, suspected the insidious import of her fascinating tales? For no one could deny their fascination. True, he had realized that she found her plots in those lightninglike flashes in the day's news that could not fail to excite a creative fancy. But he had always thought—if he had considered this side of it at all—that she dressed her themes from her own imagination, not from fact. Undoubtedly the vast majority of her million readers never realized that she dealt wholly with truth: outside of the victims and the coterie in which they moved, few would guess the veiled significance. Parr, of course, knew—his business involved the accumulation of family skeletons.

"But where does she get her detail?" Oliver asked himself for the hundredth time. This drab little nobody, in second-hand clothing—who was she, to be the Nemesis of the great and the near-great?

The malicious ingenuousness of her disclosures—it might have been Eva herself in the Follansbee case!—a startling thought which he instantly put aside—and as quickly picked up again. There are women like that, with the erotic impulse to tell. Occasionally they break into print, with tales so stark that readers beg for more. But there never is any more; this type exhausts itself in one telling because it is merely a life story. Nain Gail did not exhaust herself—she was a constant spring. Those sinister tales that had gone before were quite as specious as The Follansbee Imbroglio promised to be.

It was two in the morning. Oliver picked up the desk telephone, but instantly set it down again, and went to his police wire instead. This was a special circuit installed by Parr during the Sophie Lang case, of recent celebrity, and never removed. In a moment he was connected with the deputy.

"You said that woman was a drug addict, Parr," began Oliver.

Now Parr had not said this, as he tersely informed the author.

"But she was," persisted Oliver.

"Why?" demanded the man hunter gruffly. He admired this sort of thing in Armiston, yet it irritated him.

"I seem to feel the ebb and flow of the needle in this stuff," replied Oliver.

"Well, there was something to that effect—I neglected to mention it, that was all."

"Anything else you have neglected to tell me?" demanded Oliver ceremoniously. The deputy merely grunted. "Parr," said Oliver, "the picture of this woman is incomplete. Who can fill it out for me?"

"Maybe Pelts can," began Parr, with a reservation in his tone.

"Anybody else? How about old Bourne?"

Parr chuckled.

"Go to it—with my compliments! And as my agent," Parr added quickly. "By the way, I hop off West at three this morning. I'm sending myself by aërial post. I won't be back till Friday. If you need any help call on Pelts."

"Good!" said Oliver.

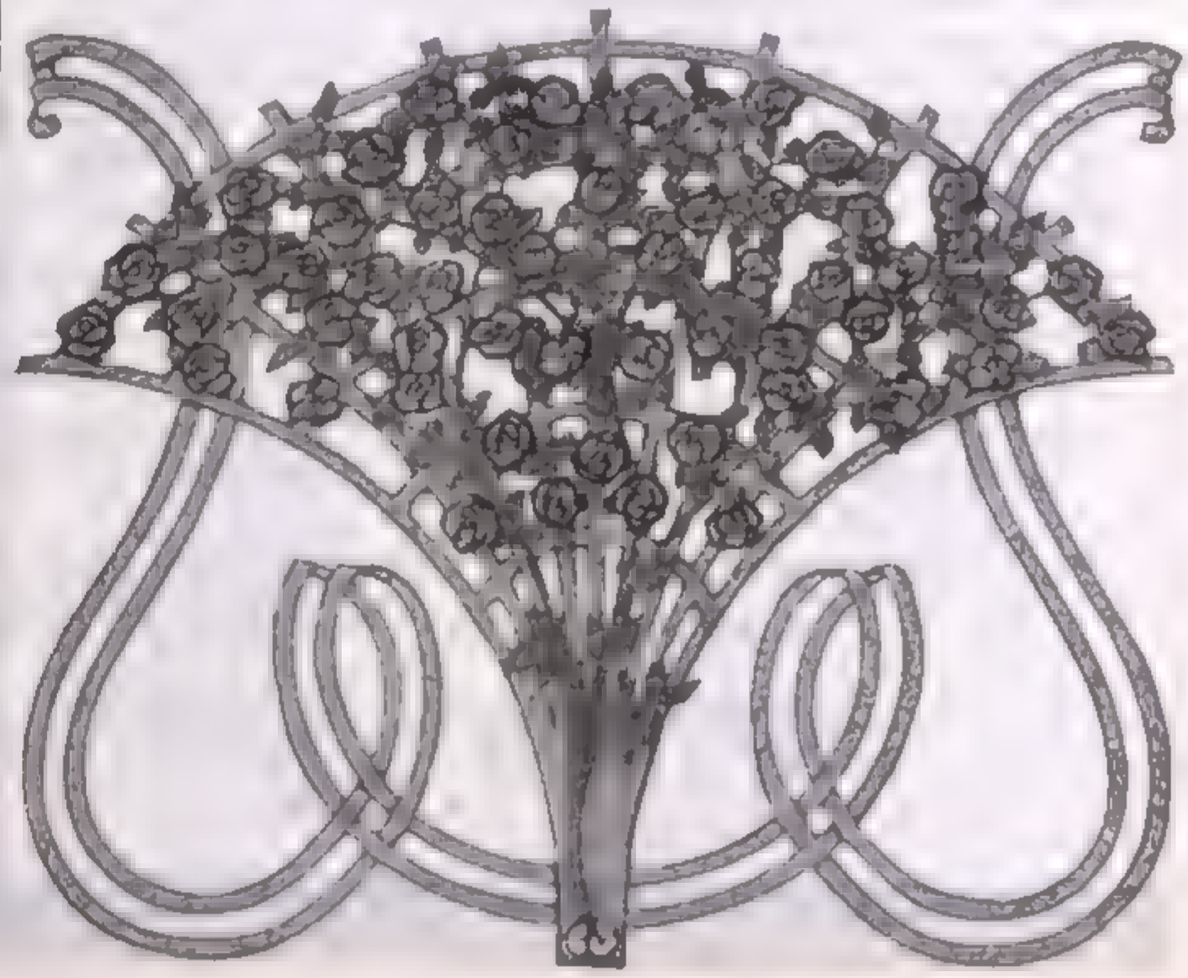
"Somehow I don't seem to like the way you say that," said Parr. "Sure you will be able to manage it alone?"

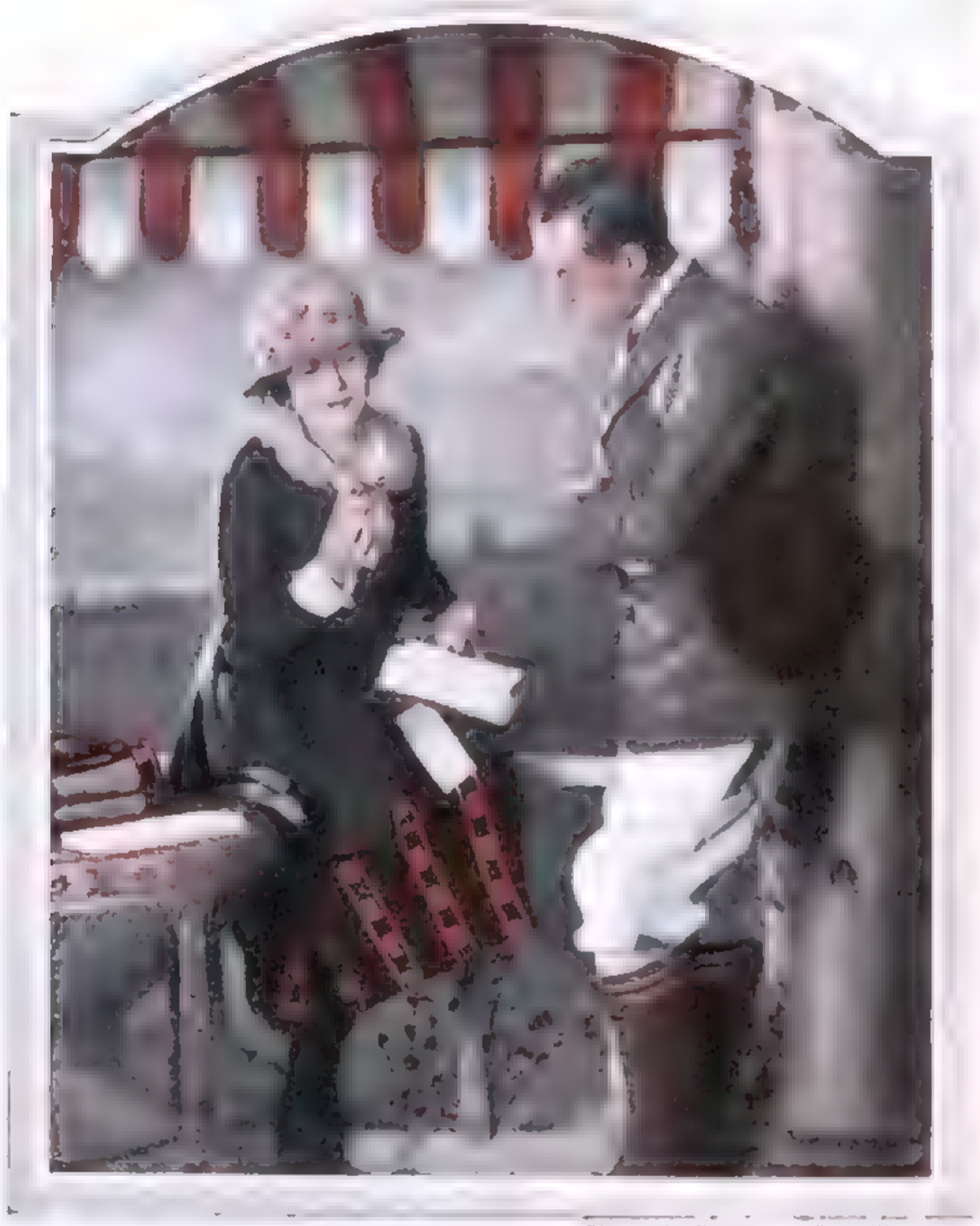
"Couldn't be better," responded Oliver.

"Will you see that it is delivered on time? It's important, you know," persisted Parr.

"It will be delivered," promised Armiston, and hung up.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)





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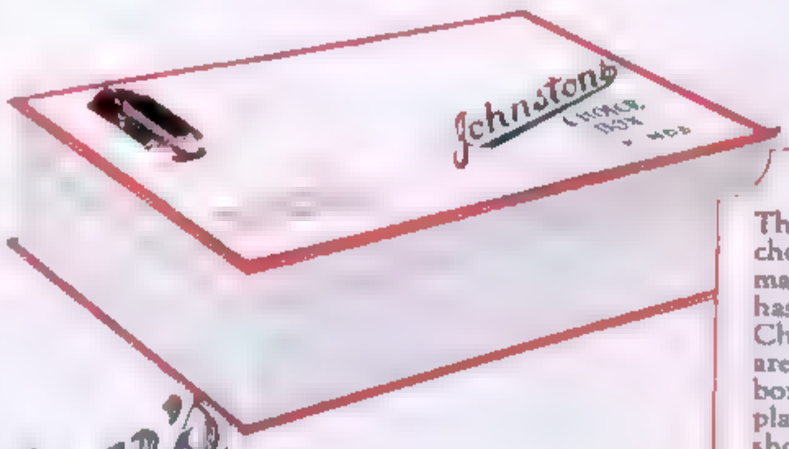

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Do you want to see LON CHANEY, the man of a thousand faces, in the dramatic and scenic marvel, "The Trap"? All right, speak to the man at your favorite theatre. He wants to please you.

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Trade and Agents

M. J. Brown Mfg. Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

SWELLED HEAD IN BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 4)

"Thousands of them," was the quick reply. "He offers the one you mention, and also that very old one about his business being different.

"Don't forget that the hardest competition to meet is always that of the fellow who is in process of going broke and doesn't know it. Before he comes to the end of his rope he is making the market, and a lot of good conservative people, who of their own accord would do nothing foolish, are led on by that sort of competition, and they often fail to realize that they are competing with people who are headed for bankruptcy. You will find that a great part of the recent losses are those of supposedly good houses which were carried away by trying to keep up with the new people who rushed into the trade and to their ruin.

"We have a district manager who has always made a profit for us, even in 1921. His territory is not a rich one, but he is on the job every minute and works it so zealously that he always makes something. I asked him the other day how he managed to come out ahead of the game in 1921.

"Here is his reply: 'The reason I didn't lose any money was because I watched the methods of that big new competitor of ours that had grown so rapidly. They came in and took away a lot of my business and at first I was worried, but then I realized they were all wrong, because I saw them give fifty thousand dollars in credit to people who I knew couldn't possibly be trusted with more than five thousand dollars. You know a lot of our customers are all right up to that point, but when you give them ten times as much it is a gamble and nothing more. Not only their business ability but their moral stamina and honesty break down under a larger amount. It is impossible for them to pay.'"

Among the manufacturers who have won a reputation for getting out in time is a man, just under fifty, who was born in one of the factory centers of the industry with which he has always been connected. He began in this trade early in life and has been connected with both large and small concerns. For many years he was an important, although not the highest officer of the largest unit. He is now president of his own company, a relatively small one, although growing, and is also an active executive in numbers of other manufacturing concerns in other lines. It is not maintained that every company with which he is connected has come out of deflation without serious loss, but it is generally known in financial circles that two companies engaged in entirely different lines of business did, under his insistent direction, work down their inventories to a substantial degree before the storm broke.

When the Limbs Began to Bend

As knowledge of this kind permeates the larger investing groups, capital inevitably turns towards such a man. He is asked to reorganize, build up and take hold of this and that corporation. I sought him out and found him a stocky, powerful-looking, direct and plain-spoken man.

He said: "In 1919 I told myself that I must get away from the immediate situation. I drew a long straight line on a sheet of paper and charted above it the prices of all the leading basic commodities. I saw, of course, that they were the highest on record, and I remembered that as a boy I had been a terror at climbing trees. I was always frightening my mother, but I had sense enough to come down when the limbs began to bend violently.

"In the organization you asked about we were on the watch constantly for any sign of a falling off. We had increased our plant like other people and expected an increase of from 25 to 50 per cent in business. We had bought a tremendous supply of raw material, and made big profits in the early part of 1920. I won't pretend that I took any active steps to unload until I saw business beginning to slow down a little. But in June, 1920, I began to sell our raw materials, and as quickly as possible disposed of all in excess of what had been a normal volume. I got rid of that part with which we had expected to take care of the increased business.

"I sold material at thirty-four or thirty-five cents which cost us forty-two cents. We took a loss on it, but if we had kept it we could not have sold it at fourteen cents, and as a matter of fact we bought it back at twelve cents, and thus avoided paying high interest.

"Now, of course, everybody can't get out on the same fire escape if the crowd is too big. I am not saying that the biggest units in the trade could have gotten out the way we did. This is a comparatively small concern, and we were able to dispose of enough material, without breaking the market, to put us in a comfortable position. Selling that amount would not have helped the biggest interests very much. But I will say this: One of the officers of one of the largest concerns and I were both asked to write an article on the future consumptive requirements a short time before the turn came. He placed it almost twice as high as I did.

"It takes no great ability to see that a hand-to-mouth policy is the wisest one to pursue when the prices of raw materials are the highest on record. I must admit that just before the turn came I commenced to feel I was entirely wrong in being conservative. It looked as if there were a world of business in front of us."

Fortunes Saved by Judgment

Perhaps the most remarkable case, almost uncanny in its way, is that of a manufacturing concern engaged in the manipulation of an important basic commodity. This commodity is in world-wide use and is produced on a world-wide scale. At one time during the war the shortage was extreme, and at all times the industry was subjected to intense speculation, government regulation and conditions approaching the chaotic. In the late summer and fall of 1920 prices took a terrific drop, and the losses were widespread and of vast amount.

This concern took a distinctly bear attitude even while the pot was boiling furiously. To show how contrary a position this was to that generally held it is only necessary to quote from a public advertisement as of April 15, 1920, of another firm active in the financial as well as in the management end of the trade:

"Through an active, intimate experience of three decades in the ——— industry, we are in a unique position for securing the facts upon which to base a worthwhile conclusion, and consequently have no hesitation in stating that this is the psychological time to consider the purchase of . . . for large profits." (Naming the shares of about a dozen companies.)

Now the literal fact, of course, is that anyone who had sold short either the stock of companies engaged in that trade or the raw material itself in the spring of 1920 and who had hung on until the late summer or early fall, would have made a tidy fortune. Indeed, one need not have gone so far as to sell short; it was necessary only to sell out what one had to avoid terrific losses.

Out of dozens or scores of manufacturers there were apparently only two or three who acted in time. In the one most conspicuous case the company not only refused to buy any raw materials ahead but operated its plants only for members of the trade who would themselves buy the raw material and turn it over to the manufacturing company to work up on a reasonable commission basis—that is, on a tolling basis. As a result, this company's balance sheet as of April 2, 1921, shows an increase in surplus from May 3, 1919, of considerably more than two million dollars, while in the same period of two years other companies had lost tens of millions. I asked one of the officials of this fortunate concern to explain why they had taken such a position as opposed to the general view of the trade.

"We don't claim that we're very brilliant," he replied with the barest suggestion of a smile. "All we take credit for is having operated on an old-time, careful, cautious basis. My partners and myself have been in this business for a great many years, ever since we were boys, and we were brought up to do business on a strictly mercantile basis.

"We have operated for more years than I can remember on the basis that producers could make a living at two or three cents, and you can just bet that when they were getting from ten to fifteen cents and talking about still more, pretty nearly everybody in the world was going into the business, and that sooner or later there would be too much production. But the important thing, the one main idea that we chiefly clung to, was that business was extra hazardous when prices got extremely high."

"But were you not afraid of losing your position in the trade?" I asked.

"The brokers told us that we would not only lose our position in the trade but all our trade. Our reply was that we would rather lose the trade than our money. We had some regard for our stockholders.

"This business of losing your position in the trade is all bunk anyhow. As far back as I can remember, ever since I was a boy in this business, we have been told 'If you don't do this or don't do that you'll lose your trade.' But I usually find that if the prices and goods are right we get trade. It is all very well to do a favor for a customer, but if a year later your competitor is selling goods for a fraction of a cent less the customer will forget the favor you did for him and go to your competitor."

It is a highly dangerous subject to dogmatize or generalize about, yet the question is worth raising whether youth and inexperience are not to a considerable degree responsible for the heavy business losses, and for the cocky, heady attitude that preceded them. There are numerous conspicuous exceptions, but I believe, none the less, that anyone who stands off and studies in a disinterested manner the business events of the last few years will be convinced that with a few exceptions the really reckless and avoidable losses were due to the overconfidence and lack of conservatism of men who were to a large extent and essentially unseasoned amateurs and tyros in what they were trying to do.

A New York banker who has become hardened and sophisticated to deficits and inventory losses had occasion to visit a relative in another part of the country. "I suppose most of your investments have declined in price," he said by way of making conversation; "even the X Company, which has always been so well managed."

"That's a strange thing," was the reply. "I have just received their last report, and the balance sheet shows no losses at all."

How They Managed

"What!" exclaimed the banker. "No losses? Either they are wonders or the report is crooked. You have most of your money invested in this concern, haven't you? I had better look into this; there may be a lot of trouble there. I'll stop over at —— on my way back to New York and see what I can find out. I don't suppose they will tell me the truth, but I'll do the best I can for you."

On his return trip the banker, true to his word, stopped over at the headquarters of the company and reached the offices at noon. Everybody had gone to lunch—president, vice president and treasurer. The caller had very little time to catch his train and was disappointed until he saw in a rear office the old plant superintendent, sitting in a chair tipped back, with his feet on a counter, and lazily reading a paper. The banker was delighted to find this man alone in the building, because he knew he would get the literal truth out of him easier than from the more sophisticated higher officials. Besides, he had played with the superintendent's children when he was a boy.

"How the devil did you manage to come through so well?" asked the banker.

"That's easy," said the superintendent. "One of our bankers here in town is more than ninety years old and has been through an awful lot. Three years ago he said prices were too high and so we decided to buy from hand to mouth."

In one trade where the losses have been especially heavy and only two or three companies out of scores have escaped, one of these is presided over by a man of sixty who has long been worth probably twenty or thirty million dollars, and the general opinion in the trade is that such a man of mature years and with his wealth would not take the risk of doing business when prices were so high as to make operations hazardous. He had nothing to gain and he might have lost his entire fortune.

Now it must be recognized that this is a growing country, in its stock rather than

(Continued on Page 67)

Ingersoll

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PAIGE

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The new Series Paige 6-66 Models are now ready for your inspection. We offer them as the most distinguished group of Motor Cars in the entire six cylinder field. No cars have ever won greater or more consistent endorsement from the motoring world. But now comes the final touch of Paige craftsmanship—the careful, painstaking, refining process which results in a perfected product.

So far as beauty of design and appointment are concerned, we leave that to your own eyes. Just now, we ask you to consider very briefly a chassis of one hundred point strength and efficiency.

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In every fundamental detail this great 70 horsepower engine remains unchanged. Two years of heroic service have failed to reveal a single weakness at any speeds or under any driving conditions. But many refinements and improvements of detail have brought the power plant close to perfection. The 6-66 now possesses the flexibility of an electric.

The Frame

The specially designed frame of the 6-66 has been still further reinforced by two additional cross members. This construction assures a frame of utmost stiffness and practically eliminates all possibility of weaving. It means giant strength where strength is an essential requirement.

The Clutch

The New Series 6-66 is equipped with a new type clutch — the greatest single advance ever made in clutch development. It is now actually possible to change from high to second speed when the car is traveling at 30 or 35 miles per hour. Never before has such smooth, velvety action been dreamed of.

The Transmission

A new and highly efficient transmission makes gear changing a delight. Here Paige engineers have secured the combination of vast strength and amazing quietness. One finger on the lever and the gentlest of pressure is all that is necessary for immediate action.

Universal Joints

Here is a splendid improvement—Universals that are permanently lubricated. No parts are harder to get at and no parts need more consistent oiling. In these sturdy, yet flexible joints, there is a complete solution of the problem, for they retain their lubricant tightly sealed against dust or grime.

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Long 61-inch springs are a sufficient guarantee of smooth, easy riding qualities but when these are supplemented by snubbers you can imagine the result. No words can quite describe how the New Series 6-66 rides. But you can thank perfect distribution of weight, the unusually long springs and snubbing

The Axles

Both front and rear axles are Paige-Timkens with all that this combination implies. There could be no finer construction—no better example of skilled workmanship and highly tested metal. Front and rear, the Paige 6-66 carries the best axles that money can buy.

Such, very briefly, is the chassis of the New Series 6-66 Models. It is one great union of strength and efficiency—a true Masterpiece of Mechanical Engineering It promises not only a newer, finer conception of Motoring, but years of full vigored life on the Highway.

We Suggest That You See It Today

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 64)

its bond stage. The younger men are the active energetic forces, and it would not do to have business entirely in the hands of men from sixty to ninety. But the fact remains that as a broad generalization the men under fifty, or under fifty-five, were those who got stuck.

The quality of being inexperienced, of being essentially an unseasoned amateur or tyro in business, is of course not wholly a matter of years. There is a certain type of man, whether young or old, who never seems to gain experience or who always puts his own power above the settled teachings of experience. One of the chief functions of banking is to hold in check this type of business man, to refuse him credits unless he increases his reserves, and to insist that though less money will be made on a conservative basis when prices are high, far more will be made when they are low. Unfortunately, some at least of the larger banks in at least one of the most important financial centers were in the hands of equally reckless men during the period of inflation.

Another generalization that must be made with great care is that the heaviest losses fell upon concerns where the element of absentee ownership was considerable; or, at least, it may be said that generally speaking the man who managed his own business and was on the job every minute lost money, but not more than his position in the trade warranted. It is true, of course, that the United States Steel Corporation is often pointed to as a striking example of absentee ownership, and its losses were, relatively speaking, strikingly small. But this is the exception to the rule. Despite its vast size the chairman of this concern has been able somehow to coördinate and control his organization, and that is, after all, the vital thing.

The real distress has come in the cases of very large organizations, either those which were not definitely integrated, controlled and coördinated from within, or those whose chief stockholding interests have failed to recognize the lack of distinctive features of ability on the part of the chairman or president. Men have been put at the head of great corporations because of ability as salesmen or production managers or in some other one line, and not because of their competence to direct a great organization.

It takes time to develop an organization, one from which no sounds of poorly greased gears are heard. The United States Steel Corporation has had more than twenty years to create its organization.

Speaking not of this company, but of organizations in general, a successful manufacturer recently said: "Nothing illustrates better the idea that the boy is father to the man. The good organization of today was not built today or yesterday or last year; it is the outcome of policies and plans established a good many years ago. You cannot develop an organization inside of five years—probably not inside of ten."

Soundness Better Than Bigness

The senior credit officer of a bank with thousands of customers told the writer that he did not know of a single case of real distress among either large or small organizations where there was not an element of speculation aside from the necessary risks of business, or the wrong sort of management, and that in the case of trouble in the larger organizations the two elements were practically always present.

One obvious difficulty with a very large organization is that the managers often become obsessed with the mere idea of size, with an ambition to corral and dominate the market. An old man, now practically retired, but for many years president of a bank which has weathered every panic successfully and profitably, and has held the accounts of numberless millionaires, in discussing the losses of recent years with the writer said that he had never had any desire to be big, but that his consuming passion had always been to be sound.

Referring to another and younger banker of the notoriously plunging type he added: "That man once said that he could write his check for five million dollars as easily as he could have written it for fifty dollars when he was just starting in business. Now I regard five million dollars as a lot of money and don't like to hear it talked about in that way."

The president of another bank in the conservative camp, whose losses have been small or nonexistent, said that his less conservative competitors had explained his success on the ground that he did not have the accounts of such big corporations as they did.

"All I can say is, thank goodness that I haven't the accounts of all the world's greatest plungers."

A rather typical case is that of a young man who, upon graduation from college, went to work in either a lawyer's office or a bank, this choice of occupation being mentioned not because the writer is unaware of the exact location, but to prevent too easy a recognition of identity. The young man worked hard day and night, he was always talking about business, and learned quickly. He was bright and had ability, but evidently not so much as he thought he had. Finally, shortly before the war, he was asked to take over a weak company and put it on its feet, a most difficult job in this instance.

He bought something like a thousand shares of the company's stock at four dollars a share and slowly the company made a little headway under his earnest efforts. Then came the war, and goods were sold without difficulty. The stock was listed on the exchange, it rose to several hundred dollars a share, and finally was split up eight or ten shares for one. The head of the company, who at the beginning of the war was about thirty years old, found himself growing rich. After the company had turned the corner he bought several thousand additional shares, and now with the splitting-up process found himself the owner of a great quantity of stock, although aside from what he had made in the company his resources were not large.

He began to form pools and syndicates to operate on the exchange and he organized three or four other companies to operate in similar and also in different lines. He went into the banking business and also set up as an authority on management in general. His chief worry was how to reduce his income tax.

Going Up on the Escalator

Then came the smash, the stock in which his holdings were so large dropped to a few dollars a share, and one of his companies alone lost a million dollars.

"One trouble was that he didn't know the details not so much of his own business but of business in general," said a man who had closely observed this typical career. "It wasn't that you could stump him on any particular details that he had chosen to study up on, but somehow he knew the business from the top instead of from the inside. He was the kind of boy who says, 'Give me the balance sheet, I won't bother with the details.'

"That's all right, of course, with an older man who has come up in the business itself through all the details. But it's no go with a young fellow."

But the heart of the whole difficulty was well expressed recently by Harlow S. Person, managing director of the Taylor Society, when in a lecture to a group of students in a business college he said: "The young men who preceded you from about 1897 to 1920 happened to step on an escalator and were carried up. Now the escalator has stopped."

The writer will not undertake to argue either with or against Mr. Person in his thesis that the upward movement is for a considerable period at an end. That is not the point of this article. But there cannot be the slightest doubt that a basic cause for the heavy losses of the last two years was the belief on the part of younger men who had experienced nothing but rising prices that their success was due to their own efforts and not to the fact that they were in a seller's market, where the customer didn't count. They had been successful, but their success was only during a period of rising prices, and it was due to circumstances, not to their own ability.

There can be very little question that the really big men of the country have been trained during a period of adversity rather than of prosperity. Permanently successful men are made in lean times, and it is comparatively unusual for the young man who has risen on the crest of the wave to come through. The men who start quick and early, who make their clubs before they are thirty, usually fizzle out.

"You can't get away from it, adversity is the best training," said a capitalist who is in many corporations, successful and unsuccessful alike. "Look at it another way. A short time ago I took —— out of the A. & Z. Railroad, where as vice president he had been struggling with that impoverished industry, and made him president of a big holding company for oil, gas and other properties. He found the people already in the company didn't know the rudiments of economy. They had been trained in an easy-money business, but he had worked under entirely different circumstances and he found he had a tremendous margin of safety."

It is not to be assumed, of course, that every railroad official will make good as the head of an oil company. But other things being equal there is good psychology back of the incident. Prosperity is harder to stand than adversity.

It is the old, old story. During prosperous times and rising prices there is an intoxication, a buoyancy which keeps the minds of most people, of all but the very exceptional man, off the possibility of a decline. A starving man after eating a large breakfast of cakes and sausages will stick out his chest and demand to know, "Who in blazes said I was hungry anyway?" When prices are rising and profits rolling in everyone says, "Who in blazes says that I am not a big financier?" The minute people get anything ahead they forget the hard teachings of experience.

Preparing for Hard Times

People are actually blinded by prosperity. They may honestly believe that good times are going to last forever or they may be too busy to think about it at all. In any case, it is probably fair to say that swelled head, the quality of being toppy and arbitrary, of launching out upon grandiose schemes, is really a result rather than the cause of the prevailing state of mind. People lose their heads with quick success. They think everyone wants to follow them and that success in one thing insures similar results in other fields. They use a temporary condition as a basis for judging, they are unable to think straight, their feet are no longer on the ground.

The accountancy of many deflated inventories throws an amusing side light on this phase of human nature. In a number of cases of corporation reports the losses due to a shrinkage in inventories are put at the bottom of the statement as a separate item and not included as part of the actual operations. But when prices were going up instead of down and the profits in inventory were enormous, these profits were included as part of the operations and the managers patted themselves on the back as being such good operators. It is awful hard sometimes to admit that sauce for the goose is just as good for the gander.

Wisely it has been said that one of the most remarkable things about hard times is that so few people make provision against them. It must not be supposed that the active managers of business enterprises were the only ones to blame for the losses sustained. Generally speaking, inactive stockholders are as greedy as the active executive—or more so. If the question is put up to them in periods of rising prices and large profits whether the profits shall be put into liquid reserves or into an increased volume of business, their usual reply is, "Strike while the iron is hot. Things are going our way. Orders are coming in."

"One of the companies I was interested in during the war," said an experienced and level-headed executive, "didn't have a single stockholder who was a poor man. Yet during the war they wanted me to pay out every cent in dividends. I had given the active managers a considerable block of stock, but they were easily seduced by the other stockholders. One of the stockholders said to me, 'The only purpose of a stock company is to pay dividends.' I replied that dividends once paid are gone, and while if they could be kept up at that rate all the time it would give the company a basis for future credit, we had no assurance that such profits would continue."

Greed and avarice, the desire to seize golden opportunity to the full, usually defeat themselves to a very considerable extent. Men feel that they have Dame Fortune in their arms. She must not be allowed to get away too soon. But there is an old saying in Wall Street that no one ever lost money taking profits. There is an excellent story of the clergyman whose success in stock-market operations was so phenomenal that great financiers went to him for the secret.

(Continued on Page 70)

How Do YOU Heat YOUR Bathroom?

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If not, YOU are missing half the comfort of a modern bathroom.

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THREE notable improvements which more than double the mileage and make the attaching and locking of the chains very easy and absolutely secure, establish the WEED DE LUXE as the greatest advance in tire chains since the WEED was invented—*yet they cost you no more than formerly!*

The Reinforcing Links super-imposed on the main cross chains prevent breaking from excessive strains, increase traction and more than double the mileage.

The Twin-Loc Side Chain Link is smooth on both sides and withstands excessive strains from any angle.

The Lever Locking Connecting Hook draws the side chains together with little effort, is securely locked with the pressure of your thumb and remains locked under all conditions, whether the chains are loose or tight.

This is the first advertisement of the Weed Tire Chain that has centered upon the chain itself instead of placing the emphasis upon making the streets and highways safe for those who use them.

The WEED crusade for safety has benefited the public and the makers of the chains. The responses of civic organizations, city governments, of business corporations and of individuals, show how wide and deep is the appreciation for the efforts to instill a sense of responsibility in the driver who *"leaves his brains and chains in the garage,"* the "Thick-Skinned Driver," the "Slip-Shod Driver," and other menaces to the safety of all of us.

We have many letters in which the writers frankly say the public service performed by the WEED crusade for safety places upon them a self-imposed obligation to buy WEED Tire Chains.

We have great satisfaction, therefore, in showing in a practical way, appreciation for the co-operation of these good motorists by making a chain so much more effective, so much more economical, that its superiority as well as the self-imposed obligation shall make them use it.

In addition to the three great major improvements which make the WEED DE LUXE, the chains are tested by a remarkable device which has made a stir in metallurgical circles. This device, invented in the American Chain Company's laboratories to make accurate tests, has been described as "Measuring tire chain mileage by electricity." The delicate mechanism determines the capacity of the chain to stand strains, and the wear and tear of the road.

The WEED DE LUXE goes to you as a development of years of practical experiences, scientific research, of laboratory and road tests to produce the most nearly perfect device most essential to motoring safety.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

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THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF CHAIN IN THE WORLD

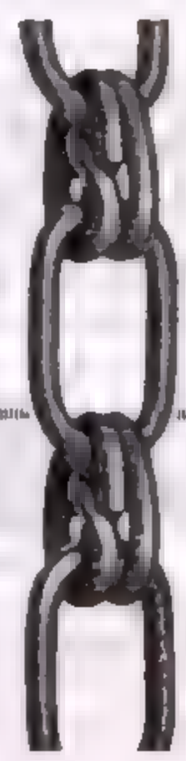
has been Made— *the* WEED DE LUXE!

THE REINFORCING LINK—*How It Works and Why*

The Reinforcing Link encircles the main cross chain link, gripping it so that it can withstand the heaviest bending strains, particularly those resulting from car tracks, etc. The Reinforcing Link also acts like a stud in a ship's anchor chain, preventing kinking, which is likely to cause premature breakage.

In addition to strengthening the main link, and preventing kinking, the Reinforcing Link gives 100 per cent more contacts to stand the abrasive action of the road and to increase traction.

Because the Reinforcing Link takes care of the bending strains, and prevents kinking, the exterior of the main link is hardened to a greater depth, giving much longer wear. Tests extending over three years under standardized conditions—for no two roads are alike, nor do any two drivers handle a car in the same way—proved that the WEED DE LUXE Tire Chain gives at least 100 per cent increased mileage.



THE TWIN-LOC SIDE CHAIN—*Why It Withstands the Heaviest Strains*

The TWIN-LOC Side Chain is absolutely smooth on both sides, due to the absence of projecting ends, and it is made to withstand any strain whether right angle or longitudinal.

The end of each link is "knotted" in twin connecting eyes so constructed that, even in emergencies, excessive pulls by the cross chains cannot spread these eyes. In fact, no matter from what direction the strain comes, the metal will break before the link gives away.

THE LEVER LOCKING CONNECTING HOOK—*How It Functions*

The Lever Locking Connecting Hook has three distinct advantages which make it the most effective in existence.

The Lever Takeup: In applying the usual chain it so often happens that the desired tension of the side chain just misses the hooking position. The leverage provided by the new connecting hook makes it possible to force the side chain into the locking position with little effort.

The Hand Attachment and Detachment: The hook is locked merely by pressing the lever into the locking position. It automatically locks itself like a closing door with a spring lock. Another pressure of the thumb and the hook is unlocked. You can do it with one hand.

Positive Locking: It doesn't make any difference whether the side chain is stretched tight or hangs loose, the locking-action of the Connecting Hook is certain under all conditions, going forward or backward.

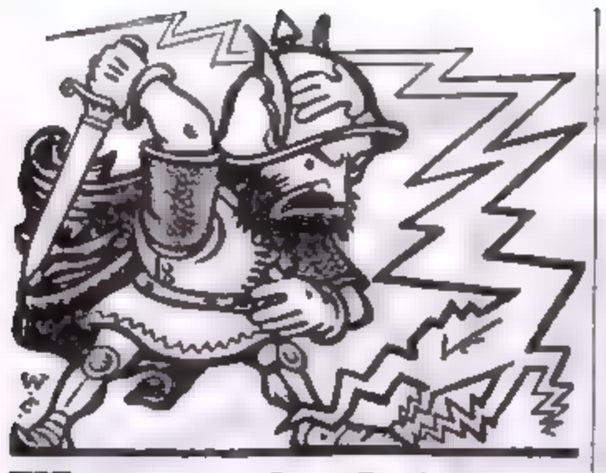
The tension of the chain has nothing to do with the locking. This is an important point because at low speeds there is practically no tension on the chains, and when brakes are sharply applied the chains are shaken good and hard. Of course you know that chains must be attached loose enough to "creep" around freely, otherwise they injure tires.

Engaging the chain

Drawing it in

Locked

Look for the red enameled Connecting Hooks, the name "Weed" on the hooks of the brass-plated Cross Chains, the galvanized Twin-Loc Side Chains. Packed in the Little Gray Bag, plainly marked with the size of cord and fabric tires the pair of WEED DE LUXE Chains will fit. The size and the name "Weed" are also stamped on the Connecting Hooks.



The end of the lightning bugaboo

A BLINDING flash—a deafening crash—not your house—but close. Your radio set can be ruined by the high *induced* charges set up in your antenna wire unless protected by a Radisco Lightning Arrester.

Put an end to this lightning bugaboo. The Radisco side tracks these *induced* charges without injury to your set. Small, inexpensive, weatherproof. $3 at your dealer's or RADIO DISTRIBUTING CO., NEWARK, N. J.

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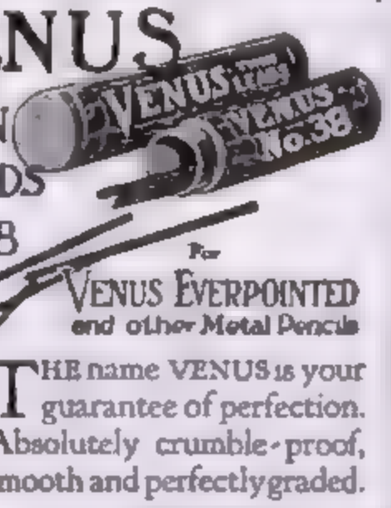
For
VENUS EVERPOINTED and other Metal Pencils



THE name VENUS is your guarantee of perfection. Absolutely crumble-proof, smooth and perfectly graded.

7 DEGREES

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B soft	2H hard
F firm	4H extra hard

HB medium—for general use

15c per tube of 12 leads; 2 tubes for 25c

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218 Fifth Ave., Dept. P, New York

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VENUS EVERPOINTED PENCILS

THESE HANDY FERNALDS
Make Motoring More Enjoyable

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COMBINATION SPECIAL—If your dealer hasn't these articles send $2 for all five as above—prepaid.

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can be turned into *money*. Let us tell you how hundreds of our men and women subscription workers earn up to $1.50 an hour. Address The Curtis Publishing Company, 745 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

(Continued from Page 67)

"It is simple: I am a Christian and a minister of the gospel. My religious scruples will not permit me to do the other man. I never attempt to sell stock unless it is likely to go enough higher to permit the purchaser also to sell out at a profit."

Two banks in adjoining buildings in the same city each had a department engaged in a certain line of business. One of them lost perhaps twenty-five thousand dollars, and the directors and executives had chills, although the bank's resources run into the hundreds of millions. The loss was stopped then and there, because the operations themselves were stopped. The bank next door lost five or ten million dollars the same way before anyone woke up to it. The difference was merely a question of how long to hold on to Dame Fortune.

"People have lost because they took on more than they could carry except in the finest weather," said one conservative banker. "They didn't have the prudence to realize that the game has to be played both ways. Money which should have gone to reserves, which should have been used to enlarge the margin, was put into permanent investments or enlarged operations. Many of these men remind me of little boys who go out to sea and when they are far away from shore the biggest storm in a generation comes up. They are awfully nice fellows, but they don't know what to do when the squall hits them."

Another way of expressing the same idea is to say that most people will always follow crowds, that mass psychology is almost irresistible, that it takes a tremendous amount of character and backbone to fight the current.

"I do not think it was quite so much swelled head as it was a case of running with the crowd," said a man who is possibly the most intelligent and able of the younger middle-aged bankers and financiers in the country today. "Don't write about business cycles as if they were something apart by themselves. They are nothing but human nature. If demand is 5 per cent more than supply, then the crowd thinks it is about 500 per cent more. If demand is 5 per cent under supply, then the crowd thinks that business has gone completely to pieces."

"But aren't there a few people who run against the crowd?" I asked.

"Yes, there are always a few. Any success I have had has been due to that."

Executives Who Look Ahead

It is not the purpose of this article to decry optimism or to preach a kill-joy attitude toward business. The optimism of faith in the fundamental resources of the country, of belief in the continuance over considerable periods of time of the regular increment of production and consumption, is one thing. But the optimism to be decried is that based fundamentally on the overvaluation of mere price changes, for that is the optimism of ignorance.

The task of the company manager or executive is not a light one. If he knows nothing about the details of his own business, if he comes in from the outside, he often goes astray. But on the other hand, no matter how minute his mastery of production or sales routine, he is just as likely to go astray if he is ignorant of finance and economics in general. Far too many executives failed to take their eyes off their own immediate business in the spring and early summer of 1920. They were not sufficiently detached.

"The chief executive must not make the mistake of always standing by the wheel," says Henry P. Kendall, who operates numerous medium-sized plants. "In the medium-sized plant which we have in mind he should be able to do that in time of emergency, but at other times he should be free from details. He should be able to study his business from the mountain peak, in perspective; he should be a student, not merely of his own business, his own product or his own market, but from the point of view of the industry to which his business belongs, general market conditions, general financial conditions, the economic conditions of the country, the conditions and tendencies of business the world over.

"Of course it is necessary to meet the pay rolls today and tomorrow, but the chief executive who is thinking in terms of years ahead is he who can make the quick and sound decisions today."

One manufacturing concern had charts and statistics which purported to show that its particular trade had increased steadily for years through good times and bad alike. The company contracted for raw materials at the highest prices on record in sufficient volume to make up finished goods, as one cynical critic put it later, to last the country for twenty years.

Of course this is an exaggeration, but the company, whose business had never been especially large, was borrowing tens of millions of dollars in the spring and summer of 1920 from merchandise creditors, from banks and from the investing public to buy all the raw materials it could lay its hands upon.

Yet on May seventeenth of that year, as the result of a conference between the Federal Reserve Board and the Advisory Council of the Federal Reserve System, including such financial leaders as J. P. Morgan, of New York, and J. B. Forgan, of Chicago, there was recommended to the Federal Reserve banks a plan of "urging upon member banks the wisdom of showing borrowers the necessity of curtailing general credits and especially for nonessential uses, as well as continuing to discourage loans for capital and speculative purposes; by checking excessive borrowings through the application of higher rates."

For months there had been warning after warning that any business man could read. The red flag was up. The credit strain had become terrific. Money rates had reached prohibitive heights. Not only were prices at the highest records but there was a feverish excitement, an acute speculation, an increase in the size and inefficiency of labor forces and methods of management, and a carelessness as to how the load of high prices and cost could be carried in the future when the fever subsided, all of which boded ill.

Danger Signals Hoisted

As late as the early part of August the company just referred to—and it was typical of many others—was selling through a syndicate of supposedly intelligent bankers a big issue of notes, and the chairman of the company in a letter to the syndicate stated that "the sale of these notes has placed the company in an exceptionally strong position, so that with its efficient organization it can take full advantage of the many opportunities now presented. As a result, it is anticipated that the present year will be the most successful one in the history of the company."

A larger number of erroneous statements could not be made in two short sentences. Instead of the company being placed in a strong position it was soon taken over by its creditors, and barely escaped going into bankruptcy. As for "the many opportunities now presented," the gross volume of sales declined the following year by more than half. Instead of being the most successful year in the company's history, the company had to reduce its surplus by more than fifteen million dollars. As for the "efficient organization," it had been entirely changed by the winter of 1921–22. As a member of one of the creditors' committees said, in gently referring to the chief executive, "He is no longer connected with the management."

Aside from the bulletins of the Federal Reserve Board, much other literature published in the spring of 1920 could be found which contained ample warnings. Unfortunately most of it would be found also to contain reassurances as well. Indeed, the business man is always faced with the difficulty of too much reading matter, of a perfect welter of conflicting advice and information. It is almost inevitable that he should act on hunches, that he should have failed, in this particular case, to study why he believed high prices were going to continue.

There is nothing the country so much needs as coördinated business information. It comes now through a thousand different channels, and none of it carries authority. Its good effect is largely accidental. In the spring of 1920 a Wall Street financier made a speech in an industrial center distant from New York, warning his listeners that deflation was coming speedily. Two years later he met a prosperous manufacturer who had been at the meeting and who shook his hand warmly, remarking that he had been so impressed by the speech that he had canceled all his orders the next day and sold everything he had in stock. It had saved him a considerable fortune. "My!" said the financier. "I wish I had taken my own advice!"

It is not argued, of course, that institutions or organizations can really know anything or decide upon policies. That is the function of an individual. The president of a large New York bank appointed a committee of three vice presidents to decide whether the bank should increase its foreign business. Two of the members insisted upon the affirmative and one upon the negative. After months of wrangling the committee reported that it could not agree.

"But," said the president, "you must make a unanimous report. Go back and reach an agreement!"

"We shall never agree," said the minority, "until the others back down. I will never back down."

And of course the event proved him right. Someone must always decide.

But there is no reason why the Government or a combination of all the trade associations should not get out a monthly statement that really carries weight and will act as a guide to the executive who is trying to formulate a policy. An industry where the losses have been as heavy as any did not have any record of monthly production until during the war when the War Industries Board forced the manufacturers to provide such data. As soon as the war was over the association, which includes the entire trade, immediately dropped the collection of these statistics, and the trade entered upon a ruinous orgy of overproduction. Now the collection of such valuable statistics has been resumed and each executive knows each month what the total production amounts to.

There is no doubt that one gain from recent business losses will be better executive control. In most plants the daily report the chief executive receives is much more detailed than it was four years ago. Especially is this true of forward commitments. Until the big smash came in 1920, with its cancellation of orders, neither bankers nor executives had laid such great stress upon forward commitments.

In many cases banks are increasingly insisting that all commercial customers work out budgets for at least six months in advance, outlining the volume of sales, purchases, overhead and the like. What the banker must constantly face is the customer who says, "I've got these bills and no money to meet them with." The banker believes that a wider use of the budget system would prevent this difficulty to at least some extent.

A Hard Lesson Learned

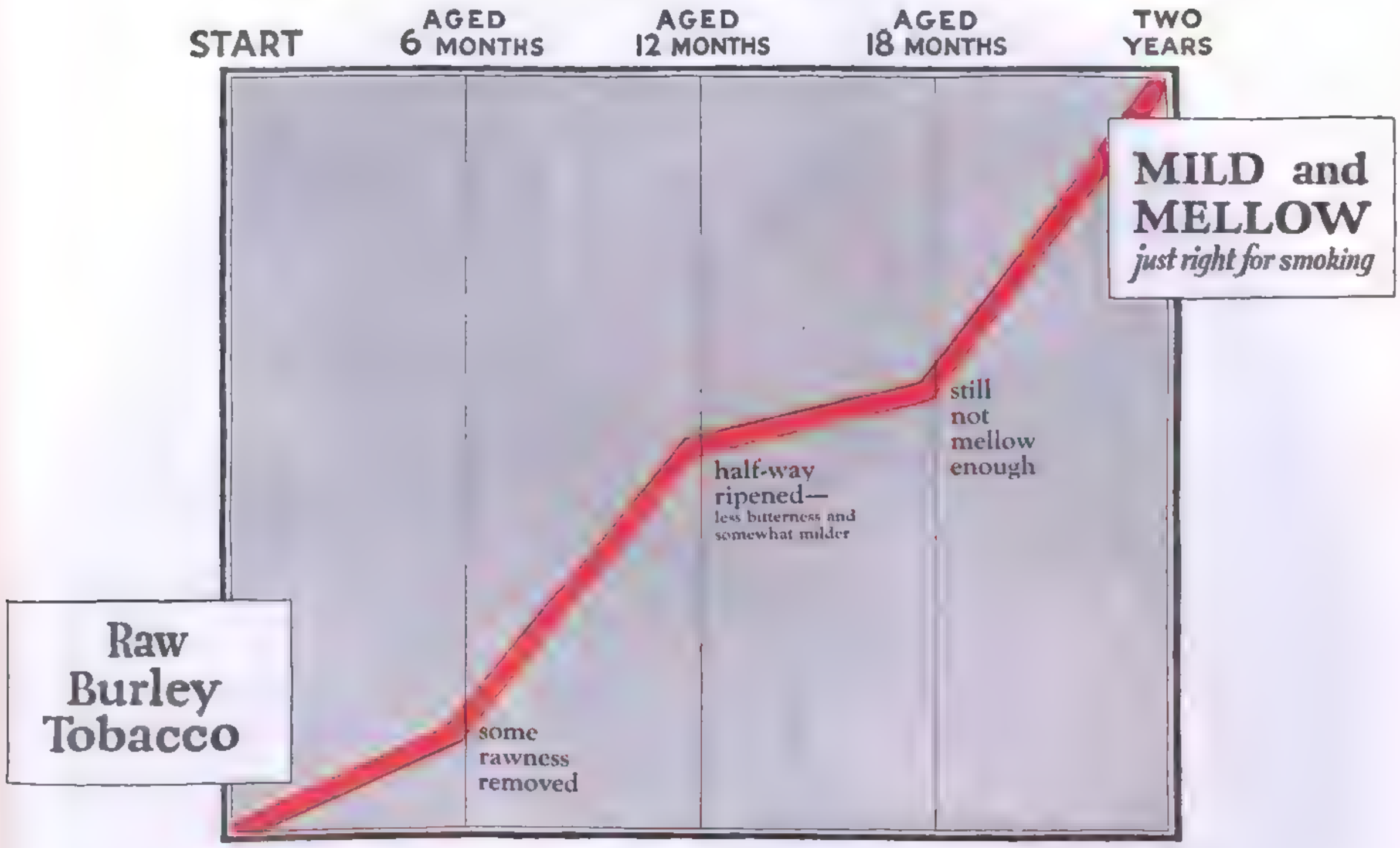
It would be fortunate, also—although the writer sees few signs of such a happy outcome—if, as a result of the recent business troubles, securities could be sold to the individual investor on the basis of open covenants openly arrived at. Vast quantities of short-term bonds or notes were sold in 1920 and 1921 to save companies from failure. The money was used to pay bank loans or otherwise take care of depreciated inventories. But rarely was any such fact frankly imparted to the investor.

At this time, when there are so many schemes for enlarging the money supply or making credit more available for this or that class or group, it is interesting to note that very few heavy losses took place where there was not too great an extension of credit. The biggest banking downfall in the country was that of a newly formed concern which went out and took customers away from old, strong, conservative banking institutions by offering them in some cases four times the line that the older banks would give.

Loans of several hundred thousand dollars were made to men who had no financial responsibility at all. From the point of view of the borrower, of the enterpriser and builder it is desirable, or may temporarily seem to be, to get the largest line of credit possible. It is possible that our whole credit, banking and money system is at fault. But the simple fact remains that in the aftermath of a crazy expansion those who have loaned and borrowed conservatively are always and invariably the ones that come out whole.

"Suggestions have recently come to me along the line of cautious, careful banking that a year ago I would have regarded as impossible from such a source," said the chairman of the bank clearing-house committee in one of the great financial centers. "Indeed if I had made the same suggestions to them a year ago they would have said that I was an old fogy. The lessons are being learned."

Study this Ageing Chart



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THE CHART tells the whole story of two years' ageing in wooden hogsheads. It shows how Velvet "climbs the hill" to mildness and mellowness—losing all bite and bitterness on the way.

You'll notice that after one year of ageing in the wood the choice Kentucky Burley tobacco is half ripened. There's not so much natural bitterness; but two whole years are needed to fully develop that mellowness which is Velvet's own.

It should also interest you to know that the makers of Velvet ignore the artificial or short-cut methods of curing tobacco. Long experience has shown that this slow, patient ageing in wooden hogsheads is the only right way.

Of course, two years' ageing in the wood costs more—ties up more capital—but it's certainly necessary if we are to keep Velvet the mild, mellow tobacco that experienced smokers prefer.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

The huge wooden hogsheads, in which the fine Kentucky Burley leaf used for Velvet ages for two years, contain about 1,200 pounds of leaf tobacco each.

Consider the cost of holding thousands of these filled hogsheads in warehouses for two full years.

Velvet

the aged in the wood smoking tobacco.

THE BEST WEARING THIN SOCK MADE

THE SHOSHONE CATAPULT

(Continued from Page 13)

that Emil was too much for them. However, they all seemed to be agreed that he would pitch himself out in a short time.

"There never was anything like it in the way of speed and control," remarked Randall, lowering the paper, "but what about the catching end of it?"

"That's what's worrying me," returned the manager. "If we slow him down they'll break down the fences with his straight one. If Tracy plays back and has to throw out every man at first his arm'll be gone in a week. Besides that, he's bound to miss some and every man that gets on, scores. I was thinking some of fixing up Tracy with a glove like a pillow and letting him knock them down."

"That's all right," said the owner dubiously; "but, as I get it, Tracy says he can barely see the ball."

"According to McGrath, Tracy doesn't have to worry about that end of it. All he'll have to do is to hold his glove up like a target and Emil will take care of the rest. With his control ——"

"Why not try that?" interrupted Randall. "I believe that boy could hit the glove every time. How about a contract? Have you signed him?"

"Bill's taking it up with him this morning. I expect to hear from him pretty soon."

"What are you offering?"

"You can't deal with him like a regular player. I've left everything to Bill. He seems to be able to handle Emil. I wanted him to get hold of Krock before the kid saw the papers. There he is now, I guess."

The scout entered, mopping his forehead with a handkerchief. Sighing noisily, he dropped into a chair.

"Did you sign him?" demanded Heenan.

"I did and I didn't," was the reply. "Let me tell you first some of the stuff that hick pulled on me. Some day I'm going to pick up a bat and break it over his dome."

"What does he want?" growled the manager. "A hundred thousand dollars and ninety per cent of the gate?"

"Nothing like that. All he wants you to do is to release all the rest of the players except the catcher and the first baseman."

"What's the matter? They been kidding him?"

"Emil says they ain't no use paying guys that don't do no work, and he'll be swished if he does all the playing and let them get the jack. He says it's sinful to give out money to people who don't do nothing."

"What about scouts?" snapped the manager.

"We didn't get to them," grinned McGrath. "You don't even need a catcher, though, to hear Emil."

"What's he got, a boomerang ball?"

"No," said the other with a straight face; "but he says you could plant a post about five feet back of the plate and he could make the ball come right back to him. Tells me he used to practice doing that stunt up in Big Horse."

Randall, who had been listening in quiet amusement to the colloquy, now took a hand.

"Great!" he exclaimed, slapping his knee. "That's a bright idea. Look at all the money I'd save with a two-man team. Listen, Bill! I wonder if Emil, with a little practice, couldn't fix it so the ball instead of coming back to him would rebound toward first base. Then all he'd have to do on the third strike would be to run over toward the bag and tag the runner."

"I'll take it up with Krock," said McGrath in a choked voice.

"Come on!" snarled Heenan. "Did you do anything about signing him up? You can put on your burlesque show some other time."

"Wait a minute!" interrupted Randall. "What finally happened about the suggestion for releasing the rest of the players?"

"Well," replied the scout, "I told him we'd consider the plan next year when the National Commission met, but according to the rules now you had to have nine players in the field and twice that many warming the bench. Then we talked turkey. He isn't sure he's going to like it here, but we got together on this: Emil is to get a dollar for every ball that he puts over the plate that isn't hit. That's eighty-one dollars a day, as he figures it. How about it?"

"Cheap at the price," came from both Randall and Heenan.

McGrath went on, "He agrees to try you for a week. If everything's all right he'll sign a regular contract. He promises not to talk to anyone else."

"He's to be trusted, is he?" asked the young owner.

"Yes," was the unhesitating reply. "How about the catching end, Mike? Have you figured that out?"

"We were talking about it just before you came," said Randall. "We figure on getting Tracy a big padded glove and taking a chance on him knocking down Emil's shoots."

"How would it be," interjected Heenan, "to let him play back on the first two strikes and come in on the third? That'll be playing it safer. He'll only have to stop one cannon ball."

"Good idea," Randall turned to McGrath. "What do you think? He's your baby."

"Mike's idea is all right. Sure we can get away with that playing-back stuff?"

"What do you mean?"

"The umps—the rules."

"They ain't nothing in the book against it," contributed the manager. "It went by the other day when you sprung it. It ain't never been done before, because there never was no reason for doing it. The umpires will raise the devil, but what do we care?"

"How about the fans?"

"We'll pack 'em in," assured Randall. "They won't care if Tracy stands on the roof of the bleachers or out on Market Street. They're coming to see Emil on a chance that they'll be there the day someone gets a real hit off of him."

IV

ORGANIZED baseball—all of America—was stunned the next day. Out of twenty-eight men who faced Emil that afternoon twenty-seven were called out on strikes. The odd one, swinging at random, met the ball squarely and it shot over the fence almost on a line, marking the first home run this particular player had made in eight years of service under the big top. With the aid of a heavily reënforced glove Tracy had managed to knock down the third strikes successfully. Emil, however, was not at all elated by the day's work.

"That Smith," he complained, "beat me out of a clean sweep."

He walked away sullenly. Near the clubhouse, the manager noted, Emil was joined by Thayer, a second-string pitcher.

Later Heenan remarked to McGrath, "I see Krock's got himself a little playmate—Thayer."

"Yeh," returned the scout with a frown, "and I ain't stuck on the idea a-tall."

"What do you mean?"

"The last time I saw the two of them together Thayer was explaining some of that stuff in the correspondence course. I told you Emil was a nut on trying to pitch a curve. If he should ever learn, though I doubt it, I'm afraid he won't be worth a damn. He's good because he ain't got no form and because he does things naturally. If he tries to pitch like the rest of 'em, and falls for the stuff Thayer hands him, he'll be just as rotten as Thayer."

"Well," said Heenan dogmatically, "a fast ball is a fast ball, and no guy can talk his arm away from him."

McGrath shrugged and walked away unhappily. In the next week Emil pitched three full games and finished another. The monotonous strike-out record continued unabated. The balls he threw could just be seen, a mere gray whirl in space, once hissing by the knees of the batter, again by the neck, and still again by the belt line, but always over the plate. Umpires called strikes automatically and the ball indicator fell into complete disuse when Krock worked. Tracy's mixing of high, low and middle pitches was clever enough to deceive the keenest-eyed batters. What few hits were made were pure accidents, as the players themselves readily admitted.

"I'll give this baby about two weeks to burn himself up in," said Grayson of the Leopards, "and then good night."

"Think so?" was Heenan's retort. "Let me tell you something, Pete: That boy's been doing the same stunt for two years and gets faster all the time. I'm figuring on pitching him every day for the rest of the season."

"H'm! Where'd you find him?"

"Up in Big Horse, Idaho, knocking down redwood trees with rocks."

Saturday afternoon Emil signed a contract calling for sixty-four hundred and eighty dollars a year for two years. The sum was arrived at by multiplying eighty by eighty-one, Krock insisting that he could strike out all the men in that many games a season at one dollar a strike. However, he was crafty enough to refuse to consider any conditional clauses in the agreement. Followed a week of almost constant rain, during which McGrath and Heenan virtually lost sight of Emil. Had they sought for him assiduously they might have chanced upon him under the right-field bleachers, working out with Thayer.

At Monday morning practice Krock whispered to the manager "I've got it!"

"Huh?"

"You oughta see! I can pitch an incurve and an outcurve now."

"Who taught you? Thayer?"

"Yeh. I got the motions down good now. Wanna see?"

"Listen to me, Emil! You forget them curves! It's your straight fast one that wins games. That's what we're paying you sixty-five hundred dollars a year for. Understand?"

"And lose my arm throwing them?" whined Krock. "Not on your life! You get a glass arm pitching fast ones all the time."

"Who told you that?" snapped Heenan. "Thayer?"

"No. It's right here in the book. Look!" He drew a frayed pamphlet from his trousers pocket. "See what it says there?" pointing. The manager read:

Pitchers should early learn to throw curves. A fast ball is ruinous to the arm, and two years is about the limit of its usefulness. A glass arm awaits him who persists in trying to throw them past the batters. Smart pitchers ——

Heenan thrust the booklet back with an angry movement.

"Don't pay any attention to that! It's full of hop! Anyhow, you got two years ahead of you, ain't you?"

"No more straight fast ones for me," was the stubborn reply. "I already done it for two years and I ain't going to take no chances. I'm going to be a smart pitcher. I can throw some crackajack curves. Wanna see?"

"All right," growled the manager. "Let's see! Oh, Tracy!"

The catcher came over.

"Emil here wants to throw some curves. Let's see what he's got. Throw 'em like you would in a game."

The exhibition nearly brought tears to Heenan's eyes. To begin with, Krock's position on the mound had been changed into a rough imitation of the usual pitching stance. As for the curves, they were pitiful roundhouse affairs that a blind man could have hit. There was a certain amount of speed to them, but nothing reminiscent of Emil's straight ones.

"How do you like 'em?" asked the pride of Big Horse.

"Rotten!" replied Heenan heartily. "You stick to the old-timers, my boy. There are sixty thousand guys in the country who can throw curves, but there is only one Emil Krock."

The flattery fell dead.

"I ain't going to get no glass arm for nobody!" was the sullen retort.

"I signed you to pitch straight ones," shouted the manager angrily.

"I didn't see nothing in the paper about what kind of balls I had to throw. I'll pitch the way I want to, and you got to pay me for two years." There was a cunning quirk about Emil's mouth.

Heenan walked over to where Tracy was standing.

"The nut wants to curve 'em. Get together with him on some signals if you can get any through that bone head of his. Maybe he'll let you call for enough straight ones on third strikes to do some good, but let him have his way about the curves as much as you can or he'll bust up the game. I'm using him to-day."

Heenan didn't see McGrath until that evening at the hotel. The scout hadn't been at the game. He was reading the box-score edition of the Star when the manager approached.

"Well, there goes your thunderbolt and thirteen thousand smackers."

"What happened?"

"Nothing," was the sour reply, "except that your white-haired boy has learned to

(Continued on Page 76)

What Do You Most Desire?

When we asked this question of Mr. Arnold J. Valeske, of Michigan, he replied: "To enter Marquette University this fall." It was this desire which prompted him to apply for a position as our representative.

More Money?

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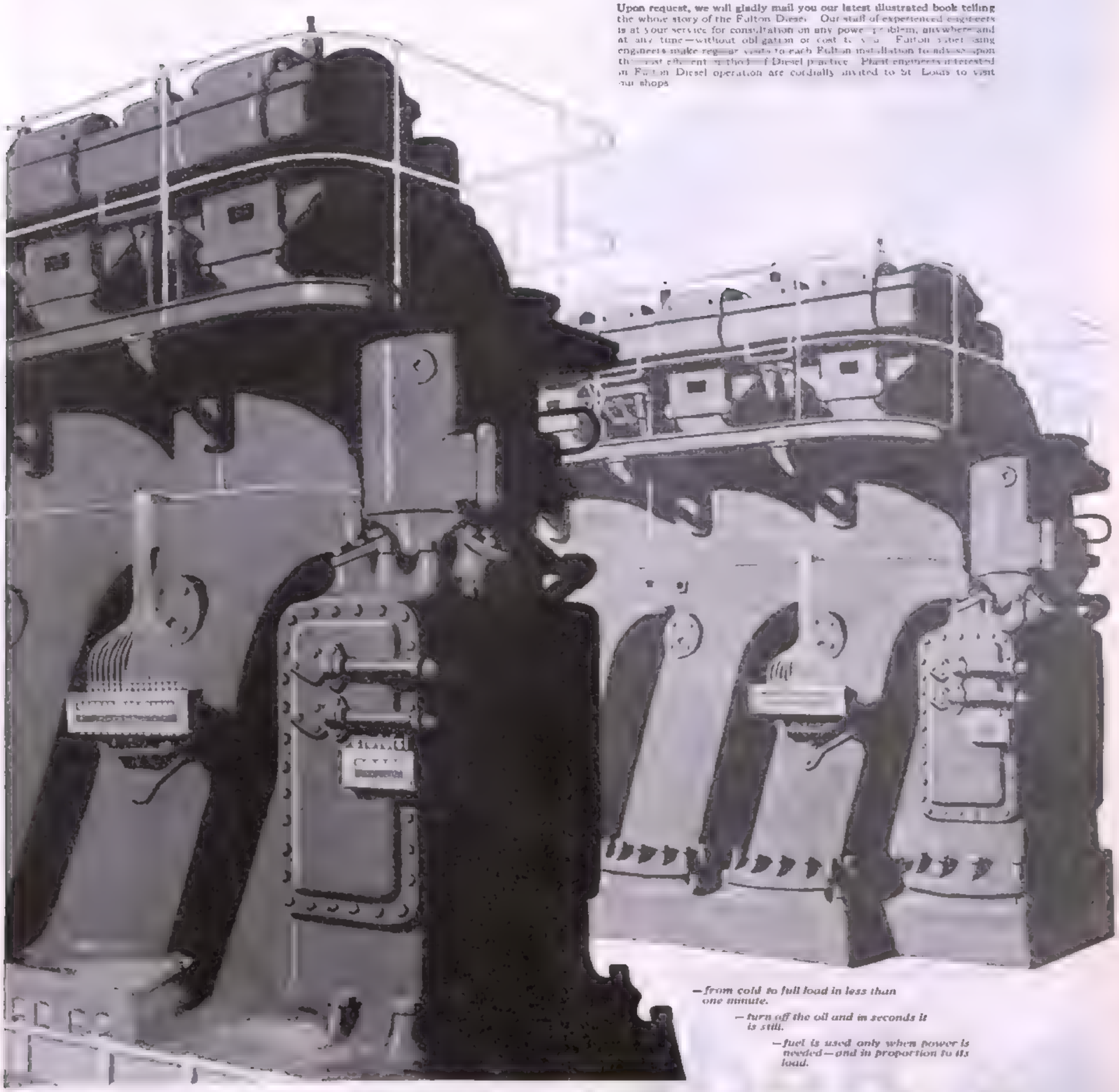

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(Continued from Page 73)

throw curves and how to stand in the box. They just butchered him, that's all."

McGrath muttered.

"The worst of it is," went on the manager, "that he has even lost control of his fast one. He tries to make motions like other pitchers. He "

"That's what I was afraid of," cut in the scout, "when I saw him playing around with Thayer. Emil's bean is only big enough to hold one idea at a time. Give him a new one and he has to give the old one the air to make room for it."

"Sixty-five hundred a year," groaned Heenan, "for stuff that any sand-lot kid's got!"

V

"WHY pick on me?" demanded Buck Daley, manager of the Lizards in the Cold Valley League. "Mike must think I'm running a wild-animal farm."

"Well, you've tamed a lot of 'em in your time," said McGrath encouragingly.

"Yeh, but this bird Krock's all through, isn't he?"

"No, he ain't," retorted the Blue Sox scout. "He ain't shot his bolt by a jugful. He's still got the greatest arm in the world."

"That's why you're slipping him to me, huh?"

"Now listen, Buck! I've told you the whole situation. Heenan can't handle him any more. They just don't gee. They been battling around for a month. Emil wants to pitch curves and he can't; the boss wants him to throw straight ones and he won't. Personally I think Mike's gone after the kid wrong. I talked him into sending him down here. I figured different handling might bring Krock around. Take a try at him, Buck. It ain't gonna cost you a red."

"All right, Bill. Did he raise any holler about coming down here?"

"Not much. He's sore at Mike, and all he cares about is the dough. Besides, he figures he's five hundred miles nearer home. Got a strong backstop, Buck?"

"There's no one in the big show that's got anything on Travers."

"I don't mean the catcher; I mean the fence. I notice you got it pretty close to the plate. If Emil ever lets loose with a real fast one he'll wreck your doll house."

"Huh! He's more apt to brain some guy on the back row in the bleachers if what I hear about his control is true. Morton out of the hospital yet?"

"He's a wild man, all right," conceded McGrath, "but that's only because that flathead Thayer educated him out of his natural stride. Get him back to his old stuff, Buck, and Mike will make you a present of the Blue Sox franchise."

"Got to break him of the curve habit first "

"That won't be so hard," declared the scout. "I think he's willing enough now to throw them straight and fast, but he can't help putting something on the ball. That's what makes him so wild, trying to throw straight ones with his fingers fixed for a curve. His position ain't right, neither. He's such a dumb-bell, Buck, you can't show him where he's all wrong. Anyhow, Mike and I couldn't. He's a bull-headed simp—I ain't holding anything back on you—but maybe you'll have better luck. I've told you everything that I can tell you about Emil."

"I'll take a try at him," said Daley, "but you pay all hospital bills."

"All right," returned McGrath. "I'll be back this way in a week or so. Be sure and get Travers' glove padded, and for Pete's sake don't let him get smart and try to play close up except on third strikes!"

Daley and Krock met the next day at the ball park.

"I'm using you this afternoon," said the manager curtly. "The bird that's catching you doesn't know a thing about curves. Get me? All he can handle is straight ones."

Emil scowled.

"Ain't you got a smart catcher? I got some swell curves."

"Save 'em for Christmas," snapped Daley. "Straight and fast. Get me?"

Krock muttered something and walked away. Despite the angry demands of the manager, Emil refused to warm up, and Daley was compelled to send him into the game cold

"Remember now! Straight and fast!"

The first pitch was in the best pristine style of the catapult. It sang over the center of the rubber, a gray shadow barely visible to the eye. Tearing through the hands of the catcher, playing close to the backstop, the ball crashed against the canvas covered planking. There was a splintering sound.

"If he should bean a guy with one of those!" muttered Daley.

On the next throw Emil almost did that very thing. The ball came straight toward the batter's head, veered outward, struck the visor of his cap and flipped it to the ground. Again there was a crash against the backstop and a splintering sound. The Lizard manager glanced anxiously toward the fence back of the catcher. On the next pitch his forebodings materialized. With a rip and a crash the ball disappeared under the grand-stand seats. The planking in the backstop had given way under the fire of Emil. Daley halted the game and walked out to the box

"Slow down, kid, slow down! Wanna wreck the ball park?"

Krock glared sullenly.

"Wanted 'em straight and fast, didn't you?"

"Yeh, but make 'em a little straighter and not so fast."

"All right," sneered Emil, "if you want baby stuff."

He threw a slow underhand ball which the batter caught on the end of his club and smashed into left field for three bases This didn't annoy Emil, but a movement of disgust made by Daley did. When the next batter came up he tore loose with a fast one that again ripped a hole through the backstop. It was wild and high and out of reach of the frantic catcher. The next and the next also broke through the fence. Daley motioned Krock from the box.

"Get out!" he said. "You ain't a pitcher; you're a house wrecker."

Emil sneered and departed. He pitched in one more game, the day before McGrath returned to Lizardville.

"Take him away!" snarled Daley to the scout. "He's almost ruined us!"

"What's the trouble?"

"Look!" said the manager, pointing toward the grandstand where some carpenters were at work. "They're building a new backstop. Your wild man made the old one look like a Swiss cheese."

"I was afraid it was too close," remarked McGrath thoughtfully. "But that ain't so bad. You can put in a stronger one."

"Who'll pay for it?"

"We will."

"Yes, you will!" Daley laughed shortly. "You won't have enough jack after you get done coughing up for Travers' broken hand and Dillman's busted shin. Besides, there's a guy talking about suing us——"

"What for?"

"For almost killing him with a wild pitch. He was sitting in the second row of the grand stand when Krock let loose one of his wild ones. It went through the screen and struck this bird in the stomach. He says he's got infernal injuries; wants five thousand smackers."

"The devil! What about Travers and the other bird you were talking about?"

"Travers got an idea yesterday that he could play close up — "

"On a third strike?"

Daley fairly snorted: "There never was no third strike! Travers got a big glove and thought he could stop Emil's shoots. It'll take three weeks to get that hand of his in shape again. Dillman played back all right, but didn't see the ball coming until it hit his leg. He's out for a month. Know who I got catching for me now?"

"Who?"

"A high-school kid. Krock just naturally put my whole catching staff on the hummer."

"Tough luck," sympathized McGrath. "Then you don't think there's any chance of doing anything here with Emil?"

"Not a bit, Bill. The park isn't built right."

"How do you mean?"

"There's not enough room between the plate and the grand stand. Up in your park there's eighty-ninety feet, and the catcher can get back far enough to stop those shoots. Nothing like that here. There's no chance for Emil's hot ones to cool off, and our boys just can't hold him at the distance they got. It's just suicide to put him in a game, even if he gets control."

"Isn't it tough," sighed McGrath, "to let a bird with a whip like that get away?"

"Yes, it is," agreed Daley. "He's the fastest pitcher in the world. There's no

(Continued on Page 78)

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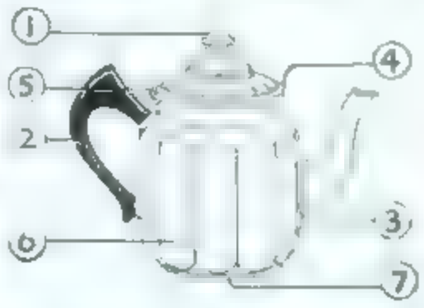

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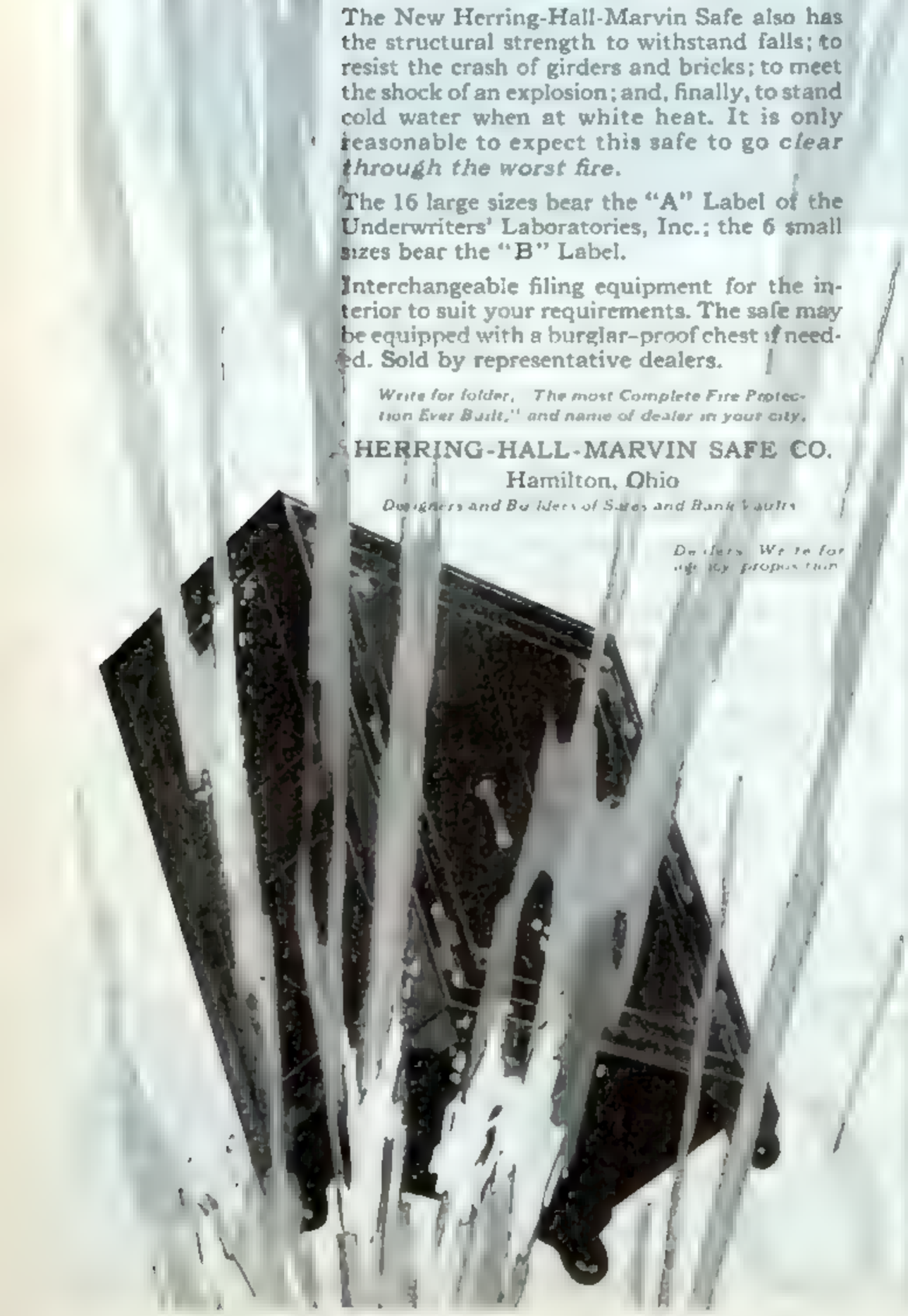

(Continued from Page 75)

question about that. Walter Johnson in his best days had nothing but a slow ball compared to Krock's stuff. But what's the use? Even if I was willing to let him murder the whole ball team and half the fans, you can't expect us to rebuild the park on a chance that he will get over his wildness. It's a shame too; I'd kind of like the job of taming this Idaho hellcat."

"Well," said the scout, "I guess the only thing to do is to send him somewhere where the backstop is a mile back of the plate."

"Yeh, and that won't do much good. About every second guy would get on first and score. You can't expect a catcher to throw out many men from the fence."

Heenan received the bad news with equanimity. "Just what I thought. That's a swell lemon you handed us."

"I didn't hand you Thayer, anyhow," retorted the scout.

Emil's reputation had traveled so far by this time that for a time none of the teams approached would have anything to do with him at any price, under any consideration. At length a hardy soul in the shape of Red Mayer of the Coyotes in the Prairie League offered to take a chance. A heavy casualty list cured him in ten days, and Emil was sent on to the Oil League. Several weeks passed and the Blue Sox chief heard little of him. Heenan still had a string on Krock, but it was a tenuous thread that the manager never expected to pull. In fact the Idaho catapult had almost been erased from his mind, until one day late in August Randall came into the office waving a newspaper.

"See this, Mike?" he exclaimed excitedly, thrusting out a folded sport page. Heenan read:

FANS 27 MEN IN ONE GAME; NO ONE GETS TO FIRST; NO FOULS MADE

Blue Sox discard, failure in first half of double-header, comes back in second session with absolutely perfect exhibition

"When did Krock go to Arapahoe?" demanded Randall. "The last I heard of him he was with the Oil League."

"Hanged if I know. A couple of weeks ago Casey told me he wanted to get rid of Emil, and I told him to send him wherever he pleased. There's another comeback down at Arapahoe too."

"Who's that?"

"Bowen, who caught the game. He's the manager too."

"Bowen?"

"Yeh. Don't you remember that heavy-set guy that used to catch for the Vamps four or five years ago? Got into some kind of a jam with his wife and some other woman. I forget, but I think he kidnaped his child and had to beat it out of the state."

"Yes," said Randall, "I think I do. Was he a good catcher?"

"Fair, but kinda weak on his throws to second."

"What do you make of this, Mike?"

"I don't know," was the slow reply. "Twenty-seven strike-outs—not a foul," he repeated thoughtfully.

"It's not much of a league, is it?" asked the young owner.

"No, but I—— Listen, boss! Can you take a run down there? Bill's laid up. Maybe Emil's cured for good. Take a look at him. We sure could use him now."

"We still own him, do we?"

"Yeh. Will you go?"

Randall started for the door.

"I'm even now on my way to Arapahoe. Where is it?"

VI

HEENAN passed the next two weeks in a high state of nervous excitement. The newspapers recorded three more marvelous games by Krock but not a word from Randall. On the fifteenth day the young owner returned and calmly seated himself in the manager's office.

"Is he here?" demanded Heenan.

Randall smiled.

"No, Mike, he isn't, and he isn't coming; not for the present, at any rate."

"Why?"

"Because," returned the other deliberately, "he is engaged in a duel with your friend Bowen—a battle to the death, so to speak."

"I don't ——"

"I know you don't," returned Randall, "and you won't until I tell you the story from the beginning."

"Shoot!"

"It may interest you to know, Mike, that this man Bowen plays right under the batter with an ordinary glove and holds everything Emil throws."

"Has he slowed up?"

"If it were possible," was the reply, "I'd say he is faster than he ever was. You don't see the ball—that's all.

"Emil came to Arapahoe," went on Randall, "about a month ago from Petroleum City. He pitched one wild game to start with. Three days later Bowen decided to use him in a double-header. First he took Krock aside and had a talk with him, the nature of which you will gather from developments that followed.

"Emil's first ball was a curve, although the signals called for a straight one. Bowen immediately took him out, but ordered him to remain on the field. At the end of the inning the catcher turned his job over to a substitute and went with Emil to the clubhouse. I'd like to have been there," added Randall reminiscently.

"What happened?"

"'Didn't I signal you for a straight one?' demanded Bowen.

"Emil started to say something, but before he got far a terrific wallop on the chin knocked him to the floor. He got up in half a daze—I got the story from Bowen only to hit the ground again. Bowen, you know, is a big fellow, as strong as Krock and twice as fast in the head. The second wallop put out Emil for good, and it was five minutes before he came up for air.

"'Now,' said Bowen, 'take a rest. You're going to pitch the second game of the double-header, and you're going to throw nothing but straight fast balls right into my hands. Yes?'

"Emil looked up at the doubled fist and nodded."

"Why didn't I think of that?" said Heenan.

"It wouldn't have done any particular good in your case. There's another angle to the situation in Arapahoe. However, to get on with the story: Emil pitched the second game and fanned twenty-seven. He threw just as he did the first game here. Rage had robbed him of everything he had learned from Thayer or anyone else."

"I don't ——"

"It's very simple," explained Randall. "The tendency of great anger is to strip men of the veneer of acquired traits and to throw them back into stark primitiveness. Emil was fuming with passion; he hungered for the blood of Bowen. All of his actions and reactions went back to first principles. His manner of throwing rocks at Big Horse was instinctive and in his fury the instinctive came back and routed the acquired. Yet lurking in the back of his head was a fear of Bowen's fists. Do you follow me, Mike?"

"In a way. Can't you tell it in smaller words?"

"I'll try," smiled Randall. "There was something besides the beating that roused Emil's rage, and that was Bowen's ability to hold anything that he could throw. Krock wasn't trying to pitch them past batters—he didn't even think of them. He was trying to throw them through the hands of the catcher with the rather childish hope that he could in this way humiliate Bowen. There was another reason too. I told Bowen I wanted to take Emil away.

"'You can if you want to,' he said, 'but he won't go.'

"'Why not?' I asked.

"'Because he wants to stick around here long enough to break my hands or smash my head. I know it, but I don't think he knows that I know it. If you notice, he always throws the ball at my head. I caught onto it quick, and I give him high and low signals by crouching and sticking my dome out or halfway standing up, all depending on what I want him to throw. He's the most wonderful pitcher that ever lived. Some day he may slip one through me, and then good night!'"

"Did you ——" gasped the manager.

Randall went on: "I asked Emil if he wanted to go back, and he said he would if I'd take Bowen with me."

"Well," demanded Heenan, "can't we?"

"Unfortunately," replied the owner, "the kidnaping story you told me about him was true, and Bowen can't come back to this state without losing the kid. It's out of the question."

"Can't some other team ——"

"Yes, it might get Bowen, but not Emil. Our claim is good for more than a year."

"And by that time," contributed Heenan, "Bowen's hands will probably be cut into ribbons."

"Or Emil's heart," said Randall.

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THE SPECIAL CASE

(Continued from Page 11)

quid shouldn't have troubled me. But you can see by this time I was no rationalist; instead a victim of curious disorientations. My imagination played me tricks. However casually she smiled at some other man, I read into it something withheld from me, not as a husband but as a senior. I used to watch every glance, inflection, gesture—always on the lookout for qualitative difference. There was the time—but no need to go into that now. But I want to say these suspicions, or rather anticipations, dragged me periodically through hell.

"When October marries May this is, in the very nature of things, inevitable. Then there's the pressure of what I'll call the crowd mind. Behind the surface acceptance of the situation you see the stock expectations of a dénouement solidified into tradition by the weight of precedent. For society, alas, never acknowledges the special case! Certainly back of the Masonic slaps in my case I thought I saw a cynical certainty of the ultimate *drame à trois*, and a little impatience for the delayed entrance of the other man. And this prodded me on and on.

"Up at seven with dumb-bells and vibrator; then to the office for an hour; then the barber and the gymnasium; the rest of the day in a whirring gregariousness. Oppressed by Beebee's belt and the pinching pince-nez; hounded by the fear of the phantom rival and an exposed middle age; and every nerve crying out for sleep. Sleep! Nobody will ever know what I went through. I had wild impulses to snatch off the mask, to grab Lindall and carry her away to some isolated fold of the earth, far from this noisy externalized life. But, ah, these attacks always cured themselves with bitter doses of logic. The continuous performance was too much a part of the child's joyousness to exact any other program. And if autumn finds the pastimes of spring a torment—well, autumn knew what he was doing!

"Besides there were Eden hours that almost compensated for the intervening hell. The moments alone, for instance, after some party. The two of us on her chaise longue before a leaded bow window; Lindall with a mug of milk and a cracker, in a honey-colored chiffon thing, her black hair in crisp uniform waves like those of an Assyrian statue, gushing about her fabulously white shoulders; the firm beautiful flexure of her fingers—she always held the mug with both hands. The lateness of the hour, the stillness outside gave an illusion of inviolable isolation. The chattering, clattering world in which we lived seemed unreal, nonexistent; and when after finishing her milk she drooped back against me with a tired sigh the feeling that this exquisite thing loved me, belonged to me almost made up for everything.

"At least it made me hope, as the third year wore on, that habit, usually so reliable in adjusting organisms to their environment, would see me through. But on the contrary, each day became less tolerable. For an interesting new psychology developed; a kind of self-disgust. In attempting to edit my anniversaries I saw I had committed a forgery of personality. Do you see what I mean? The relative youth I had retrieved was not my own youth. That is, the man of forty, we'll say, I was impersonating was not Abbott Randall of forty, but some ridiculous counterfeit—a fraudulent entity to whom I'd sacrificed my self-respect, almost my dignity of soul. And with this reaction came a revulsion against the very thing I sought—youth itself. Our crowd, you see, had almost made a cult of it; the world to me seemed populated with professional juveniles. They were eternally announcing that all the big things, professionally and artistically, were being done by people under thirty. I remember once, after such an outbreak, when the gin-fizzing orator ended up: 'And it always has been! Look at Thanatopsis!' A little widow near, previously preoccupied with her lipstick, looked up dazedly with 'What are thanatopses anyway?'

"Smile? No. I was too confoundedly busy trying to think up some post-thirty achievement—for of course I always applied these innuendoes personally. And oh, you should have heard the withering triumph with which I tossed them the reminder that Cato had learned Greek at seventy!

"Well, naturally, in such surroundings one had to edit all reminiscence carefully. I mean, they'd forgive a charred past, but not a prolonged one. To be connected with any event behind 1890 made one coeval with the Jurassic period. And after the glazed stare that met my ill-advised allusion to the Chicago World's Fair—well, dates were entirely blue-penciled from all dialogue.

"It's no wonder, is it, that middle age grew more and more alluring, my feelings towards Father Time increasingly filial? I wanted to make peace with him, slink back like a prodigal son, for the blessings I'd forfeited. I wanted suspended animation, books, comfort—and dear God! I wanted to be myself!

"By this time I had few of my old friends left. In the first year of marriage they'd drifted away, and during my professional rejuvenescence I was glad, impenitently glad. It wouldn't do, you understand, identification with antiquated intimacies, before Lindall and her friends; no reminders of the birthdays I was struggling to erase. But now I began missing them woefully, both as pals and representatives of beneficent middle age. Soon I tried sneaking off to lunch with them, but somehow a queer constraint short-circuited our old current of understanding; and this made me more miserable than ever. I felt grimly and pitiably alone, fitting in with neither the thirties nor the fifties.

"Well, one day as I was coming in from the country the car stalled at the edge of the town near one of those community golf courses. At the chauffeur's prophecy of a half hour's delay I got out and took a walk. Farther up the road stood a weather-beaten house; from the veranda a room-to-let sign swung creakily. My first feeling, I remember, was amusement. It seemed so naïve, the hope of getting a lodger in this detached neighborhood. Then an audacious idea struck me. This very isolation suggested a retreat from—youth; a place where a man might retire from the madding mob and read and relax and—sleep. First of all, sleep.

"I rushed up the steps with a sixteen-year-old speed, and in a few moments was shown to a pleasant room upstairs, with five windows. But it was the furniture, I think, rather than the windows, that clinched the deal. It was so old, so honestly, bravely old, making no pretenses of youth by massaged polishings or camouflaged cracks. Immediately I paid three months' rent in advance, arranging about having my meals served in the room, and murmuring something about writing a book to explain my incoherent tenancy. When I came out John, the chauffeur, was in front waiting for me, and all the way back into town I drowsed in the tonneau, my hand gripping the rent receipt with the pathetic gratitude of a drowning man who's finally gotten hold of a straw.

"The very next Friday, pleading official business in Washington, I taxied out. In my bag was an old shabby suit, comfortable spectacles with gold wires for the ear—which I'd ordered the day before—an old pipe, previously disinherited for obvious reasons, and some books.

"As soon as I'd unpacked these I went to bed and from noon to six I paid some of my long-standing indebtedness to Morpheus. Then after an appetizing dinner brought up by Selena, the landlady's niece—a chubby young thing of seventeen—my pipe and my books. It is amusingly significant that I'd taken with me not Thanatopsis, but Cicero's Offices, and it was the essay on old age that absorbed me until eight, when I turned in. The next morning I slept till noon; and that afternoon in the old suit and the comfortable glasses I took a walk and had a long chat with a motor cop—a mere boy, by the way. In the evening I strolled over to the deserted links and flopped under a tree. Around me the course spread like a deep pool, and lying there, drinking in the healing silence, bathed in a feeling of security and serenity, I was happier than I had been in months.

"I can't explain it very well, but out there under faint stars I felt a sensation of timelessness; my very soul took on an honesty beyond equivocation or assault. And when, Monday morning, I went back to the land of make-believe, refreshed and rested, it was with the calm of an actor who can discharge the most difficult part because he's located an exit and knows it leads to a definite escape.

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They who have pretty teeth

Note how many pretty teeth are seen everywhere today. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. They remove the dingy film. The same results will come to you if you make this ten-day test.

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Your teeth are probably coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Film absorbs stains, then it often forms the basis of thin, dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

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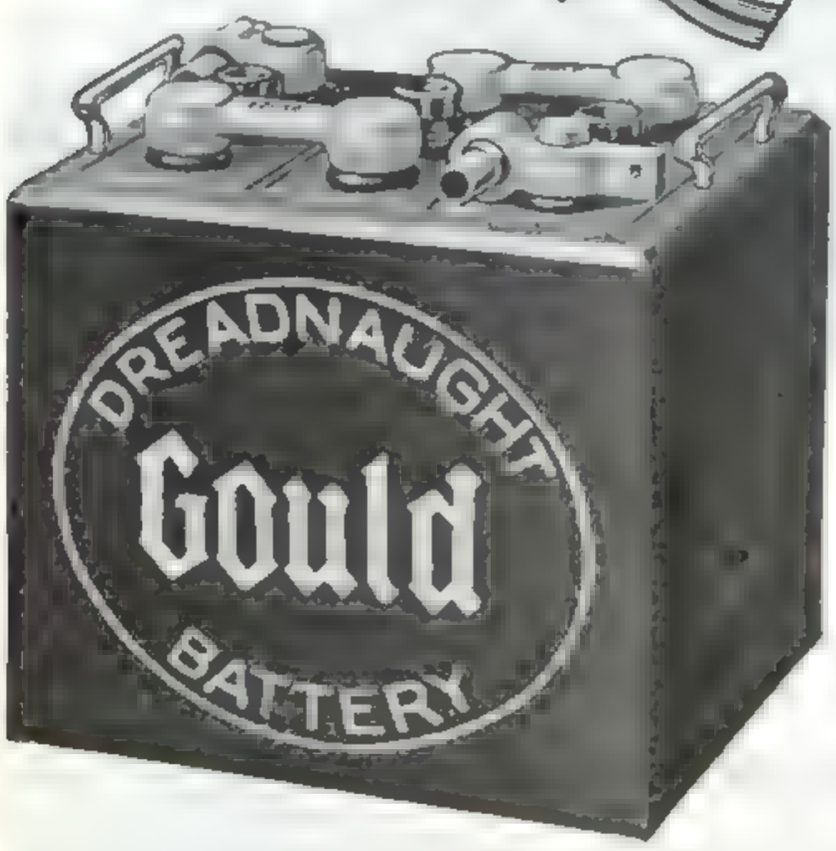

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"Yet three weeks later an inner urgency for flight recurred. Again the Washington quibble sufficed. This time I'd had some golf sticks sent out, golf having been discarded, as the accepted sport of the arteriosclerotic. And of course, more books: Hugo's Shakespeare, Amiel's Journal, Emily Dickinson's poems, Tartarin for lighter moments, and finally my precious first edition of Thompson's Hound of Heaven. All of these, you see, had been prime favorites in prenuptial days, and I think I chose them now as a kind of test to see if the middle-aged Abbott Randall I'd resurrected was an authentic one. And when I found myself chuckling with all the old relish at Tartarin's buffooneries, followed The Hound 'down the nights and days' with the same exaltation—well, I was relieved. It was like finding a verifying birthmark on someone of whose identity you weren't quite sure; like discovering a muscle you feared atrophied, functioning nobly. So a round of golf, more reading and release from tension made this another memorable truancy.

"On my next trip out I phoned my old cronies I was writing a book. Could they drop in? They could and did. And now in my middle-aged clothes and personality, all constraint vanished; we swiftly knitted together all the threads that Cupid had snipped and raveled. We sat off and discussed life not as passionate participants but as passive spectators; and I can tell you, those were talks worth hearing! I, so long inhibited from delicate abstractions, simply reveled in that feast of reason and flow of soul. I discovered one might still hear the deeper rhythms of life with a bad ear, and even through convex lenses perceive fine differences between the meaningless and the significant. And then, my friend, the dazzling indiscretion of plunging into reminiscence and coming up with a date in one's mouth! With a kind of devilish glee I simply plundered the almanac. 'You remember, Jim, it was in '83 that we met Fraser in Prague?' became a Declaration of Independence; not because meeting Fraser involved any of the thirty-six dramatic situations, but, heavens, the chronological audacity of it!

"Well, thus began my double life. More and more did I retire to what I termed my home for the aged. I'd brightened it up with a few prints—a Forain and a Goya, and that girl of Vermeer's with the tremble on her lips; an easy-chair, a reading lamp. On a marble-topped table my books piled higher and higher; in the top drawer my specs; in the closet the old suit and my golf sticks. And as these made it less and less impersonal it grew dearer and dearer.

"But, you are thinking, could I love Lindall, and still crave these separations? But, you see, it wasn't Lindall I ran away from, but from life—my life, I mean; the life of any man who marries a girl young enough to be his daughter. Certainly I still loved her. No other woman could ever hold the magic for me that she did. There were gemlike moments, still—tiny perfect things, glances, inflections, touches—exquisite in their very transiency. Flashes of jealousy, too, that testified to my undiminished ardor. And yet—and yet when she grew suspicious and resentful of my business trips the holidays meant too much to promise any renunciation of them. So at last her pique matured until she announced spending a month with her sister in Virginia.

"Of course I was acutely unhappy at this shadow between us. There warred in me an impulse to take her in my arms and promise to let business go hang—and an unholy joy at the prospect of one whole month of legitimate senility. The latter won out. So on the day she left I rushed out to the room, a curious fusion of self-reproach and self-congratulation. The moment the door closed, though, my spirits soared. Heretofore the swift termination of my holiday had somewhat qualified my pleasure in it; as the imminence of Monday morning clouds the schoolboy's Saturday, I suppose. But now, there being no need for a concentrated absorption of freedom, I entered into it with a kind of sensuous laziness. So it wasn't till a week later, after some golf and reading and sleep—much sleep—that I phoned the boys, and they came out.

"Again the marble-topped table became the rallying point of collateral interests and curiosities. Time was admitted into the group hospitably; with humorous affection we bantered one another about the individual marks he had left upon us. Old Gregory Firth's rheumatism got the same barbed publicity as my bad ear. And somehow in the exploitation of an infirmity so long concealed I felt a new mental readjustment. For, you see, in accepting time as a friend and not as an enemy our afflictions became badges of service, to be exhibited with the pride of—of—a medalist. I remember Henderson flaunted his high blood pressure so obviously as evidence of having lived life to the full that I grew jealous. Really jealous. I resented the fact that I'd only a bad ear and double convex lenses to show for half a century of far richer experience than he could boast. I even thought of springing a leaking valve or a paralytic stroke—anything to put the old braggart in his place.

"Perhaps this feeling—that time had cheated me out of my rightful heritage accounts for my sense of triumph when I saw my hair gradually whitening. The natural color was being restored, but hardly in the shade guaranteed by the inventor of the touching-up process. And I gloried in the snowy result. It seemed to me extraordinarily becoming; lent a kind of pontifical dignity that matched the benignant God-bless-you-my-children expression the gold-wired specs had given. A really convincing papal figure, I assure you, except for the pipe sagging from the papal mouth.

"But didn't I ever miss Lindall? Yes, horribly at times. Then her letters, so chilling, so constrained, doubled the actual distance between us. Towards the end of her visit, too, allusions crept in about this handsome aviator, and that adorable Tom Tevis, and so on. All of which I saw, by interlinear readings, were deliberate baits; but that didn't circumvent my usual Othello reactions. And when, the last week, she wrote about a masked ball and having been kissed by her hostess' son, in a most insulting cave-man manner—well, I walked the floor all night, finally determining to take the first train in the morning. The beast! But at daybreak my mirror dissuaded me. I saw an oafish, superannuated old fellow who, had he taken the first train, would have sent Beauty flying into the arms of the Beast. Anyway, she'd be home in a few days; after which, fortified by this long vacation—in other words, not quite so fiftyfied—I'd win back her allegiance with all my honeymoon exhilaration.

"So the Thursday of her return I rushed to town for a two-hour session with the barber; then sneaked out to the house to don the regimentals of youth. The train wasn't due till six; and suddenly there came an overpowering impulse to take a last look at my haven of rest. The instinct of the murderer to return to the scene of crime, I suppose—the murderer, in this case, of a nice pontifical old gentleman with gold-rimmed spectacles and a rosewood pipe. 'It's perfectly idiotic,' I kept reproving, but of course, in the end I went.

"But out there I'd no sooner closed the door than there came a knock: Selena, my landlady's niece, to thank me for the bill I'd left in the breakfast tray. I saw her gasp faintly at my transformation; her round-eyed stare at the blackthorn stick and the boutonnière in the lapel of the snappy suit. And when I drew out a monogrammed cigarette—well, she was quite overcome; her bosom rose and ebbed under an orange-striped cotton blouse; speech died in her throat. Hitherto, you see, in our excessively casual relations, she'd given me the inattentive tolerance reserved for pipe-smoking grandfatherhood; and I want to tell you, this new attitude registered on me powerfully. It was a reassurance for an uneasy ego; a symbolized guaranty that I could still affect the circulation and respiration of youth—in other words, Lindall. And when finally she managed to thank me for the bill I protested I had much more to thank her for, and, believe me if you can, that nothing, nothing but gratitude prompted my action. I bent and kissed her lightly—just as my wife burst through the door.

"What a taste for histrionics fate sometimes develops. It sounds like a movie, doesn't it? Well, it came out later that she'd taken an early train, and I'd missed her wire. At the house the servants reported my absence during the month, which, with the postmarks on my letters, pointed to mystery. I was such an amateur, you see, in this double-life business I hadn't thought of the accessory deceptions. Our mutual friends had seen nothing of me; the servants, nothing. And it was not until a general outcry, that John remembered my original visit at this place.

(Continued on Page 85)

Style

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207, Engraved	(long)	3.00
208, Engraved	(short)	3.00
209, Engraved	(long)	3.00
210, Engraved	(short)	3.00
211, Engraved	(long)	3.00
212, Engraved	(short)	3.00
223, Engraved	(long)	3.00
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(Continued from Page 82)

So, balked of all other clews, they rushed out: and the tableau Lindall confronted, I fear, was in perfect keeping with the one her imagination had insinuated. For one outraged moment she stared at me dumbly; then managed three words: 'You—old—roué!'

"Selena burst into frightened sobs and fled, leaving me alone to face her, my 'lovely lady, garmented in light,' in a paralyzed silence. The whole thing seemed so theatrically far-fetched I couldn't reason myself into a sense of its reality. I was like a spectator at some bedlam farce, who, when coöpted into the cast, knows neither the lines nor the cues. My only clear-cut response was to Lindall's loveliness. She had on a soft gray suit, a small hat faced with pansies, and a cluster of real pansies where her belt buckled. Her eyes were like wine—the last drops of chartreuse that cling goldenly to the glass; and emotion had given her a new radiance, an intensification of that personal incandescence. More than anything I wanted to take her in my arms—a blind feeling that only by some swift contact could we be awakened from this nightmare

"But with my first move she stepped back, something like horror in her face. Then faintly, as if from a far distance, I heard her unloosed accusations. She interpreted my business trips in the traditional way; my retreat as the usual rendezvous. She even explained my attacks of jealousy as the natural suspicion of one subject to such temptations. And as she talked she slowly changed before me into a figure, phantasmal and remote, and yet who would shape my future into a definite concrete form—a future of strain and insecurity, a constant struggle with forces more and more implacable. I saw the years ahead wherein no more rest cures could be arranged. I saw waning faculties and resources making my rôle more and more difficult, the terror of the phantom rival more and more poignant. And in the end I saw either her final flight from senility or an intolerable resignation. Intolerable to me, I mean.

"No, I couldn't see it through. Here was a chance for escape, and a rather bravura one. Because of my temperamental incapacity for intrigue her charges took on flattering implications. By some curious permutation my alleged attraction to other women turned into other women's attraction to me. And to step out of the drama now as Don Juan seemed so much less humiliating than to fade out of the picture later as Methuselah. A cad? Yes, I dare say. My excuse is, though, that those four years had so deranged the delicate mechanism of ego that this brief moment of megalomania was coming to me. Certainly, the alternative, a confession that my rendezvous had been merely with Father Time—and Morpheus—was an anticlimax beyond me. But at least I had enough decency to explain Selena, and Lindall enough sanity to believe me. As for her other accusations—well, I admitted I had never been to Washington but in this same room. For what purpose? I simply shrugged my shoulders. A long moment she stood, it seemed, without breathing, one hand squeezing the pansies so that the petals spilled to the floor. Then without a word she walked out. A month later I heard from her in Reno. Six months later she was given her divorce

"Naturally you want to know what became of her. Oh, the next fall she married the Virginia author of the cave-man salute; a fine young fellow, I understand, and she is very happy. There are twins now, who probably hold their mugs of milk with both hands and make up to their mother in the best possible way for her four wasted years As for me, I came to Paris, a rather futile old man with a budget of tattered clippings and some pressed pansy petals to show for what I'd gained—and what I'd lost. Oh, I won't deny that what I'd lost sometimes swallowed up what I'd gained; life seemed sterile, planless. Then the war came along and the personal equation merged into larger issues. And afterwards, books and people and wondering what in the devil it's all about bribed my soul into a kind of vegetable content. But of course there were—and are still—moments of numbed unhappiness. But this I know—nothing as compared with the unhappiness that had awaited me as Lindall's husband."

He paused to refill the neglected pipe, and for several moments smoked in a silence which Thorne made no effort to fill.

"A rather ridiculous story, isn't it? And oh, I know what you're going to say! Mine was a special case. Well, I suppose it was; almost a pathological case, thanks to my supersensitiveness and inflammable imagination. But the principles involved, John Thorne, are to be counted among the infernal verities of life! I tell you when October marries May these things are inevitable, unescapable; first an unceasing conflict with time, in which you're not only doomed to defeat but reduced to weapons whose very absurdity destroys all the dignity of the struggle. You're a pitiable Ponce de León in search of a fountain of youth that's always a mirage; you're an amateur Einstein trying to eliminate time, a job whose rewards are tortured nerves, a disordered ego and self-disgust. Then there is always in the background that phantom rival who tricks the imagination and mocks the reason! Oh, won't you believe me when I say it's a mistake, a grisly tragic mistake, this bucking all the laws of—metabolism—and mathematics? When she's thirty-five I'll be almost seventy! That's what the veteran lover faces. And oh, wouldn't you think it would bring us to our senses?

"But you love the girl, you say. Of course! Keep on loving her, but don't, don't, for God's sake, marry her. Psychically, biologically, even sociologically, it's wrong. It isn't fair to you or to her; it isn't fair to the suitable mates the future may hold in store for you both."

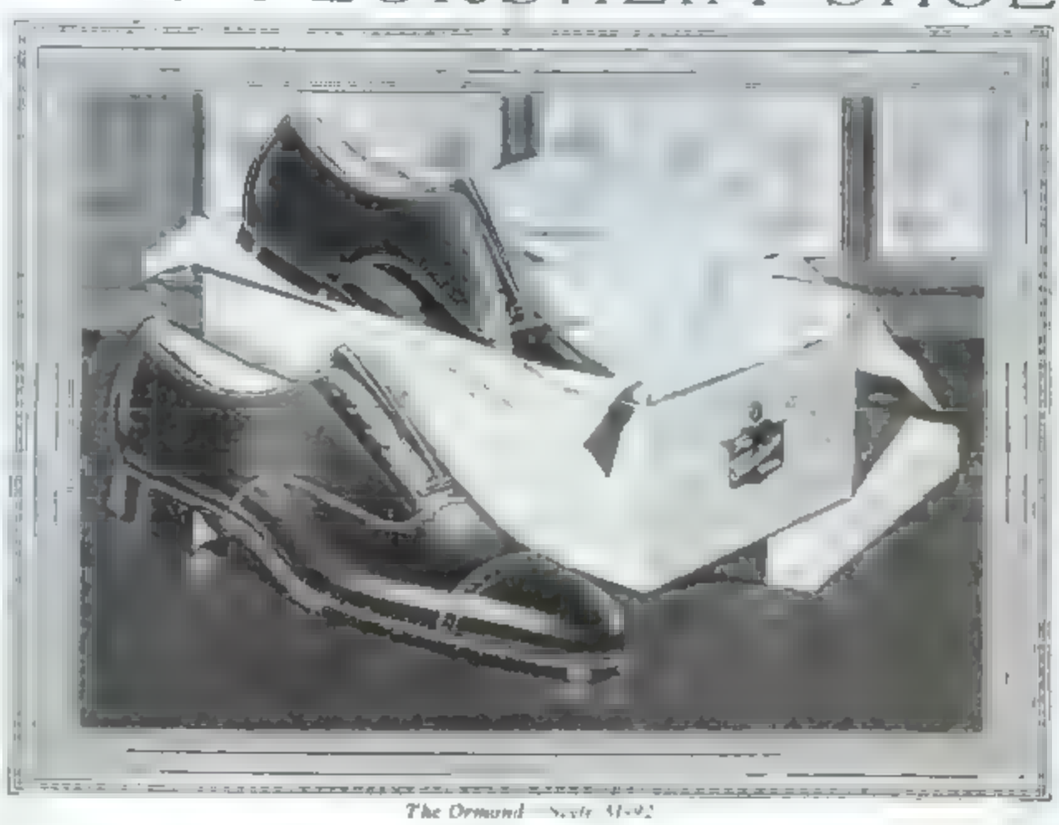
He stopped at last, and over the top of the glasses looked at Thorne questioningly. It had grown dark in the room, but the vaporish light that sifted through the open portholes silhouetted the resentful lift of the younger man's leonine head—played faintly about his twitching nostrils. Randall bent forward with a kind of conciliatory anticipation; but when the lapse of several moments brought no comment he rose and left the cabin.

Immediately Thorne leaped to his feet. Hands in pockets he paced the brief expanse from the washbasin to the desk. What consummate effrontery! To presume upon a casual cabin acquaintance to poke into his affairs with such a preachment! Rotten taste too! Exposing an intimate experience like that to a practical stranger. And an experience built upon such unsound premises. Why, a man in his fifties was in the prime of life—at least a normally healthy man who'd taken care of himself. With a smile he switched on the light above and the hooded lamp on the desk to examine the reflection in the mirror over the bowl. Above the aquiline nose his black eyes swam out boldly. Ah! No visions of middle age here! And a swift comparison with the faded gaze behind the convex lenses gave ampler curves to his smile. Then he leaned closer. Funny he'd never noticed those little sacs that ballooned over his cheek bones! And the fold that sagged under his jaw; surely that was a late development. But then a man's attractiveness didn't depend upon these crow's-feet exemptions! That was woman stuff. Of course he did resent that increasing exposure of forehead; not that baldness suggested middle age, for most of the young chaps he knew rather specialized in it. Anyway, all it needed was a few treatments; once the circulation was improved, a vibrator, perhaps; a vibrator. "A conflict in which you're not only doomed to defeat but reduced to weapons whose very absurdity ——" With a jerk he clicked off the lights and strode out. Gad! He was getting morbid. A few turns on the deck would set him right.

And later as he leaned over the taffrail at the stern of the boat the indolent sprawl of his massive body suggested a recaptured serenity. Behind a toppling cloud bank a new moon thrust a timid point towards a horizon still pinkly reminiscent of a reluctant sunset; and Thorne, watching the colors imperceptibly fade, threw back his shoulders and drank vigorously of the breeze that poured by him in cold salty fluxions. Below, the swish of the waves seemed to suck all thought from his brain, leaving only a vague, sensuous response to buried sunsets, rushing winds and leaping waters. Ah! There was nothing to compare with a sea voyage. Instead of a honeymoon in that Canada lodge of her uncle's they'd run down to the West Indies. This back-to-nature stuff was all right for young bloods, but when a man reached his age—when a man reached his age ——

And then memories, linking themselves with Randall's prophecies, swarmed through his mind. The day at the circus when the

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE



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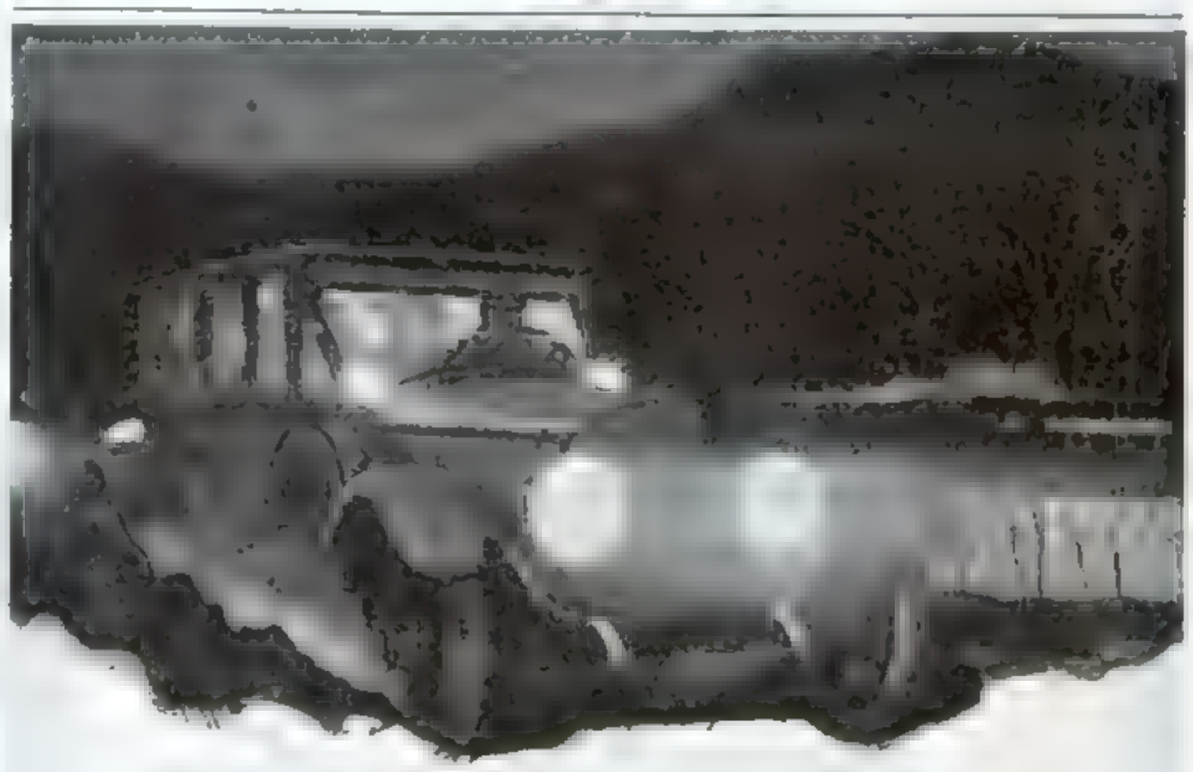

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THE WHITE COMPANY

Cleveland

21 Years of Knowing How

peddler's whine "Buy a balloon for your daughter, sir?" had colored him into a sickened fury, masked under an even sickher grin. The morning he had raced Helen to the mill pond, and her laughter at his panting exhaustion. Gad! That had cut below the surface of his pride. He lived over the primitive pangs that stifled him the evening she flirted so outrageously with that fool in white flannels. Of course he hadn't walked the floor all night. He had some sense, thank God! But still still there had been one mad moment when he wanted to sink savage fingers into the stringy neck in the pongee collar. Well, she'd simply have to drop that sort of thing after they married. It was natural, perhaps, for a young girl to exercise her right to charm, but as his wife he wouldn't stand that stuff one minute. But of course he mustn't be too hard; after all, it was simply an expression of the general irresponsibility of modern youth. They were so much more frivolous than ——

"Old age is diagnosed by the following symptoms: That the young people are so much more frivolous ——" Oh, but what damned nonsense! He hadn't noticed that the policemen were mere boys, and certainly the type in the newspapers was the same size it had always been.

He shook himself testily, as if flinging off the pressure of the afflictive fancies. He leaned far over the rail, deliberately trying to give himself back to the magic of the night. But as his gaze focused upon the water the waves writing themselves chalkily from the side of the boat seemed to curl and round into figures—the number of years between twenty-one and fifty-one. With a muttered imprecation he shut his eyes; and then when, after a moment, they opened, a league-long roller shaped itself like a crayon-clear sentence across some cosmic slate: "When she's thurty-five you'll be almost seventy! When — she's — thirty - five — you'll — be — almost — seventy!"

Sharply he turned on his heel and started for the gate that separated him from the main deck. Three hurrying strides as if something pursued him; then his foot caught in a coil of rope. He stopped and disentangled it; then dully, automatically, he dropped to the side of a lifeboat. Thirty-five! A time when life was fullest and richest for a woman! Seventy—if he lived. But the Thornes had never been distinguished for their longevity. He'd probably die sometime in the sixties and some other man would spend his money—and—and father his children; for of course Helen, with her beauty, would surely marry again.

His hard-knuckled hands clenched, then relaxed with a spurt of ironic laughter. What selfish beasts—men! Throughout Randall's screed had been his own misery that had been stressed; and here he was repeating the offense. But how about Helen? For oh, she meant far more to him than the doll-like Lindall had ever meant to Randall. Was it fair to her? To be sure, she thought she loved him now; but could a girl of twenty-one know? And would she love him ten—fifteen years hence? And ah, her Catholicism made any future problems insoluble in Reno.

The moon had whittled its way behind the cloud bank, and through the darkness there stole upon him a startling lucidity of mind. From behind rosy dreams stark realities outlined themselves nakedly, and he saw—he saw that Randall was right. It was a mistake, an incredibly tragic mistake, not so much for himself as for Helen. And he loved her unselfishly enough to protect her from her young unwisdom. He would write and tell her she must give him up. He could post the letter from Marseilles. Resolutely he rose, and when a moment later he strode through the narrow companionway his leonine head was flung back in response to a not unpardonable pride—the pride of one capable of magnificent renunciation in a world accustomed to sniveling compromises.

The cabin was empty when he entered, and switching on the lights he sank before the little desk. And then, and then the huge head buried itself in the angle of his elbow. But only for a moment. Bravely, defiantly, he took out some paper and dated it; after which he looked up with a frown of concentration. Above, the photograph next to the brown traveling clock caught his eye. Under the gauzy hat a pretty girl of twenty or possibly twenty-one laughed down at him lazily. A laugh so intimately understanding that his breath broke into a sigh of relief. Scratchily the pen flew across the paper; just a few words. He had decided to cable from Marseilles, instead of writing, you see. And signed now, he read it to himself aloud:

"Be ready to marry when I arrive. Cannot wait till May."

Then he laughed, an arpeggio of joy that lost itself in soliloquy.

"After all, mine *is* a special case."

THE GAY ADVENTURE

(Continued from Page 15)

little exposed to infections of any sort, coming in contact only with their mothers and nurses and very seldom taken abroad in public places. But this really wouldn't wash; first, because babies, though not actually sent to school or allowed to travel alone on the trolley cars, are most pestilently visited and kissed and slobbered over and played with by all their brainless relatives and most of the neighbors; second, because this immunity extended well up toward the end of the second year of life and for some diseases such as rheumatism, typhoid and consumption—pulmonary tuberculosis—up to the fifth and even the tenth year.

Smallpox and syphilis are almost the only severe diseases that are mean enough to attack a very small new baby. Finally, when we became able to test out and discover antibodies and antitoxins, we set to work and tested out both mothers' bloods and babies' bloods, and there were the protectives and antibodies, sure enough, one after the other.

We inherit something besides the results of the sins of the fathers. From the successive fever sufferings of the mother are distilled elixirs which protect her newborn babe. Disease is much kinder and more decent than the decalogue. And the deadly germs which lie in wait around the cradle are treated like the fabled snake placed around the cradle of the infant Hercules by Juno or other of his mother's well-wishers, but which the Sandowlike infant mistook for a plaything, clutched by the throat and gleefully strangled.

Of course the dose of antitoxin or protective—sozin—from the mother's blood which will protect an eight-pound baby can hardly be expected to be adequate for a forty or fifty pound child, and this inherited immunity is hence comparatively short-lived.

In addition to direct protectives and antitoxins our little child of the new century inherits also some as yet mysterious but very definite immunities against certain serious diseases. Even such a fierce captain of the men of death as tuberculosis can be bidden "Hands off" by a fair proportion of well-born civilized infants.

One of the most striking and, from the point of view of modern citified people, cheerful facts is the far greater deadliness of this grave disease among more primitive and less urban races. Some fifteen years ago I made a study of comparative death rates, with the finding that although the then one death out of every eight claimed by consumption among civilized races seemed appalling enough, it was twice as great in the negro, and nearly four times as great among Indians on reservations. Incredible as it may seem, over half the death rate on some Indian reservations was due to tuberculosis.

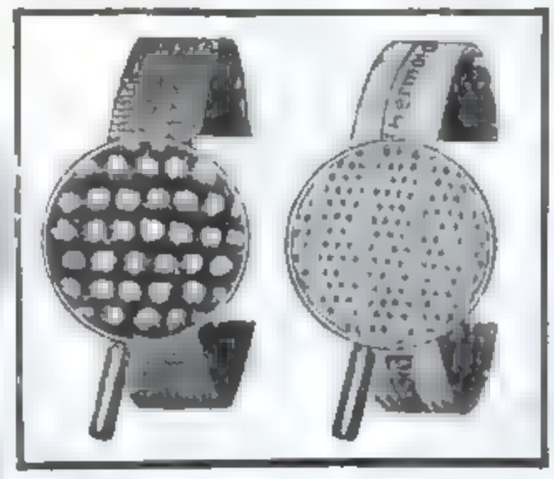
I have personally seen seven half-breed Indians out of a family group of twelve die of tuberculosis; lungs, bones and brain—meningitis - while one of the great Canadian Indian schools actually found, on taking a census of its graduates for fifteen years past, that 80 per cent of them were already dead of tuberculosis!

Of late years striking differences in susceptibility to consumption have been found among the white races.

For instance, in 1910 the deaths reported from tuberculosis among Italian males in Pennsylvania were only 81 per 100,000 living, while among Irish males in the same state the rate was 342 per 100,000, and in New York, 589 per 100,000, the general tuberculosis death rate of the whole United States being 105, with the Jews 20 per cent below that.

(Continued on Page 89)

BRAKES!



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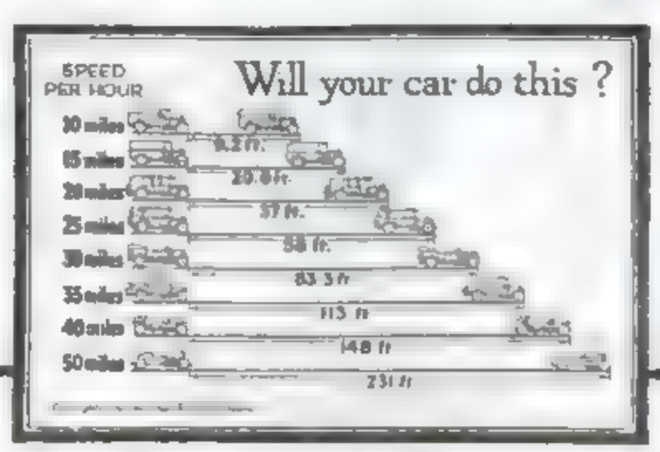
When the careless pedestrian steps in front of your car will your brakes hold?

When the unexpected car shoots out of a side road - will your brakes hold?

When the green driver ahead suddenly makes a left-hand turn—will your brakes hold?



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ARMCO INGOT IRON
TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 86)

So we have the striking and curious paradox of the Jews, our far largest and most highly citified race, who have never in modern times lived anywhere except in ghettos, with a t. b. death rate of less than one-quarter that of the Irish, who have always lived in the open country or in small villages until the last one or more generations in America.

What makes it the more puzzling is that in point of size, physique, fighting weight and general vigor the Irish are far superior to the Jews, though they also have a very high fatal susceptibility to pneumonia.

More interesting and striking still are the preliminary findings of a great research now under way in the splendid new School of Public Health of Johns Hopkins. This research is being made on the broadest and most thoroughgoing scale by taking one after the other, just as they come, the cases of pulmonary tuberculosis coming into the hospitals and almshouses of Baltimore. For each consumptive two other cases are selected of as nearly as possible the same age, race and social condition, from the other patients in the hospitals, or from the lists of the poor-law officers, or from men on the voting lists.

Then trained field workers in eugenics are put to work to hunt up the family records of the consumptive and his two controls for as many generations as possible to determine the number of known cases of or deaths from tuberculosis which had occurred. The contrast is largely between white native-born Americans of several generations, for the reason that usually the family records of foreign-born immigrants or of negroes cannot be traced with any certainty for more than one or two generations.

Nearly two years of painstaking and laborious research have accumulated some fifteen hundred consumptive pedigrees and about double that number of nonconsumptive controls, averaging about five generations each and involving some fifty thousand persons.

No results have been published except a brief report of progress, and what the final conclusions and results will be is still in the balance. But one fact stands out with striking and unmistakable clearness, and that is that there are so far on the average and in almost every case more than three times as many known cases of consumption in the family trees and groups of the consumptives as there are in those of the nonconsumptives!

Mysteries of the Ductless Glands

Of course this may be modified by later and more extensive findings, and the School of Public Health commits itself to no conclusions whatever; but it is scarcely likely that such an overwhelming preponderance will be changed more than 10 or 15 per cent either one way or the other by wider and final findings.

The precise nature and mechanism of this higher resistance or lower susceptibility are still in doubt. They may in part consist of a capacity for catching and throwing a mild form of tuberculosis infection and thus acquiring an immunity against the disease for the rest of one's life. But whatever the explanation, the cheering fact remains that a large percentage of modern civilized white babies are now born with what amounts practically to a 93 per cent insurance against going into a decline and dying of consumption.

Of course it goes without saying in this day of the ductless glands that the new citizen of this modern world comes into it with a full equipment of thyroids, thymus, pituitary, suprarenal, pancreas, interstitials, and so on *ad infinitum et ad nauseam*.

His thymus gland fills his blood vessels with white blood cells or corpuscles, the phages, or eaters, in Greek, macrophages, the scavengers and mounted police of the body, which eat invading microbes alive; and the small mononuclears, large polynuclears, eosinophiles, mastzellen, and so on, which break down and from their life blood furnish the raw material for the manufacture of antitoxins, sozins and immune bodies, as well as some of the most important ferments needed for the clotting of the blood. Then after having spawned all these and seen them safely started in life, the thymus sings its *Nunc dimittis* and fades peacefully away and disappears about the second year.

Our only personal acquaintance with this gland comes from the fact that it furnishes the popular though ridiculously named delicacy, sweetbreads, or *ris de veau*—from young calves and lambs.

By this time another gland pilot has taken hold of the steering wheel, and from the second to the tenth year our thyroid rules supreme.

It determines the stature and proportion of the body, builds the heart, controls the growth of the hair and teeth, and seems the glandular, or, to be strictly *au dernier cri*, as the French say, endocrin or cryptorhetic Pooh-Bah or Lord High Everything Else.

If the thyroid fails to develop properly our poor little human squab remains a stunted, thick-tongued apathetic, half-idiot dwarf, with hardly the intelligence of a child of two, though his actual years may be thirty or more.

A little later and less complete failure of the thyroid produces dullness, stupidity, greasiness of hair, drowsiness, swelling of the neck, called goiter, anæmia, sulkiness and bad temper. All of which can now be relieved completely by doses of the active principle or essence of the thyroid gland, called thyroxin.

This was discovered and isolated by Kendall at the clinical laboratory of the famous Mayo brothers at Rochester, and is so wondrously active and adjustable that the precise dose needed to bring the body of child or adult up to proper thyroid balance can be calculated to one one-hundredth of a grain, and then given daily with marvelous results.

The Magic Essence

Make the dose a hair's weight too large and the symptoms of overthyroidism develop—rapid excitable pulse, sweating and flushing skin, projecting eyeballs, excitement and hysteria. Just the reverse of underthyroidism.

With this magic essence we can play upon the life pulses and rhythms of the human body, child or grown-up, like Polonius upon the stops of Hamlet's famous pipe or flute.

As usual the most vivid and tangible pictures and proofs of the power of thyroxin can be got outside the human species. Young tadpoles growing slowly and steadily into frogs, if given a tiny dose of thyroxin, are speeded up so as to become mature frogs in little over half the usual time. If a little larger dose be given they become frogs in about one-third of the usual time, but are much smaller than normal, while if an overdose be administered they are rushed to maturity almost overnight, and frogs of any size, from that of a blue-bottle fly up, can be produced at will simply by changing the dose of the weird, magic stuff, thyroxin, as that chief magician of modern science, that master juggler with life, Jacques Loeb, has repeatedly shown.

His other miracles of hatching a fatherless frog—to say nothing of thousands of bastard sea urchins and fishes—and controlling the lifetimes of fruit flies by simply raising and lowering the temperature, will be long remembered among the most wonderful feats of modern life science.

After the dynasty of the thyroid has become firmly established another endocrin or ductless gland comes to the fore, the even more powerful and vitally important suprarenal or adrenal.

As its name implies, this extraordinary little gland wizard perches up on top of the kidney and until a few hundred years ago was scarcely recognized as separate from it. Though only about the size and color of a large chocolate cream and the shape of an old-fashioned cocked hat, it has its hands on a surprising number of life wires in the body.

When danger threatens and either fight or flight is imminent, it throws a ferment into our veins which squeezes the blood out of the abdomen and digestive tract where it won't be needed, and pours it into the great muscles, the heart and the lungs, where it will be. It is the nearest approach to a middleman or liaison officer between mind and body, flesh and spirit, our internal missing link, that we have ever yet discovered. At the same time against the ill fortune of war it pours out another ferment which quickens threefold the time of clotting of the blood. And finally, as a last foreseeing and forearming precaution, it sends another ferment into the blood, which, when it reaches the liver, converts the stored glycogen, or animal starch, into sugar and pours this into the blood, a ready-made fuel or gas on which the muscle

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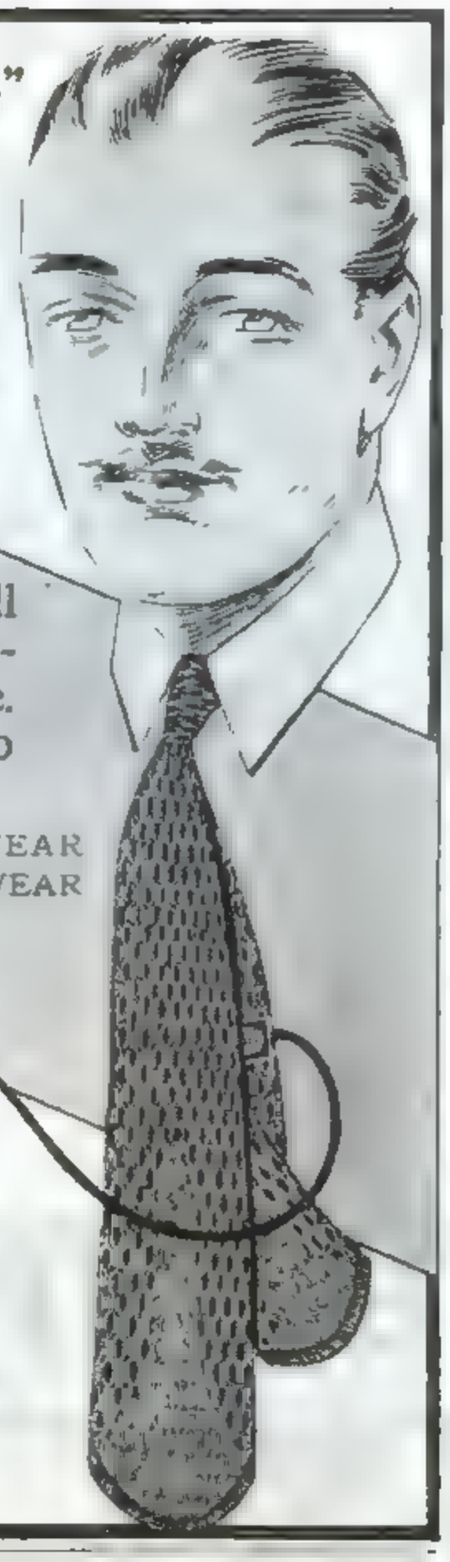

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cylinders can either fight or run for their lives.

By it emotions and even thoughts are converted into their chemical equivalents, and the mind influences the body. In return, through it the body influences the mind, and ten times as powerfully: Courage, an abundance of suprarenal ferment; fear, an excess of thyroxen; cheerfulness, plenty of the three great elixirs, thyroid, suprarenal, pituitary.

A little later in life another gland wizard comes into play, a tiny little coffee bean at the base of the brain, both of whose most unfortunate and appalling names are four times as long as it is.

Pituitary gland or Hypophysis cerebri is its shortest pet name. So we'll just call it pituitary for short.

This little giant of the ductless glands has really four divisions, one of which raises the blood pressure, something like the suprarenal, another has a powerful stimulant effect upon unstriped or involuntary muscle, and hence is used extensively in practical medicine as a laxative, a diuretic, and an increaser of labor pains in confinement. But its most extraordinary—front—section and power is that of determining the body height and stature.

If the tiny gland does not pour out enough of its essence, tethelin, then growth is arrested early and the child stays under normal height, though healthy, well formed and proportioned.

If the supply of tethelin is ample good height and bulk are attained. But if the supply be excessive and the gland begins to enlarge enormously, then we get that fortunately rare and luckless literal monstrosity, a giant.

In spite of thousands of absurd legends and fairy tales, giants, instead of being dangerous and savage monsters, are feeble, weak-minded, most amiable and harmless folk, short-lived, dying of a sneeze or a cough, rickety, knock-kneed, deformed, almost incapable of reproducing their kind, inferior in every way not merely to the average man but to the dwarf.

Nor is our new knowledge of these extraordinary energy centers and growth centers in the child's body of simply academic and theoretic interest. On the contrary, thousands of obscure malnutritions and tantrums, of failure to grow and thrive, to sleep well and play happily, enjoy good food, to get on well with other children and at school, can already be traced to a defect in some one of these controller glands and relieved by giving small doses of its essence.

We have now an absolutely natural and home-grown *materia medica*, or list of remedies, for many heretofore obstinate and unmanageable ailments, not only so, but a much wider and more vital and fundamental field and relation is now opening up.

Diet for Children

In the latest examinations, both of experimental animals which have been deprived of proper amounts of vitamines, and of poor little youngsters who had died of malnutrition in famine areas in Europe, the greatest and most striking breakdown changes in all the tissues of the body were in the ductless glands.

In other words, by keeping our babies and young children well supplied with vitamines, in the form of rich milk, cream, butter, tomato juice, orange juice, fresh fruits and fresh vegetables, we can keep these growth-center and controller glands in good condition and full activity.

And this helps to explain why all these endocrin, or ductless-gland disturbances, dwarf, idiocy—cretinism—goiter, anæmia, rickets, chronic bowel trouble, and wasting in children—marasmus—beriberi, leprosy, and so on, are always most frequently found in peoples whose food is scanty and badly balanced, and whose water supply is impure or bad.

Give our little new-come men and women of the Stone Age the cream, butter, ice cream, fruits, green vegetables and pie that their souls long for, and we need worry little over the precise dosage of thyroxin or suprarenal or tethelin which they—won't—need in later years of childhood.

It is hard to gaze upon the placid countenance of our little pink human new potato and conceive of him as a fourteen-inch shell, packed full of high explosives, detonators, time fuses, fulminate, wheels and balance wheels, range finders and self-guiding torpedoes. But such is the cold, simple, scientific fact.

All his well-known little preferences for sweets over sours, oranges instead of onions, tomatoes in place of turnips, cream instead of sky-blue on his cereal, pie instead of corn pone, ice cream over flabby mush or bran bread—take on a new meaning in the light of recent findings.

He knows so much more than we ever dreamed he did, and we so darned much less! Let us profit by the humiliation and give him a chance for his white alley!

He wants and has always wanted quarts of water a day, and we dribbled it out to him in spoonfuls—and then usually put some beastly milk or cereal or toast or other curse into it before we gave it to him.

I shall never forget the day in my early and innocent practice when I sat and watched a tiny white-faced slip of a six-months-old baby literally melting down and pouring out of itself with summer diarrhea. His little face was shriveled and blue, his skin beginning to hang in folds upon it. He was literally wilting and shriveling like a green lettuce leaf in the summer heat. His pain had been relieved by opiates before I saw him.

His little interior must have been empty of all spoiled or otherwise offending food or drink, but still he poured out his literal life blood by the quart, and his temperature ranged about 105 degrees. Twenty-four to forty-eight hours would see his pitiful tiny finish.

Out of the depths of my unprejudiced innocence I said to myself, "That baby needs water inside and out." A tub half full of hot water was brought, and the kiddy put into it; he breathed a sigh of relief and started to lap it up!

That hint was enough. I set the nurse to pouring cool boiled water down him with a tablespoon while I loaded up my bulb syringe with the same, adding a little salt so as to imitate the blood serum, and shot a pint of it into his small colon. His face flushed up like a white rabbit's ear when you rub it, and he actually began visibly to take up the slack of some of his wrinkles. In twenty-four hours he had swelled up like a tick, and in forty he was well.

Health Through Happiness

Now we call it desiccation fever, or drying-up fever, coax and shoot and soak water into the body in every way possible, and don't give him a single drug or food of any sort.

When he's properly irrigated he's well. In extreme cases when the baby can hardly swallow we even take a big hypodermic needle and inject sterile salt solution under his skin, or even a pint or more into his peritoneal cavity.

If we adults and beastly grown-ups, who are unluckily the legal and irresistible guardians of his person, would get rid of our cave-man ideas about the dangers of drafts, and let the new citizen of the world follow his own likings for fresh air, few clothes, sunlight and warmth and paddling in wet water wherever found, his life would be as much healthier as it would be happier.

Our little child of the New Age comes into the world, geared, equipped and loaded for a fifty-one-year run, just as he stands, or sprawls, cheerfully.

If we cordially and intelligently indorse his life ticket and have it countersigned by the health authorities it can be extended to seventy-one years, every year of it a joyous, fighting, winning adventure.

Even for his cerebral and mental growth he is completely equipped and supplied with enzymes, ferments, endocrin secretions—lack of which is probably the chief and real cause of insanity and mental unbalance—explosives and range finders.

For his intellectual development he has one great instinct and guide, curiosity, which will assure his mental growth as certainly and safely as hunger and heredity will his bodily stature, height, weight, color of eyes and hair.

Once our self-appointed educators grasp this fact and fit education to the child, even schoolwork will become happy, natural, health-promoting and growth-promoting.

Industry à la Henry Ford, Lord Leverhulme, and Seebohm Rowntree has beaten them to it and raised Happiness for the Workingman, His Wife and His Family on its standard as one of the great vital requirements for efficiency.

Make children and grown-ups happy, and their health, efficiency and morality will follow like the tails of Little Bo-peep's sheep.

To the Merchant *who wants more* Farm Trade

AS THE SATURDAY STREAM OF FARM FOLKS GOES BY YOUR DOOR, you realize how much quicker turnover you could get if you could attract more of them to your store, if you could interest more of them in buying the things you have to sell.

Tonight when these same farm folks sit down to rest and talk things over, suppose you could put into their hands a catalog attractively presenting the things you have for sale—things that would make life easier and better and happier for them.

And suppose you could have that catalog there without one cent of cost to you, wouldn't you jump at the chance of doing it? Wouldn't you be sure that next Saturday more farm people would come to your store to buy?

A catalog that *can* be made your own—a catalog that can be made to get business for you—is going into the better farm homes in your county now. A catalog not only of things the *farm* needs, but of things that *farm folks* need and want.

That catalog is the advertising pages of Farm & Fireside, where every month the leading manufacturers of farm and farm home merchandise display their goods.

You can make this advertising this catalog of merchandise—your own if you will, and turn it into more sales, more farm trade for yourself just as other progressive merchants have.

How other merchants make Farm & Fireside work for them

To make the advertising in Farm & Fireside your advertising—to make it aid you in a steadily expanding trade in your community, is very simple.

First, give preference to the lines of merchandise advertised in Farm & Fireside. See list below.

Second, let the farmers in your county know that you have this merchandise. For instance, make a window display of some of these goods. Put with them a big sign reading, "As advertised in Farm & Fireside." In your local newspaper advertising feature the same articles and use the same slogan, "As advertised in Farm & Fireside."

But, most important of all, write to the manufacturer of these goods. Tell him you want to get all the value you can out of the money he is spending to help you by advertising in Farm & Fireside. Ask him for suggestions. You will be surprised at the many good ideas he can pass on to you from the experience of other merchants in your particular line, and at the helpful material he can furnish you to carry out your plans.

And don't forget to ask the same question of the manufacturer's salesman when he comes along. Smart fellows, many of these salesmen, and often ready with good ideas to help you get the most out of the money their firm is spending.

Watch out for more of these talks. Every month we will run a page in this publication telling you about ideas and methods which dealers in different lines have used to make Farm & Fireside profitable to them.

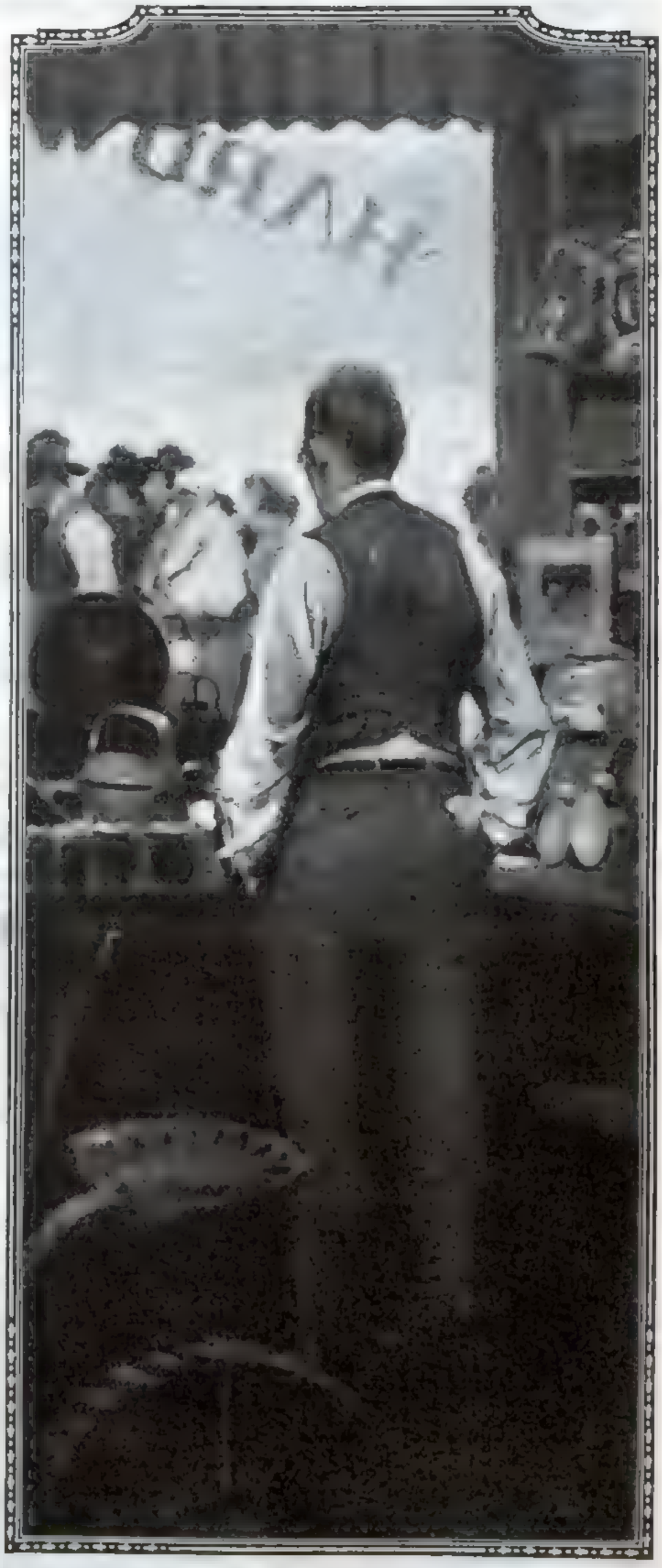
Special offer

Probably you have some good ideas of your own. If so, send them along. For any idea, plan, or scheme that we can use showing how retail merchants in any line can get more sales from Farm & Fireside advertising, we will pay $25.00.

Many merchants like to keep in touch with Farm & Fireside themselves, and watch its advertising pages as the great market place of the best merchandise. To enable you to do this, we make a special offer. Pin a dollar bill to your letterhead and simply say, "Send me Farm & Fireside for three years," and we will do it.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Ave., New York City

Farm & Fireside · The American Magazine · Woman's Home Companion · Collier's · The National Weekly · The Mentor



TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

Alcadene
Columbia Dry Batteries
Du Pont Products
Hupmobile Cars
Mul[illegible] Coconut Oil
Renfrew Devonshire Cloth
U. S. Tires
Everready Flashlight Battery
Ingersoll Watches
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Viko Aluminum Utensils
Firestone
International Harvester
Planet Jr. Implements
Wearever Steel Pails
Gabriel Rugers
Ivers Johnson's Bicycles & Guns
Fatima
Simmons Beds
Wearever Utensils
Goodrich Tires
Jewett Cars
First Call Batteries
Sun Maid Raisins
Weatherbird Shoes
Goodyear Tires
Kelly-Springfield Tires
Kelvinator
Sun Prairie
Wearever Steel Pails
Hartman Steel Rollers
Lehigh Portland Cement
Kissel Trucks
Wearever Tape
Homestead Steels
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Ko-Star Tractor
Wolverine Shoes
Hudson & Essex Cars
Marion Land
Cream Cascade
Dodge Cars
Dunlopillo Rubber Cushions
De Laval Separators
Devoe Paints
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess Poultry Tonic

Panorama of part of Weyerhaeuser operations at Cloquet, Minnesota

THE longevity of lumber and the service it renders are largely dependent on correct seasoning. Weyerhaeuser mills have long recognized the importance of this. In the selection of their drying yards and in the building of dry kilns every factor that enters into the science of wood seasoning has been considered.

Take, for instance, the seasoning of Idaho White Pine thick finish at the drying yard of the Edward Rutledge mill. This stock is used for pattern making and other high class products. A special drying process is necessary to secure a superior product.

As the thick selects come from the green chain, the ends are sealed with Parowax, applied by an electric blower. This prevents too rapid drying which is often the cause of end checking.

The picture above shows the method of piling 10/4 and thicker selects in the seasoning yard. A one-inch cedar board, varying in width from eight to ten inches, is placed on top and on bottom of every piece of White Pine. This is termed "wrapping" and is done for the purpose of retarding the drying and thus preventing the formation of defects. Cedar is used because it will not stain.

Between each layer of wrapped selects are placed stickers to permit the circulation of air in the pile. In the center of the pile a chimney is left which helps to secure equal ventilation throughout the stack.

Are You Looking for *Boards* or *Lumber Service?*

PURCHASING agents for industrial plants will tell you that their chief difficulty lies in finding concerns they can depend upon year in and year out. That what they want is promptness, precision, a uniform product and a continuous service.

The Weyerhaeuser organization years ago discovered that meeting the present-day needs of American industry efficiently meant a more advanced kind of lumber merchandising—broad policies, specialized service, distributing yards nearer the market from which emergency shipments could be made, and an organization tuned to giving its customers exactly what they wanted, when they needed it, and in the shape they required it.

TODAY the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company makes possible a new service in lumber to industrial buyers.

Available through this organization are:

Seventeen immense stocks of lumber, including fifteen different kinds of wood.

The combined resources of fifteen complete lumber manufacturing units and two great distributing plants.

Structural timbers for industrial building.

Lumber for boxing and crating.

Factory grades for remanufacturing purposes.

A corps of salesmen trained to think as purchasing agents and buyers have wished for lumber sellers to think.

IT IS not the aim of the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company to furnish a car of lumber now and then to every industrial concern in America. But rather to deliver a complete service—something more than mere boards—to a smaller number of permanent customers.

The Weyerhaeuser Sales Company distributes Weyerhaeuser Forest Products through the established trade channels. Its principal office is in Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 1015 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 4th and Robert Sts., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS

SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Pacific Coast Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States

THE MORNING AFTER

(Continued from Page 5)

kill herself rather than live on with such a humiliating recollection. I thought of myself saying to her in the course of some future scene, "But you were charming—more charming than ever before," and at the same time I knew how little this would palliate the incident in her own consciousness.

Leaning over her chair, I murmured pitifully, "Wouldn't you rather have some vichy, Aunt Helen?"

She turned and smiled up at me with a ravishing smile.

"Why, Jim," she said, "how solemn you look just like your mother, poor woman, heavy-handed in joy or sorrow! I'm devoted to your mother, Jim, but you know she is heavy-handed. No, I like this bettern vichy—itzt licious. Thank you, Mr. Gray; so kind, so wonderfully kind."

"It's a very great pleasure, Miss Fenellon," said Gray, with a calm, open glance at me.

Not one of the group—not even the snubbed red-haired boy—showed anything but an entranced admiration; in fact the whole feeling was hostile to me for my mild suggestion that the situation ought to be changed. If I had tried to take her away, as I wanted to do, they would have put me out.

"Now warwarze I saying?" she went on. "Warwarze I saying when Jim trupted us?"

Gray told her that she was speaking of the fact that refined women liked men to be men, and she flushed with pleasure at regaining her train of thought.

"Yes, of course—only there are limits." She drooped and brooded a minute over this cryptic sentence, while they hung on her silence. "Alcohol's a terrible thing," she added with a conviction that made us all jump. "I don't take it myself. Not narrow—no temptation—whisky—the mere tase ——" She scolded gently at whisky, with one uplifted hand. "People are so unattractive when they're drunk."

"It depends on the person," said Gray.

She beamed at him as if he had said something brilliant and ultimate.

"How true that is!" she said. "I don't remember your name, but how true that is! But the person I have in mind wasn't—he was perfertly horrible. His face was too large, anyhow, and it made it look enormous and very foolish. You can't love a person with a great big rolling face, can you? I must tell you this, because it will interest you, and I never told anyone before. They all think I broke my engagement because he made love to me. Your mother, Jim—I love your mother, but she is a little bit crude, if you don't mind my saying so—she always thought I broke my engagement because he kissed me. Well"—she gave a short chuckle—"if that had been the reason I'd have broken it a good deal earlier."

"I bet you would!" said Gray.

She nodded at him.

"Take my word for that," she said, and became inarticulate with her own merriment. Presently she went on: "But I'm glad now I did not marry him. I saw him not long ago—quite bald and fat. I said to myself, 'Good thing I did not have to spend my life with that man.' Jim's mother thinks I do nothing but regret him—my sister-in-law, you know; nice woman, but never quite knows how a lady feels. I don't regret him at all—only the children—and they might have been bald and fat too. They often are, but not nesairly. If I had been so eager to marry I could have married, many times, and some not so long ago." She grew grave and thoughtful, and then began to smile again. "One man—only you must never repeat this—said I was like moonlight on a white rose. So silly! I felt embarrassed for him—wasn't embarrassed for himself."

"Well, for my part, I know just what he meant," said Gray.

"But it isn't the way I wanted to be at all," replied my aunt. "I didn't tell him—there was no use in hurting his feelings, was there?" She leaned forward to be sure that she met Gray's mind on this point. "I don't want to be like moonlight on a white rose. I want"—she stopped, drew up her shoulders and wrinkled her fine nose at the thought—"I want to be like sunset on a tiger lily."

"Ah, you never will be," said Gray.

At that she became almost sad.

"How do you know?" she said. "I may be. I sometimes feel as if I might be anything—anything I wanted to be."

And at this moment the neglected Gertrude appeared in her traveling dress, and reluctantly the group broke up.

I leaned again over Aunt Helen's chair and murmured, "Don't you want me to take you home?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said, and sank into a deep reverie, staring at the floor, and when I touched her arm again she showed annoyance.

"Don't be prig, Jim," she said. "There was something I wanted to tell all those nice young people—help them."

"Tell me," I suggested.

She was so intent on regaining her lost idea that she let me draw her hand within my arm and lead her to the staircase, though she kept murmuring to herself, "'Spity to forget—'spity"

Downstairs in the hall it came to her.

"Oh, yes!" she said, her whole face radiating joy. "I wanted to tell them they can be anything they want to be. Sussha help, sussha beau'ful thought."

I managed to get her home without attracting the notice of either of my parents, from whom, for different reasons, I was equally eager to shield her.

After everyone had gone my father and mother and I sat down to a delayed and rather dreary dinner. We talked the party over, and only late in the conversation was my aunt's name introduced. My father said:

"How very beautiful Helen looked! I couldn't get near her. It was like old times to see her surrounded by all the men. Do you remember ——"

My mother interrupted.

"I didn't see her at the house," she said. "I noticed in the church—crying as all right-minded old maids always do at a wedding. I suppose she was thinking of Ormond. I thought she looked extremely worn. But too much refinement is aging. I wish Helen would break out once before she dies—run away with a circus clown or get drunk or something."

My father frowned.

"Really, Gertie!" he said.

"I wish it only for her own sake," answered my mother, unashamed. "It would do her a lot of good."

"It would kill her," said my father.

My own heart sank at hearing the hideous fact put into hideous words. It wasn't only, you see, that I loved my aunt herself, but I loved her grace and dignity and poise. I simply couldn't bear to think of what she must inevitably go through that night or the next morning. She probably would not remember just what had happened, and I thought I knew what she would do. She would send for me; and, pale, rigid and self-controlled, she would force me to repeat word for word all the little scene that I could remember. I at once began altering the record in my own mind, changing her sentences so as to make them more presentable. Perhaps she would remember enough to make it unnecessary to send for me. Perhaps she would suffer it alone, feeling disgraced and degraded, until ——

It wasn't moral conviction that made me take it so hard, but just the sense of what it would mean to her. I lay awake most of the night, and when, while I was still at breakfast, I was told that Miss Fenellon wished to speak to me on the telephone my heart shrank until it felt as if it were about the size of a walnut.

I could hardly control my voice as I bade her good morning with an ineffectual affectation of light-heartedness. There was no affectation about her. Her voice came clear and simple:

"I wish you would stop at my house on your way downtown."

A treat for the home

Orange-CRUSH

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ice cream, ices and sherbets

New and delightful! A refreshing frozen flavor you will say is *great*. The same superb quality, fruit fragrance and delicousness you like so well in Ward's Orange-Crush, the drink.

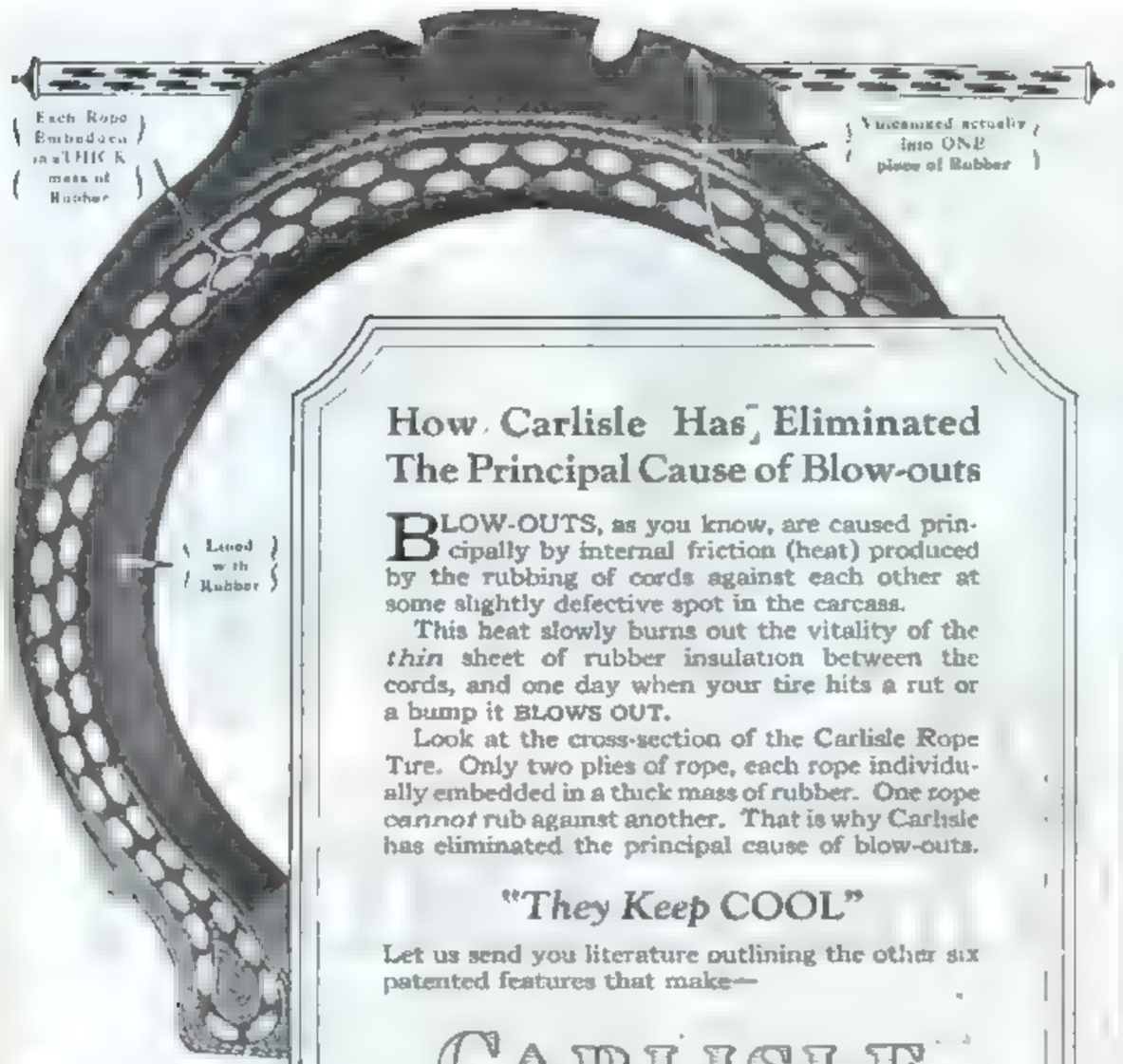
Ask any retail dealer for Orange-Crush ice cream, ices and sherbets in brick or bulk; also be sure to try the companion flavors, Ward's Lemon-Crush and Lime-Crush.

These flavors are delicate compounds of fruit oils and juices obtained from oranges, lemons or limes, U. S. certified food color, and pure cane sugar

One leading ice cream manufacturer in each principal city and town is licensed to supply "Crush" ice creams, ices and sherbets. Buy them from your retail dealer. Try them this week.

Send for free booklet, "How Orange-Crush Is Made."

Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago, U.S.A. In Canada: Orange-Crush Co., Limited, Winnipeg



How Carlisle Has Eliminated The Principal Cause of Blow-outs

BLOW-OUTS, as you know, are caused principally by internal friction (heat) produced by the rubbing of cords against each other at some slightly defective spot in the carcass.

This heat slowly burns out the vitality of the *thin* sheet of rubber insulation between the cords, and one day when your tire hits a rut or a bump it BLOWS OUT.

Look at the cross-section of the Carlisle Rope Tire. Only two plies of rope, each rope individually embedded in a thick mass of rubber. One rope *cannot* rub against another. That is why Carlisle has eliminated the principal cause of blow-outs.

"*They Keep* COOL"

Let us send you literature outlining the other six patented features that make—

CARLISLE Rope TIRES

"Destined to Revolutionize the Industry"

Write for Booklet A-1

CARLISLE TIRE CORPORATION

Stamford Conn.

I answered that of course I would, and to end the agony I added, "Is there anything special?"

There was a second's pause.

"No; just something I wanted to ask you."

I annoyed my mother during the rest of breakfast by not being able to give my full attention to anything that she said.

It was only a little after nine when I reached my aunt's house. Her custom was not to breakfast in bed, but this morning I expected to find her still in her room. I was wrong. She was already at her desk; and Maria, her cook, an elderly woman in lilac gingham, who had once been ours, was discussing the day's meals. Maria's presence made my entrance easier, and I made a note of Aunt Helen's unfailing tact.

"It was nice of you to come so promptly, dear boy," she said. "I think that's all, Maria. Oh, yes, give me grapefruit again for lunch. It was very delicious for breakfast. But your coffee, Maria—it did not quite have its usual flavor, I thought."

I detained the astonished Maria, whose coffee was impeccable, for our habitual interchange of memories. When she had gone I intended to say just what I ordinarily would say, and caught myself in time as I was about to ask how Aunt Helen felt after yesterday's festivities. She spoke first.

"And how are you after all the excitements of the wedding?" she said.

I answered that I was well; and she?

"I feel wonderfully," said my aunt. "Not tired at all. You know, Jim, I believe it does people good now and then to get out of the rut, to see younger people, and even"—she paused as if she were overstepping the limits of credibility—"and even to talk a little nonsense. As I look back on yesterday it seems to me a—a—I don't know how to describe it—an illuminated afternoon, a golden day. Even this morning I feel full of vitality and—and ——" She hesitated for a word, and I suggested one.

"And pep?"

Her smile faded.

"I know I'm old-fashioned, dear. I don't like those slang words. Vitality is what I mean. Life seems vivid and interesting. I suppose it's all a reflection of dear Gertrude's happiness. How lovely she looked, Jim! And her husband—what a delightful young man! So friendly and sincere. In fact all the young people there impressed me very favorably. Sometimes I feel as if there were a barrier between me and the younger generation, but I did not feel it yesterday—quite the contrary. I hope your mother is not feeling sad today. I'm so fond of your mother, Jim."

"Mother's a great old scout," I answered flippantly; "but haven't you ever felt she was a little—how shall I put it?—heavy-handed?"

"My dear boy, I can't let you even think such things of your mother, with her wonderful energy and common sense. No, I've never thought such a thing."

I saw she was really shocked at the suggestion, and at this proof that she remembered nothing my relief was so intense that I came as near tears as I have since I was a child. Yet I could not feel perfect confidence until I knew the motive that had made her send for me. Dangerous doubts might yet lie behind that impulse. I stood up.

"I must be getting downtown, Aunt Helen," I said as casually as I could. "Was there anything special you wanted to ask me?"

Her eyes lit up softly.

"Oh, yes!" she said. "I was just telling Maria. I wonder if you would give me the receipt for that lemonade you had. It was so delicious, so unusually delicious."

I was obliged to think quickly. If I evaded her question she would ask my father, or even worse my mother, and learn the truth.

"My dear aunt," I said, "I'm sorry, but that's a secret of my father's—one of the few he cherishes. If you asked him he'd only tell you something perfectly fantastic, and he doesn't like to be asked. Let it go until I'm married; then we'll have it again."

She smiled gently. Hers was not a materialistic nature, and it never occurred to her that the point was worth pressing. Only, as I stooped to kiss her, she noticed my emotion.

"What does this mean, Jim?" she asked. "Are you keeping something from me? Are you thinking of getting married?"

I shook my head. "Not until I can find a girl just like you," I answered.

COMMISSIONS - $39.50
BONUS - - - - - - 22.00
$61.50

FOR just one month's spare time work we recently paid Mr. E. R. Macomber, of Maine, $61.50. He made this extra money by caring for our present subscribers and enrolling new readers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. "I can secure orders any month in the year," says Mr. Macomber, "and as I am getting better known some of the orders are telephoned to me and the money sent through the mail."

Spare Time Profits

Many of our subscription representatives earn $1.50, or more, an hour just by selling us their spare time. We need men and women workers in your locality right now. You need only the willingness to try work that is easy, pleasant and dignified. Learning about our plan will cost you only two cents—for mailing your letter—and may enable you to earn hundreds of dollars.

Send This Coupon

The Curtis Publishing Company
741 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Please tell me, without obligation, how I can make $1.50 an hour in my spare time.

Name

Address

City *State*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy

DRAG SICK FROM HOSPITAL FLAMES

Firemen Seize Patients, Some Just Operated On, From Beds; May Die.

TWO WOMEN PERISH IN FIRE IN SANITARIU

Bay Minette, Ala., Nov. 14.—Mrs. J Campbell, 68, and Miss Annie Byr 75, sister of Mrs. Campbell, were bu ed to death early today when trapp in the Campbell Sanitarium, wh

TWO DIE IN FIRE AT MATERNITY HOSPITAL

By United Press Wire.
OTTAWA, Ont., May 12.—In a fire at maternity hospital, two patients lost persons were slightly Morris and

AGED WOMAN DEAD IN JERSEY HOSPITAL FIRE

Two Other Inmates of Colony the Feeble-Minded at Mount Holly May Die.

MOUNT HOLLY, N. J., Dec. 10. Fire destroyed the right wing

80 WOMEN IN FIRE RESCUE

Aged, Bedridden and Blind Are Co

Not realistic enough!

THESE clippings show that the picture is not realistic enough! It should show the dead and dying—aged women being cremated on fire escapes—the sick and infirm prostrate in the path of on-rushing flames without the heroic help of nurses and doctors.

One hospital in every ten catches fire each year, but not one in a hundred is equipped to put out a fire surely and automatically no matter when or where it starts.

Yet the big business men so largely making up hospital boards have almost universally safeguarded their commercial enterprises from fire by automatic sprinkler systems. The trouble is that they think of sprinklers in terms of huge insurance savings and do not stop to figure that those insurance savings mean only one thing—safety from fire. Otherwise they could not, for so long, have failed to bring the greatest fire safeguard of the business world into the more important field of hospitals, colleges and schools.

When human life and not mere merchandise is at stake, nothing else should be considered but this system—the highest type of fire-fighting device ever devised, the Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System. It is automatic! The heat of the fire works it. It is always on guard. Always ready. No human aid is required. When the Fire Starts, the Water Starts.

Laws require such protection for factory workers. Are school children and hospital patients less worthy of your protection?

Read—"*Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy*"

Write us for your free copy of "*Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy*" and learn the truth. How about the schools, hospitals and asylums of *YOUR* town? Write us and ask about them. Address Grinnell Co., Inc., 302 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL COMPANY

Automatic Sprinkler Systems | Steam & Hot Water Heating Equipment | Humidifying and Drying Equipment | Fittings, Hangers and Valves | Pipe Bending, Welding, etc. | Power and Process Piping

When the fire starts, the water starts

In little more than a Century He has advanced Civilization by Ten Centuries!

IT is as difficult for you to realize how much the Chemical Engineer has contributed to your daily life as it is for your little son to realize the wonder of the motor cars that glide up the Avenue: you are so used to it all.

But, turn the pages of history a century.... and then, a few more centuries, and the infinite changes in life, the abundance of comforts and conveniences, and the luxuries that the Chemical Engineer has brought into today's civilization, are written in letters of fire.

LIFE has changed more in its essentials since the time of Thomas Jefferson.... and remember, that was in your great-grandfather's day, than Jefferson's life had changed since William the Conqueror's days. In little more than one century Civilization's frontiers have advanced farther than they had advanced in eight centuries before!

Journeys in 1806 were matters of horses' endurance just as they were in 1066; Jefferson's coach may have been easier to ride in than the Norman duke's slower vehicle....but what is that to the smooth-riding motor that whirls you along at a mile a minute?

Rushlights are not so far from tallow-dips as tallow-dips are from electric lamps. Jefferson's buildings rose little higher than William's.... but what of the structural steels that make it possible for today's Woolworth Towers to pierce the skies? The doctors of 1806 took nearly as many chances as those of William's reign ....but the Chemical Engineer has placed in your doctor's hands specifics that silence forever the threats of many of man's dreaded scourges.

So you may run the gamut of life's needs and comforts, and you will find that, although life did change in the passing centuries from the autocratic Norman to the democratic Jefferson, the changes were mostly refinements.... seldom radical additions to man's possessions.

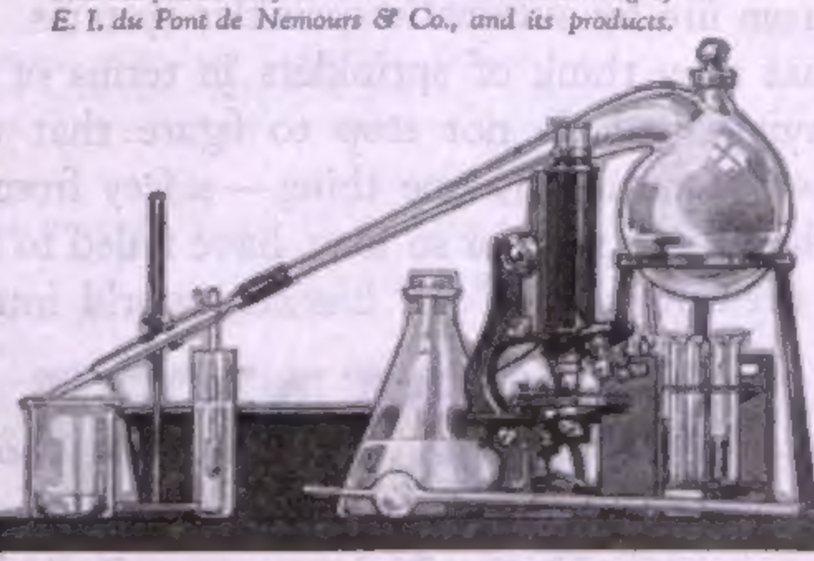
Yet the few years from Jefferson's day to yours are marked by startling, by radical changes in the way of living, changes possible only through the Chemical Engineer's slowly won mastery over nature's elemental substances and forces.... by his miracles in metals, in petroleum, in textiles, in rubber, in explosives, and in dyes and drugs and chemicals.

* * *

IT is the growth of industrial chemistry that has made the past century the most wonderful period in man's history....for the Chemical Engineer's province is the mastery of matter, the transformation of matter from useless to useful forms. He has in a few years changed the entire face of industry, and it is to him that the world's industries look in the future.

We, of the du Pont organization, which for 120 years has been building on this foundation of applied chemistry, take no little pride in the contributions that du Pont Chemical Engineers have made to the development of industry in the United States.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., and its products.



E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc. *Wilmington, Del.*

TRADE DU PONT MARK

Weather-hot as blazes
But no milk problem

IT was hot weather that suggested to Gail Borden the idea of sealing up sweet, pure milk in tin containers so that it would keep indefinitely. That was 65 years ago. Today, the various Borden products are used by millions, and there is no longer a summer milk problem.

During the hot summer months, babies often suffer from digestive troubles. Babies fed on Borden's Eagle Brand are usually healthy even during this trying period, for Eagle Brand is always uniform, always safe, always available.

Into millions of homes during hot weather comes Borden's Evaporated Milk for cooking and general household use. In sealed containers it is always fresh, unaffected by weather conditions, ready for use. Pure country milk with the cream *left in*.

Borden's Chocolate Flavor Malted Milk is delicious, served ice cold in the home,—it's nourishing too. And Borden's line of milk chocolate confections is rich in that same pure milk.

During the hot months, as at all other times, specify Borden products and be sure of quality.

THE BORDEN COMPANY
Borden Building, New York

Borden's

The Nation's Milk

There's a rhythm in Victor dance music that brings joy with every step

And no wonder! The best dance orchestras make Victor Records—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra, The Benson Orchestra of Chicago, Club Royal Orchestra, Joseph C. Smith and His Orchestra, The Virginians, All Star Trio and Their Orchestra, Hackel-Bergè Orchestra, International Novelty Orchestra, and other favorite organizations. And such records played as only the Victrola *can* play them make dance music a perpetual delight.

Victrolas in great variety of styles from $25 to $1500.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey